

# MILLBROOK

The True Story of the Early Years  
of the Psychedelic Revolution  
by Art Kleps

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by Art Kleps

**BENCH PRESS**

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#15632

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Note: Any resemblance between the characters and events described and the chapter headings, which are taken from *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, and are in the original order, is synchronistic.

Since the author denies the externality of relations, he must also deny that there is any resemblance between the characters and events described and any "objective" person or event, there being no such animal.

Nevertheless, this book is a true report and not fiction, being an accurate representation of the author's memories and does not include any mixture of fantasy unless labeled as such, with the exception of a few trivial descriptive details which have been changed to protect so-called "innocent" bystanders.

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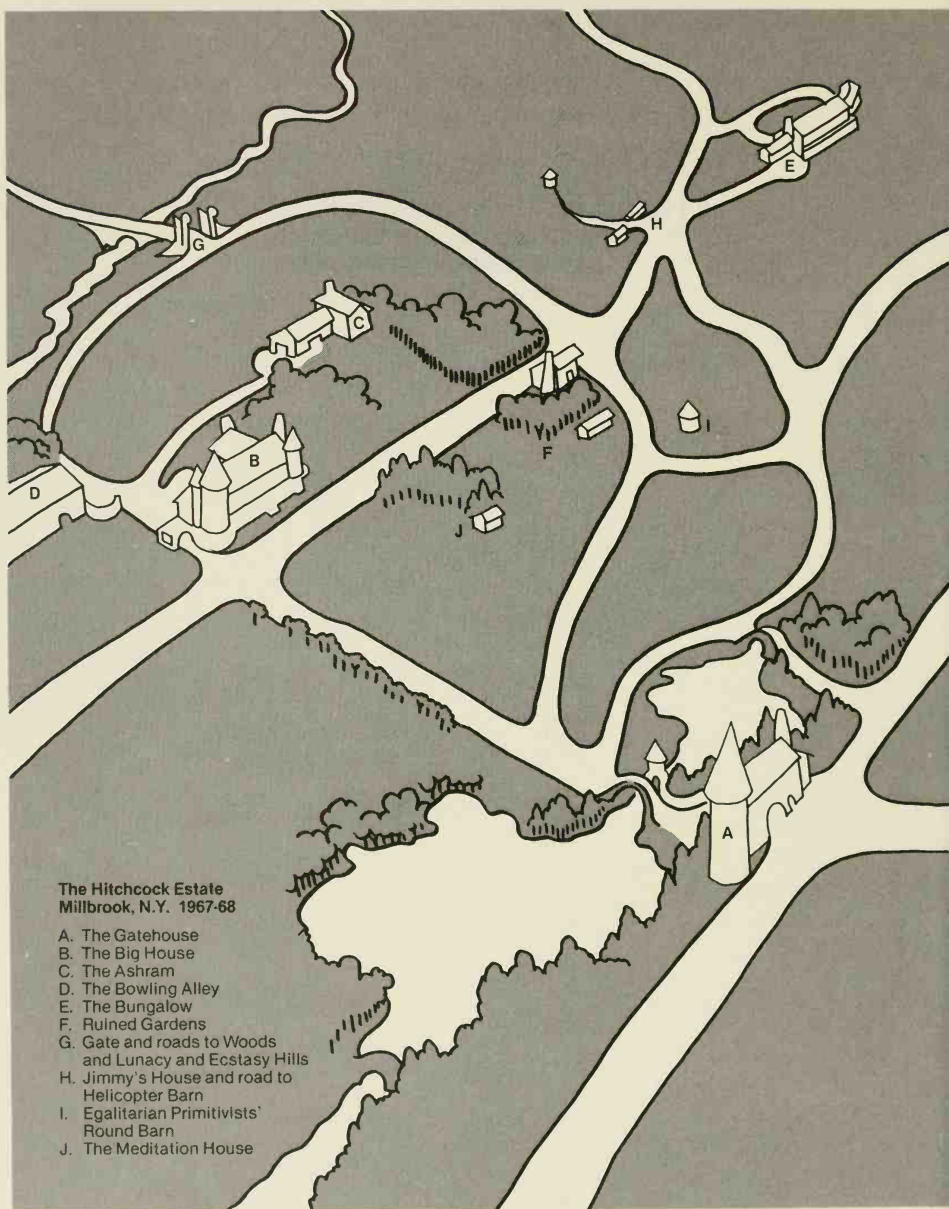
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of the Psychedelic Revolution



**The Hitchcock Estate  
Millbrook, N.Y. 1967-68**

- A. The Gatehouse
- B. The Big House
- C. The Ashram
- D. The Bowling Alley
- E. The Bungalow
- F. Ruined Gardens
- G. Gate and roads to Woods  
and Lunacy and Ecstasy Hills
- H. Jimmy's House and road to  
Helicopter Barn
- I. Egalitarian Primitivists'  
Round Barn
- J. The Meditation House

“Philosophers are so far from rejecting the opinion of a continu’d existence upon rejecting that of our sensible perceptions, that tho’ all sects agree in the latter sentiment, the former, which is, in a manner, its necessary consequence, has been peculiar to a few extravagant sceptics; who after all maintain’d that opinion in words only, and were never able to bring themselves sincerely to believe it.”

David Hume, *A Treatise of Human Nature*

## *Preface*

*It is, of course, a thing which ought to be settled, and I am not going to have anything particular to do next winter anyway.*

New Mexico, January, 1972

I got stoned on some Michoacan last night while watching a war movie on television, and was moved to make some notes on the similarities between military and religious life, defining the latter traditionally, psychedelically, or in terms of classic myths and archetypes.

Here are some of my notes:

The importance of inter-service rivalries. (Army-Navy; Leary-Haines-Kleps; Brahmanism-Buddhism; Catholic-Jewish-Protestant.)

Familiarity with death. (Body counts; funerals; the psychedelic death-rebirth experience.)

The troops should not be expected to behave like gentlemen. (The mystique of soldierly psychopathology; irresponsible hippies; dissolute and lazy priests; congregations at once somnolent and fanatical.)

The most effective methods are often the most distasteful. (Poison gas; relics and indulgences; Tantrism; drugs; guilt manipulation.)

Women are both heavily romanticized and exploited, family responsibility played down, a prolongation of the cynical-romantic attitude of youth. (The whores in the bars and the girl back home; hippy love; celibacy and orgy; the cult of the Virgin.)

Ceremony is used to affirm caste distinctions. (Parades; elaborate rituals; Tim’s “celebrations.”)

Beyond a certain point, it is safer to fight than run. (Insistence on public "testimony;" the encouragement of distinctive dress; the labyrinth.)

Governments are viewed as real estate associations. ("The territorial imperative," the religious map of Europe; our quarrels at Millbrook over houses.)

Rich civilians have easy access to the higher ranks, and decision making power. (Congress sets the budget; the military-industrial complex; the Borgias; Billy Hitchcock; the Elector of Saxony.)

Artifacts are thought to be held in common, and theft from competing units virtuous. (Pentagon waste; hippy voluntary poverty; priestly disdain for mere commerce; the beggar's bowl.)

In times of the greatest danger, there are the most promotions. (The early history of any persecuted church; incompetent psychedelic leaders with only courage to recommend them; the bad trip = the peak experience.)

The ultimate test of leadership is thought to be willingness to sacrifice one's own followers. (The "burden" of command; Leary's "if your head is right you can't get hurt" pitch; "I am not come to bring peace but a sword.")

Technological innovations can change everything. (Soma; airplanes; yoga; acid; fission and fusion bombs; the printing press.)

Good communications are essential within one's command, but rivals are left in the dark as much as possible and the public fed sheer propaganda. (Vatican secrecy; the deviousness at Millbrook; Tim's pushing of acid as an aphrodisiac; the guru system.)

"Political" generals and admirals, although often successful, run a high risk of eventual rejection. (Leary; MacArthur; Loyola; Cromwell.)

Drunkenness is widespread, but winked at. (The Bacchanal; Dionysus; the "curse" of the priesthood; divine "intoxication.")

Food becomes, for some unknown reason, a subject of almost pathological interest. ("An army travels on its belly;" monastic feasting and fasting; vegetarianism, "macrobiotics," etc.)

Prisoners are held, not for fixed terms, but for the duration of hostilities. Outbursts of mindless savagery are commonplace. (The Inquisition; New York State pot laws; the nightmarish "worlds" of demoniacal psychedelic leaders such as Manson or Lyman.)

Civilian indifference is common in times of peace. (Nice girls don't go out with soldiers; deathbed conversions; "closet" acid-heads who contribute nothing to the cause but howl for help when busted.)

Discipline enforces caste distinctions. (Officers and men; clergy and laity; the *gunas*; the increasingly elitist and monarchial organization of the Neo-American Church.)

Mass bombing, media “blitzes” and so forth have little lasting effect—in the end the foot soldiers have to go in and do the dirty work. (High ideals must be reduced to common habits to have any force; one pill is worth a thousand words—a lifetime of words; Leary’s public embrace of any and all kid heroes; *Bhakti* Yoga; “If everyone would light just one little candle.”)

Mere clerks often wield enormous and frequently negative, power. (*Catch 22*’s corporal; Vatican bureaucrats; the repressive filing clerk function of the personal and “racial” unconscious; underground newspaper editors.)

The troops are recruited from the 18-25 age group. (Children’s Crusades; the draft; idealistic youth; the “kid culture.”)

Paranoid grandiosity and paranoid suspiciousness are often pro-survival.

I don’t exclude the “heights” of the spiritual life from the force of this last principle, either. To *survive* in that frame of mind (in the “realm” of myth and archetype), one will do well to maintain enormous self-regard and perpetual cynicism and suspiciousness. To “die” there, of course, requires not the opposites of such attitudes, but the abandonment of “support”—the discarding of the distinction between subject and object, and all the concepts which are maintained on the basis of that distinction.

But this book, although true, is a story, and, as such, it is concerned with human relationships, which always involve oppositions, dualities, conflict, failure, success, fears, wishes. I have introduced the analogy of war because, without it, I am afraid the slides I am about to project on the wall might appear to be mere accidents of foolishness and depravity, examples of human fallibility in a context of outrageously inappropriate high ideals. There was a pattern and a meaning to everything that happened at Millbrook, and until the pattern for which war itself is just another analogue becomes apparent, it is probably best to think of all of this in terms of war, the contention of vast and antagonistic forces, the “true war,” the war to determine the future character of the human race.

Ignobility and cowardice are as common in this war as they are in any other war—if there are, in fact, any such other wars. . . but they did not represent the general tone and feel of things. To tell the story honestly I must talk about the crap games and the struggles

for promotion, the conflicts over strategy based on self-enhancement rather than logic, the wild parties in port, the crazy flukes that caused noble victories and abysmal defeats—but I hope it will be remembered that these people were volunteers and that they could have stayed home and done nothing, instead of risking everything for a cause they felt to be right. They knew, in other words, that it was the only game in town.

Let us begin with an incident from the end of the book, just to show how improbable things could get, and then go back to the beginning.

## A Word of Explanation

*Begin here—I've already told you what goes before.*

Millbrook, early spring, 1968

"Well, where's that flunky Rumsey and the Mad Scientist?" Bill Haines growled as he stomped into the press room followed by The Holy Family—Howie, Betsy and Thorin Druck.

There were at least thirty people in the converted garage of the old farmhouse which had sheltered Haines's Sri Ram Ashrama since Tim Leary (the "Mad Scientist") had expelled them from the Big House down the hill in April of '67, almost exactly a year before. Now we were all being thrown out—and not only from our houses but off the 2500 acre Dutchess County estate entirely. Tim, Haines and I had been served with eviction notices from the Hitchcock Cattle Corporation, signed by Tommy and Billy Hitchcock, ordering us, and all the members of our organizations—Tim's League for Spiritual Discovery, Haines' yoga ashram, and my Neo-American Church—to be off the property by May 22nd.

It promised to be a dramatic meeting, which was why so many people had showed up—my wife Wendy and I, the entire Ashram, most of the remaining Leaguers (Tim had been in California and the 50 room Big House closed during the winter except for a few rooms) and a mixed bag of visiting Vassar girls, freaks from Woodstock across the Hudson and visitors from New York.

"Tim's somewhere on the property," I replied. "I don't know where Rumsey is. Maybe they're having a little advance meeting up at the Bungalow, or something, ho, ho."

The "Bungalow" cost, reputedly, half a million to build back in

1936. Rumsey, a non-practicing lawyer, was an old school chum of William and Thomas Mellon Hitchcock, twin brothers and grandsons of Andrew Mellon. They had purchased the place in 1964, and shortly thereafter offered the “Big House”, a 19th century gothic extravaganza which had been the residence of the original owner, to Tim Leary, Dick Alpert and Ralph Metzner as a psychedelic research center. Tim and Dick, when the offer had been made, had just been kicked out of Harvard and then Mexico because of their drug activities, and were desperately searching for a suitable locale and a powerful patron. They had taken one look at the Big House, two looks at the twins, and, as I remember Billy laughingly telling a reporter during an interview, “promptly accepted.” The combined wealth of the then resident Hitchcocks; Billy, the prime mover; Tommy, who was always somewhat reluctant; and their sister Peggy, then an enthusiastic participant, was well over \$100 million, on tap and on order. Their father had died in an airplane crash during WWII, and their mother, who had never remarried, lived in New York in a Sutton Place triplex and rarely visited her children’s private playground.

Under the circumstances, at once so desperate and so grandiose, my speculation about “a little private meeting” was immediately grasped by my fellow residents as meaning what I intended—that possibly one more Byzantine twist was about to occur, and the grand master himself would sell us all down the river.

“Let’s not get paranoid, Kleps,” Haines said. “It’s too early in the day.”

There was a titter from the audience. The visitors looked a little stunned to hear such cynical and jocular discourse from the Chief Boo Hoo and the guru of the Ashram, although they came, of course, drawn by media images, not to see us but to look the place over and perhaps catch a glimpse of Tim—levitating, I suppose, or distributing big pills to the faithful. Visitors always ended up at the Ashram, however, because the rest of us always sent them there. They didn’t really understand what was going on, ever. Without a program, it was impossible.

Haines sat down on a ratty old couch facing the open garage door. He was in full regalia—yellow robes, sandals, beads, heavy cane to poke the female members of the Ashram in the crotch with. The air was balmy again and full of birdsong, the view delightful—fields, gardens, woods, winding roads leading off towards “my” Gatehouse and Millbrook, town of, beyond.

All of us, I'm sure, were feeling a lot of plain, old-fashioned grief at the prospect of being driven from this earthly paradise, but, just like Adam and Eve, what we talked about was how to make as good a deal as possible with the landlord.

"I hope you're prepared to explain why you let Marlowe take the furniture?" Haines asked.

"Yeah, Kleps," Howie Druck added. Howie was head of "The Holy Family," which consisted of himself, 26; wife Betsy, 23; and her 3-year-old son by prior alliance, Thorin—the only human being Haines seemed able to relate to without a constant torrent of abuse.

"Why didn't you stop him?" I asked Haines.

"I am a man of peace. I keep telling you, Kleps, that one of the principles of yoga is non-violence—but you don't seem to believe me."

I sighed. The day before, Howie had appeared at the Gatehouse with an excited story about how Allan Marlowe was up at the Big House loading a U-haul trailer with articles of furniture that most definitely didn't belong to him. Tim was away lecturing and couldn't be reached. Marlowe, Howie reported, had said Rosemary had given him permission to take the stuff. Haines had asked him to wait until Tim returned but he refused. According to Howie, Marlowe was crazy—the secret League name he had given himself was Maitreya, the Buddha of the Future—and violent—he had thrown a dinner plate at Bill once during an argument over vegetarianism. It was time for SPIN to go into action.

Whenever there was a crisis on the property Haines would send someone down to tell me to "send SPIN into action." SPIN—the Society for the Prevention of Injustice to Neo-Americans—was not exactly "operational," as Haines knew full well. For the hundredth time I regretted ever inventing the damn thing. I drove to the Big House and found Marlowe, assisted by an unknown companion, struggling in the main hall with a ten foot high oval mirror in a gold gilt frame that we later found out belonged to Maynard Ferguson, the band leader. Just being in the Big House depressed me. Since the electricity and heat were off, the remaining Leaguers were living out in the woods in tepees and the fifty room mansion was full of dog shit, cat shit, goat shit and phantasmagorical images of cherished people and grand scenes, now long gone. Marlowe had a wild look in his eye—which showed he was feeling normal, I suppose. Yes, Rosemary had given him permission. It was none of my business since I was not a member of the League

and he wasn't a member of the Church. (Actually, I was half a member of the League, since Tim had started to initiate me—we were both half crooked—the previous fall when he was trying to abandon Rosemary in my keeping while he took off for sunny California. Rosemary had reminded him that he was violating the by-laws of the League by acting without consultation with the rest of the group and, after remarking that such shit cut no ice with him, he desisted.) No, Marlowe said, he couldn't wait. The U-haul was rented for only one day. I shrugged and left. The police, Tim had said, should never be called under any circumstances—a reasonable rule I thought, although I had violated it on two occasions without evil consequences.

“I don't see how he can get pissed off at us,” I said.

“I'm afraid I do,” said Haines, puffing on his pipe (strictly tobacco—Haines was a 100% acid head) and assuming an air of confident but burdensome insight into the minds of men not vouchsafed to lesser mortals—an attitude, the outward manifestations of which I cannot isolate and label but which I recognized every time I saw it. Unfortunately, because the predictions were almost always dismal, I had to admit that Haines had Tim's moves “psyched out” better than I did—but to predict trouble over a few lousy pieces of furniture at a time like this made no sense at all. For weeks Tim had been preaching to Bill and me that our response to the eviction order would determine the fate of the psychedelic movement, world history for eons to come, the very stars in their courses, and so forth—and that we should all defy that spoiled rich brat prick Tommy at the cost of our lives if necessary. Passive resistance. Dig caves in the hills, etc. The whole thing. He told us how he had visited Tommy at his apartment in New York, gotten drunk, and ranted and raved at him for hours to no avail. Tommy was determined to play the “aristocrat-serf” game, Tim said. Billy was chickening out as usual—pretending that Tommy was forcing him to go along (by using non-existent rules of the cattle farm corporation which owned the place and in which they shared a 50/50 interest) but actually delighted to get rid of us so he wouldn't have to put up any more bail money. They were both playing money and power games but we should not allow ourselves to be seduced by mere gold when such high principles were at stake.

It didn't take much to convince me. I had always maintained, no matter how alienated I became from some of his scenes, that when all was said and done, Bill Haines and I were obliged by simple

good manners and reciprocity to defer to Tim's wishes in matters affecting the entire community. It was Tim, after all, who had invited us to come to Millbrook in the first place, even though we now had our own arrangements with the landlords. When Bill agreed to go along with Tim's plans I was utterly astonished. It was probably the first time all three of us had agreed on anything of consequence and it was gratifying. It seemed to me, that, even though we had not distinguished ourselves as models of amicability during times of peace, when, after all, it is only natural to go your own way if you can afford it, we were now united in the face of a common enemy. Charlie Rumsey was undoubtedly authorized to offer a few thousand if we would leave quietly; Tim would tell him we were staying no matter what; Haines would declare, once again, that if he went to jail "Tommy and Billy would be in the cells right next to me;" and I would—what? Probably tell Charlie (keep it simple) that I was simply following Tim's lead as I had promised.

When Tim and Rosemary walked in, everyone brightened up a bit, even though Tim looked tired and grim. No, Rumsey hadn't arrived yet. Yes, the lecture went well as usual. Awkward silence. Tim was obviously displeased by the large number of people present. Oh well, I thought, we can always move upstairs.

Me: "Tim, did you hear about Allan Marlowe taking some furniture from the Big House yesterday?"

Tim: "What? Marlowe took my furniture? Why didn't you stop him?"

Haines: "He said Rosemary gave him permission. What the hell were we supposed to do?"

Tim jumped up and left followed by Rosemary. Fifteen minutes passed during which Haines moodily examined the floor at his feet.

Tim and Rosemary returned, faces rigid. Tim pointed an accusing finger at Haines and me and said (exact words):

**"O.K. YOU GUYS. IF YOU DON'T GET MY FURNITURE BACK BY MONDAY I'M GOING OVER TO TOMMY'S SIDE."**

They left without waiting for a reply. The next day a moving van appeared and loaded up all their remaining possessions. I didn't see Tim again until a year later when Billy and I went over to visit him in the beautiful \$40,000 house in Berkeley that none of us at Millbrook knew he owned until it was all over. He was sprawled out on a wooden deck overlooking the bay surrounded by "White Panthers" and others of similar persuasion who were telling stories about blowing up power stations and whatnot, as was then the fashion.

I immediately asked him if he had ever gotten his furniture back and he said he hadn't—that most of it had belonged to Maynard as a matter of fact—and then he showed me a copy of *Horizon* magazine that featured an article on Millbrook entitled “Boo Hoos and Gurus,” with a nice picture of me leaning out of the top window of the stone tower on the bridge behind the Gatehouse with my arms out as if I were blessing the multitudes or getting ready to take a swan dive. The greatest practitioner of the political arts I have ever known had once more succeeded in changing the subject . . . by substituting an “upper” for a “downer.”

A week or two after Tim's abrupt departure, the Ashram settled for \$25,000 and the Neo-American Church got \$10,000. (There were several reasons why I allowed myself to be shortchanged, not one of which, I can now see, was worth a nickel on the open market.)

Otto H. Baron von Albenesius—I think this is significant (we will meet the inimitable Otto later)—got \$1500.

Nobody ever found out what Tim got, if anything, for “going over to Tommy's side,” if he did.

## Chapter 1 Camelot

*“Camelot — Camelot,” said I to myself. “I don't seem to remember hearing of it before. Name of the asylum, likely.”*

The lead photo with *The New York Times* box story about Tim Leary, Ph.D., Dick Alpert, Ph.D. and Ralph Metzner, Ph.D. moving into the Hitchcock estate in Millbrook showed a corner of the Big House porch. There was a pumpkin in it somewhere, I think. I can't remember who the people were, although I remember another newspaper picture from around the same time showing either Tim or Dick walking with Susan, Tim's daughter, on a Millbrook sidewalk in the slush. Susan is looking up admiringly at her tall and handsome, fascinating friend.

Sally, my wife of five years, Susan, our three-year-old daughter, and I were living at the time in the small town of Edwards in the far northwestern corner of the Adirondacks. I was beginning my tenth year of work as a school psychologist and, as usual, I had four school districts to serve. Every weekday morning, I would drive my little Oldsmobile Cutlass convertible through the misty

forests of the northern fall, past sparkling lakes and modest dairy farms, to a “consolidated” school which was, in every case, the biggest business and the most interesting place in town. There, I would give one or two I.Q. tests in the morning and, in the afternoon, give projective tests, advice, and “psychotherapy” to some kid who, in 9 out of 10 cases, had only one genuine problem—the State Compulsory Education Law, which obliged him or her to attend classes instead of screwing around and learning a trade as was consistent with her or his interests, abilities and natural inclinations.

The ninth case out of the ten was usually more interesting, sometimes tragic, but surprisingly often not—just a very bright teenager who, having recognized me as that rarity—an adult who didn’t click when he walked or play pre-recorded tapes when he talked, decided to come in and chat. In the past, this latter class had produced some fun and games, virtual fan clubs of a sort, but that last year I had no teen-age mistress or mistresses, which was probably one reason for my boredom, restlessness, and general sense of dissatisfaction with it all.

The combination of sensations I felt on reading that *Times* story, in the fall of 1964, was alien to my experience. I felt the way one might feel on say, coming upon a dwarf in a red stocking cap and jerkin on a path in the Catskills near Rip Van Winkle Bridge, or, after a life of cautious and cynical rationality, becoming the passionate admirer of some demagogue on first sight. It was a perfect example of a psychic gestalt being greater than the sum of its parts. Obvious reasons to be moved would include the fact that I had taken ½ gram of mescaline (a heavy dose) four years earlier; that I had grown up in Westchester, and, now living so far up in the Adirondacks as to be almost in Canada, I could feel nostalgic for the lush Hudson River Valley; that I had always delighted in the occult and science fiction stories and movies set in rambling mansions on large estates; that although I had never even visited Harvard, I liked everything I heard about it and David Riesman, who taught there, had written me an appreciative letter about my “Neo-Psychopathic Character Test;” and that Susan, fifteen, looked cute. It wasn’t enough. I was absorbed and fascinated. Some secret switch had been pushed.

It all adds up, and yet . . . the trip, as is often remarked upon by experienced acid-heads, often starts before the trip starts. My intuition was working right. Something was up. I sent Tim a copy

of the test Riesman had liked, and hoped fervently that I would get an invitation.

When I got a scrawled invitation on a post card from Tim with an aerial view (taken early in the century by some scarved and goggled daredevil, no doubt) of the Big House in the snow I was ecstatic and carried the card around in the breast pocket of my coat, looked at it between kids, imagined profound and surprising conversations, and wondered if I would be invited to take LSD.

## Chapter 2

# King Arthur's Court

*"Friend, do me a kindness. Do you belong to the asylum, or are you just here on a visit or something like that?"*

My first trip in 1960 had been a ten-hour long "total visionary" with only my wife in attendance—and she didn't understand what was happening any more than I did. I took 500 milligrams of pure mescaline sulfate—legal in those days—which I bought by mail from Delta Chemical Company in New York.

First, a walk around the block, during which I developed a strange conviction that the trees were alive and moving in the wind; then, after one half-hour of such sensory intensification, I saw a gently winding washcloth snake in our light blue bathtub. After a hasty exit from the bathroom, I was treated to the spectacle of flowers dancing to the band at the Democratic nominating convention—flowers on the T.V., band in it. At that point I retired to the bedroom and closed my eyes (it having occurred to me that if I kept them open a monstrous gobbler from outer space might come around the corner any moment) and found myself watching a 3-dimensional color movie on the inside of whatever it is one looks at when there isn't anything there. All night, I alternated between eyes open terror and eyes closed astonishment. With eyelids shut I saw a succession of elaborate scenes which lasted a few seconds each before being replaced by the next in line. Extra-terrestrial civilizations. Jungles. Organic computer interiors. Animated cartoons. Abstract light shows. Temples and palaces of a decidedly pre-Columbian American type. There was no obvious narrative connection between scenes or aesthetic coherence to the whole. The most awesome and sublimely well executed spectacles, things that

compared quite well with the best in Western art, alternated with gross caricatures. There was never any hint of a technical breakdown though—if something merely silly was being presented it was always presented with all the slick perfection of a Walt Disney feature, plus all kinds of extra touches that Disney could never have afforded. Let's say that "despair" was being depicted in the form of the conventional cartoon castaway on a cartoon raft—a two-second throwaway flash. Well, just for kicks why not add a transparent ocean, perfectly and variously tinted, in which bob a billion seahorses, singing and playing perfect tiny musical instruments? Certainly. Coming right up. That was the spirit of the thing. No job too large, no job too small. The difficult we do right away, and the impossible . . . we do right away also.

But I have exposed the conclusions I arrived at later in the terms of my description. What I was seeing was a kind of language of the gods, the ultimate vocabulary of the mind, which was, naturally, much more than just a collection of nouns. I didn't think it through until later, but at the time the tip-off was a radio discussion I turned on in a vain attempt to make the visions stop. Every single word emanating from the radio got a magnificent image to go with it, as if the trivia being spoken had been the life's work of generations of media technicians on planets given over to the production of such artistic wonders—all for the purpose of this one showing in Art Kleps' one man screening room.

Adequately describing such experience to the inexperienced is peculiarly difficult, strictly as a literary program. I have used familiar but dangerous metaphors in speaking of the "ultimate vocabulary of the Mind" and "the language of the gods." Part of the problem may lie in the fact that it seems improbable if not impossible, that anyone can go through this kind of thing without turning into a terrorized blob of babbling jelly. How can anyone stand it—or even enjoy it—if the experience is as overwhelming and convincing as we say it is? The inexperienced reader, however sympathetic he was to start out with, begins to suspect either exaggeration or some kind of self-protective pose of bravado on the part of the author, and starts picking the thing apart rather than granting that willing suspension of disbelief which is so necessary if you want to really find out what it feels like to be someone else or to understand an alien philosophy.

What much of this reduces to, in my opinion, is the unspoken assumption that the personality which took the pill is the same

personality that has the following experience, which, after all, is an assumption we solipsistic nihilists can't expect not to be made unless we suggest otherwise. The explanation is just as hard to swallow as the facts which make it necessary, but it's true nonetheless: the constancy of the personality is illusory.

An individual mind is "a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity and are in a perpetual flux and movement". . . the identity which we ascribe to individual minds is only "a fictitious one since every distinct impression which enters into the composition of the mind is a distinct existence and is different and distinguishable and separable from every other perception, either contemporary or successive." (David Hume)

To some extent, at least, almost anyone will admit, we become what we behold. The freak-outs, actual or anticipated, are due to a time lag. The truly terrified person is still imagining himself to be the kind of creature to whom such things simply cannot happen, trying to hang on to his former self. It's an error that lies at the root of much simplistic occultist thinking: I "go" (if I get this spell right, find the newt's eye that rolled under the sofa, or say the *mantra* properly) from one world or level to another world or level. No, that is not what happens. There are no "trips," however convenient it may be to use the analogy. There are only transformations, transformations of everything. Does that help?

If improperly understood, it is easy to see how many unpleasant forms of paranoia can result from a flood of visionary experience because the experience is at once personal (there was never any doubt that the whole thing was related to and intended for me, however strange it was and I was) and grandiose. The pace, the scope, and very often the contents of the visions were totally inconsistent with the game routines of ordinary life, incommensurable with a 9 to 5 existence. Obviously, one may easily conclude, an extraterrestrial civilization (or something) is expending enormous amounts of energy to "beam" messages to me because (a) I have been chosen to be their intermediary because of my unique attainments, or (b) they want to drive me crazy because I am the only person on earth with the spiritual power to defy them, or (c) they made a mistake and mixed me up with six other guys which puts me in danger because I may reveal their secrets, or (d) they have chosen me to become a member of the company of the Elect and I am getting lesson number 1 (this last being the least obnoxious).

I have known many people with ideas of this kind in the past few years but none who were rigorous, logical thinkers. Psychedelic visionary experience simply refuses to conform to anyone's particular structural system and will inevitably betray anyone who tries to use it as the justification for a neurotic fantasy or paranoid power grab. On coming down the next morning, after several inadequate attempts to explain what had happen, I finally said to Sally, who was fascinated and eager to try it herself despite the agitation I had shown all night, "It's a language, that's all, without words—just the images themselves."

"Whose language?" Sally asked.

I would say now that that language is closer to my heart than English ("In the beginning was the Word"), but at the time I had no answer, and I didn't take another trip until four years later because I had no reason to expect that anything different would happen on the second try than had happened on the first and I was afraid that the kind of imagery I had experienced might take over my consciousness completely, making me a prime candidate for commitment to the kind of hospital-prison I had been working in and around for years.

I found nothing in my visionary experience to encourage me to believe in any occultist or supernaturalist system. The visions were my images, my ideas, however incompatible that conclusion was with what I had formerly conceived my mind to be "made of." (I no longer find it necessary to believe that it is made of anything—but that came later.) Sure, at one point I seemed to hover over an alien planet, or over a transformed version of this one, upon which were spread various cities made up of grids of multi-colored lights, traversed by thousands of parrot-like creatures. One is naturally tempted to think in terms of an Ouspenskian cosmology, but—wait a minute—what's next in line? Why, the announcer on the radio is selling a deodorant, and, sure enough, out of the Precambrian ooze emerge millions of putrid bubbles and the noxious effluvium which results, represented by pastel swirls and corruscating vibrations, is just as complex and just as beautiful as what has gone before . . . and very funny besides, in relation to the ad for deodorants.

Try to imagine all the images in, say, "Locksley Hall," colored, animated, and projected in three dimensions on a screen, not in sequence, but all at once—and in such a way as to be, if not in actual harmony with one another, at least so well organized as

not to be in any mess or collision. If you could do it, and unless you happen to be on acid, you can't do it, the result would be both hilarious and impressive, which is exactly the character of much of visionary experience, and it is not a combination of qualities commonly found in churches or museums, yet, there is is, at the very heart of things: *Disneyland*, by God!

There is no room for the absurd in the cosmologies of the occultists and supernaturalists, and I have never heard any person of that disposition *during the peak hours of an acid trip* say a word about the ideas which, when he resumed his normal (repressed) consciousness, represented the larger part of his conception of the universe. When he is that stoned, all his diagrams evaporate, so, if he truly loves and depends on his diagrams, he will repress most of what he has seen and decide that mild psychedelics are much better, not, mind you, because they are mild (manageable) but because they are organic . . . which little rationalization provides him with a new set of moralistic diagrams to fuss over.

On the other hand, if supernaturalism was laid waste, so were all of the grand ideas associated with the mystique of science, and all physical reductionism in general, of which it may be said that until you begin to doubt it, you have no idea how much it means to you. It is materialism that is destroyed by these overwhelming demonstrations of the limitless power of the imagination, not, necessarily, as those who like to disparage nihilism and solipsism assume, empiricism, logic, or honor. It is not one's experience or character that is intimidated, but only certain abstract concepts about the organization of experience. I saw no reason then, and I see no reason now, to use visionary experience as an excuse to lie or cheat, so for the four years that followed I thought about small things like sex, money and politics because I could find no way to make my new knowledge fit any of the categories of "grand" ideas I had respected in my former incarnation.

When I discovered that a group of perfectly respectable intellectuals were taking LSD and psilocybin and apparently functioning with great practical efficiency at the same time, indeed, having a ball, setting forth on great adventures and taking over mansions in Dutchess County—I immediately concluded that I was just being chicken. These new people would doubtless be able to tell me what it was all about, show me how to do it right in no time at all. Perhaps I could join them, once I caught up to their level of specialized knowledge. To hell with school psychology. Putting

band-aids on the corpse of the educational system was not my idea of an ideal life anyway.

## Chapter 3

# Knights at the Round Table

*There was a fine manliness observable in almost every face; and in some a certain loftiness and sweetness that rebuked your belittling criticisms and stilled them.*

Right after Christmas, leaving Sally at her parents' house in Manhasset on Long Island, I made my first trip to Millbrook, up the Taconic Parkway, past my birthplace in Crestwood, through a region I have always felt to be as ancient, mysterious and grave as Atlantis, in the good wet snow, in my little red convertible, with a bottle of blackberry brandy at my side.

Millbrook was a nice bright white little town under big trees. When I saw the three story Gatehouse built of rocks and red tiles, I judged it perfect, and everything else thereafter all the way up to the Big House; the winding roads, lakes, streams, fields, woods, mysterious stone structures covered with snow; everything a little ruined, everything exactly as it should be, beyond critique or analysis, as in a vision or a dream.

I drove through a porte-cochere and parked in a courtyard formed by the main building and a wing which I later learned contained the kitchen, laundry room, and, upstairs, the former servants' quarters. Inside, in the main hall, in front of the mirror Allan Marlowe was to steal several years, lifetimes, worlds, later, I found teen-age Jackie and Susan Leary, Kim Ferguson, and a bunch of little kids taking off skates, galoshes, coats and mittens. Beautiful children with intelligent faces and happy eyes. I was expected. Tim was upstairs. Why didn't I just go right up and introduce myself?

Big houses with intricate floor plans figure prominently in the dream and fantasy life of individuals and races. One expects, quite reasonably, on the basis of experience, personal and vicarious, that if one is destined to perform noble deeds or to encounter great and mysterious figures that such a setting will be provided. We do not expect history to be made in hovels; the human imagination is tied to certain settings as notes are tied to the keys of an organ.

In an era which requires all decent men to oppose the rule of wealth, it is difficult to admit the psychic liberation provided by wealth and wealth alone—it is more agreeable to think of “conspicuous consumption” or some other slogan and forget the clear evidence of history and art. The necessity for such splendid privacy is outside of ideology: a mean spirited wielder of great power like Mayor Daley of Chicago will live by choice in a small house, while the most communistic zealot, if his plots hatch, will move instantly into the palaces of his enemies. To find good men in a great house is a sign of their exaltation, a promise of change, a clear reason to suppose that one may be in the right place at the right time. I didn’t think of that as I climbed the red carpeted stairs of the Big House for the first time. Instead, I felt a sense of place—of eternal place. *Deja vu* is the term that suggests the feeling best, I suppose, but I don’t care for the metaphysical implications. Anyway, by the time I found Tim’s room I was awash with emotion, and hardly in any condition to impress my host. Tim was seated at a desk, writing. We exchanged pleasantries, and Tim launched into a description of some recent discoveries in sub-atomic physics which had caught his interest. He was trying to play the two-intellectuals-meet game, which was kind of him, but I was . . . stoned. I could feel tears on my cheeks. *This is insane*, I thought to myself. (It was the first *this is insane* thought of a long series to come.)

“I think you have forgotten how bad it is out there,” I said.

Tim looked perplexed and a little apprehensive. It is an expression which now comes often to my face when stoned-out freaks appear on my doorstep and refuse to observe the usual amenities. What they want is to be recognized at the “Second Bardo” level, and, if they aren’t that proves you are either malicious or insensitive or both. I usually kick them out without further ado. Tim was kinder. He suggested I go down to the kitchen and meet the other members of the household and the current visitors. He would see me at dinner.

In the next few hours I met, and without exception, instantly liked, everyone then resident in the Big House. I will list the visitors here also, and I might as well give everyone’s sexual orientation as well:

*Tim*—without a consort at the moment, an unusual circumstance, I was to learn. Lisa Bieberman, who was then managing the IFIF (International Federation for Internal Freedom) office in Cambridge, was to leave Millbrook in a state of shock two months later,

after begging piteously for weeks to be admitted as a resident, when, while sitting in the kitchen in the early morning musing, no doubt, on the pronounced similarities between her favorite Harvard lecturer and the well known Jesus Christ, the ex-lecturer entered, tousled and haggard, drew a coffee, and turned to the assembled breakfasters to inquire rhetorically, "Jesus Christ! Do I have to fuck every girl who comes into this place?"

Knowing Tim, I would now assume he was actually perfectly satisfied with his night's entertainment, and only said what he said because he wanted Lisa to hear it, and abandon any further hopes of intimidating him into a pose conformable to her preconceptions. I have made some pretty outrageous remarks myself in recent years, for similar reasons.

Tim's charm, as friend and foe alike admit, was awesome. As is often the case, I think much of it was due to his voice—he could have recited the alphabet and those who heard him would have smiled, allowed their own conversations to lapse, and very possibly read all kinds of symbolic meanings into the succession of syllables. It was a clavichord, as distinguished from a piano, voice. It trilled and tinkled, caressing the ear with gentle melodies and punctuations, vulgarizing by comparison every competing instrument. He never raised it. Even when angry or malicious, the voice stayed within the limits of its charm—one might hear a hard rain of sleet, the light clash of cymbals, but never squawks, mumbles, whines or any other kind of ugly noise. Furthermore, the voice, as if it had some separate spirit or function of its own, did not, like most voices, simply carry Tim's thoughts like a load in a cart; it often spoofed and laughed at what it was required to support, thereby anticipating and disarming the critical reactions of his audience. All of Tim's vaunted sense of humor, as distinguished from his destructive wit, consisted in these disarming vocal nuances: it does not come through in his written words.

It is an important point. Many thought Tim was spoofing when he wasn't, or thought he wasn't when he was. Tim's playfulness had no consistency, no foundation in logical analysis or a stable set of values. It was simply employed to take the edge off, to provide an escape hatch, to disarm. When the natives looked restless, the master musician would ring the cracked bell, perhaps indulge in a little goofy histrionics, even take a pratfall. Everyone would smile—and write off their former doubts as paranoia.

*Dick Alpert*—Tim's closest associate at the time, a Ph.D. in

Psychology like his transformed buddy, but with even better professional and social credentials. Dick had been on the faculty at Harvard, where Tim had been merely a visiting lecturer renowned only as the inventor of an ingenious but in no way revolutionary paper-pencil test of personality factors then in use by the California penal system. Dick was the son of a former president of the New Haven Railroad. While a student at his later place of work, Dick gleefully told me, he had lived in a private railroad car with a teen-age brother and sister team who provided both service and recreation. "Art," Dick said, a look of bemused delight suffusing his open and jovial countenance as he reminisced about the wonders of his fortunate life, "I didn't know what to do to whom first."

Dick didn't have an official companion at the time either.

*Ralph Metzner*, Ph.D.—a biochemist in his late twenties. A very neat, dry, brilliant man who made neat, dry, brilliant comments but rarely spoke at length. Ralph was married at the time to *Susan*, a classic, pretty, blonde, healthy-looking American girl who seemed very soft and child-like in contrast to Ralph's Germanic seriousness. I don't think Ralph has progressed much since those days. He is still looking for a technical answer to a philosophic question.

*Jackie and Susan Leary*—both cute kids: 15 and 16 or 15 and 14 or somewhere in that happy bracket. They didn't get weird until later, and I might as well say right now that what made them weird later was not their father's oddities or their own experience with psychedelics, but the derangement of what would have been an eccentric but happy and interesting life into an ugly caricature of itself by the violent State.

*Maynard Ferguson*—well known band leader of the era, of whom I had never heard, which astonished him. Charming wife, *Flo*, extremely super-charming daughter *Kim*, 13, son 6, baby, 2.

The visitors at that time were:

An aging blonde blues singer, supposedly famous like Maynard, but whose name I didn't recognize and can't remember. She looked sad, wore beautiful clothes, and said very little. I think she was even drunker than I was, which was pretty far gone as the evening advanced. Not only was there an open bar (a year later, if anyone had set up a bar, every bottle would have disappeared in fifteen minutes, to be guzzled at once or hidden in self defense), but I also had my usual bottle of brandy stashed in the john under the stairs on the first floor.

The aforementioned *Lisa Bieberman*. Lisa, it turned out later, had been having exclusively Christian trips on LSD, or so she interpreted them. In 1971 she had one of the regular kind, and promptly wrote a bulletin to her regular subscribers in which she renounced acid for Jesus. Lisa was very dark, very intense, very persistent, and just as impervious to popular opinion as she was to logic. A born slave, she worked her little hairy ass off for whatever she believed in.

*Allan Atwell*—also a visitor, and a professor of art at Cornell, was present and preparing for his first “session,” as trips were called in those days, to be held in the tower room—the highest room in the house—that very evening. Allan, who looked like Abraham Lincoln after a hard night anyway, appeared particularly resigned at the time.

I went to take a look at the tower room (we will get back to the other visitors) and after many a twist and turn through dark corridors carpeted in worn red plush, found it at the top of a small spiral staircase. There were windows all around and I could see the lights of Millbrook twinkling in the far distance over a landscape of moonlit snow and dark masses of pine. Two fat candles were burning, and some incense, and a little, cheery fire in a little, cheery fireplace. Oriental rugs. A low bed. A statuette of Buddha. A statuette of Shiva, dancing on Yama as usual. Trays of candy and nuts and fruit. A copy of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. A copy of the *I Ching*. From a speaker in the corner came the drone of a Zen chant although there was no speaker in sight. Tim’s methods in those days, I later found out, were attempts to structure the LSD experience in terms of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*—a profound work, to be sure, but one that stresses a very particular, if not downright parochial, version of the classic content of the more grandiose types of visionary experience beyond any other consideration. Many people who never have visionary experience on acid learn just as much as those who do, if not more, and all the Oriental folderol frequently shifts attention from the present and encourages all kinds of fanciful and paranoid notions. A succession of fantastic spectacles is all very well, but people must learn to ask the right questions before they can get any right answers. Sitar picking never sent any steamboats up the Ganges. As decor, I liked it. Novice trippers were heavily guided in those days. Ralph Metzner was to guide Allan Atwell.

*Jack Spratt*—(I can’t remember his name)—Jack was a “rich

drunk from Syracuse” as Tim put it. My college town. Fat, intelligent, about 45, the only person present wearing a tie. He was there to be “cured,” naturally, and was waiting for his second trip. On his first, he had by no means surrendered his bad habit as a result of meeting the Lord of Death face-to-face. On the contrary, perhaps.

*Albert Mole*— can’t remember his name either. A large, flabby and fuzzy clinical psychologist from Buffalo, who was my first introduction to the foil or scapegoat archetype always present in every psychedelic community. Would that every one of them were as bumbling, foolish, and harmless as Mole. As Ramakrishna said of his nasty cousin, who was always hanging around, when his disciples would ask him why he patiently endured such an obnoxious presence, such characters “thicken the plot,” and it is a good idea to leave well enough alone. As often as not, the replacement, and a replacement seems to be inevitable, will be twice as bad as the original. (Don’t put too much pressure on your system.) Mole’s specialty was ferreting out the (presumably diseased) psychological and interpersonal cross-currents in the place. At one point I mentioned to him that I was having the most fantastic and delightful experience of my life, although I hadn’t taken any drugs. He replied that he thought everyone was certainly very friendly, but that he couldn’t approve, for example, the obvious seduction of a teen-age boy, glancing suggestively towards Dick and Jackie who were sprawled out under the soft and twinkling radiance of a magnificent demonstration that a gentle joy can be found in the gothic and grotesque (a fifteen footer) in earnest converse. Albert never relaxed, and finally fled—it’s impossible for a psychologist or psychiatrist to hang on to his usual role in an intelligent psychedelic community unless he is (a) very good at it and (b) turns on himself. Newspaper reporters and such are usually disabled in the same way because anyone of an inquisitive turn of mind will want desperately to understand what is “really happening” and, no matter how ingenious the questions or ingratiating the style, no cross examination will ever reveal anything that will satisfactorily explain *all* of the puzzling talk and nuances of feeling and conduct witnessed. The hardest part to swallow, often as not, for a professional shrink, is the general high spirits and good natured camaraderie which prevail. The jokes, frequently self-deflationary, conflict with his most cherished categorizations of human nature. There is so much honesty and spontaneity that he begins to think

the whole thing is a put-on. It's like Henry Miller's judgement on his clique of Jewish admirers, so unlike him in their personal preoccupations and literary styles: "They just can't believe it—A HAPPY GENTILE!" Both Mole and Alpert were Jewish, by the way. I sensed something there—Mole was deeply offended by Dick's blithe spirits and unabashedness. Where was all the tortured self-analysis one Jewish psychologist had every right to expect from another? (It came out later—much later.)

Mole could usually be found in the kitchen, nursing a drink, where he brought up, one after another, every conceivable historical and theoretical model on the list of approved theories of the day to see if one would be accepted by the rest of us as *the* way to understand psychedelic experience . . . so he could then dismiss the whole thing as an imitation, probably shoddy, of something else. He seemed to shrink visibly every time someone insisted, as they invariably did, that, although there were parallels, the whole business was really incapable of being understood or appreciated by the uninitiated. The terrible burden that this assertion, combined with demonstrations of non-harmfulness, places on the wretched products of America's Ph.D. mills cannot be overestimated, and most of the academic cant and outrageously slovenly "research" designed to demonstrate harmfulness is probably engendered by the horrible feelings of loss of status which such people feel when they contemplate the possibility of having to take the stuff in order to stay abreast of things. Mole quickly dismissed me as a credulous fool, I suspect, and I was left mostly in the company of my natural ally—the only other heavy boozier present.

On the late arrival of Ralph, Susan, Dick, Susan, Jackie and Kim with skates slung over their shoulders in a cheery mood after a long game of hockey on one of the ponds, Mole shrank once again (are they pretending to be normal?) and Jack Spratt commented "I've got to admit that these people certainly know how to make you feel at home, but I don't go in for all this boy scout business. Making your own bed and *helping with the dishes?* I have always been very happy to pay for that kind of service." I could see that Jack regarded me as some kind of fellow patient in a badly managed hospital, so I told him about my mescaline trip.

"I guess I want to see the clear light or achieve Enlightenment, or whatever you want to call it," I said, tossing down another belt.

"I don't go along with all that stuff," Jack replied, and refilled my glass and his own.

Later, Maynard Ferguson, who with his wife occupied a large room below the tower, told me that during one of his all night parties (during which it was not unknown for a certain carefree abandon to overtake the participants, who might then, as like as not, disport themselves, whatever their age or sex, in a manner inconsistent with prevailing middle-class American mores) Jack Spratt had briefly appeared at the open door, having descended from the tower where he was having his first trip.

"He just stood there gaping at us like he couldn't believe his eyes," Maynard chortled. "Then he said, 'Christ, it's crazy enough up there but down here it's completely insane' and went back up to the tower."

Susan Leary showed me to my room, one of eight or nine in the servants' wing over the kitchen and laundry. Everything was neat and clean. I unpacked and took a bath across the hall in an old-fashioned tub.

Conversation at dinner, which was served on a long table with everyone seated on chairs as God intended was animated and as natural and open as anything in my experience. Mole wearily punched away at Tim but it was evident, after three days of failing to connect, that he no longer had the heart for it. Tim would laugh and dryly and slyly deliver some pronouncement which would almost never bear directly on Mole's point but instead undercut his semantics or his metaphysics or his mood. Tim was never reluctant to deliver snap judgements, like a sophomore student, when the occasion and the person seemed to call for it, a habit I share, and I was encouraged to see, for I had already decided that I wanted to move in with this jovial group, that what one might call a tradition of judicious or sober discourse did not evidently prevail and that one might shoot the shit, as it were, with carefree abandon and not expect to be held accountable for every little slip into illogic or bad taste.

On the other hand, conversation at Millbrook in those days was intelligent, literate, witty and general, as well as carefree and spontaneous. Everyone (except Mole) was making the usual "high-brow" assumptions about each others' tastes, politics, opinions on the leading issues of the day, morals and mores. As in the House of Commons, as long as such assumptions are made, people can flatly contradict each other, call motives into question, even express moral disapproval (in the sense of differing moral interpretation)—all without anyone's essential dignity ever being threatened in the

slightest. Even one stupid, ignorant, or deranged person in such a group seriously degrades its quality, like a fly in one's soup. Being a professional or an intellectual isn't necessary—Maynard and Flo weren't but they respected the standards, even if they couldn't have defined them. The scene was doomed, of course, although at the time no one on the outside would have predicted it, because Tim had already decided to play it like a politician rather than a scientist or philosopher. IFIF was on the way out and The Castalia Foundation was on the way in (Metzner was already pushing Hesse who was not well known in America at the time). Soon, everyone would be oriented towards reaching the public, changing opinion, and changing (or preventing change in) the laws. The headquarters of a popular revolutionary movement cannot be run on upper class social standards because it is not a good image for the troops. The politics of the psychedelic revolution, as Tim saw very clearly and early, would be like selling beer, not champagne. Support would come from many odd quarters but the objective, as in all great revolutions, would be to "capture the hearts and minds" of the only class with minds as yet uncaptured and any hearts at all—the young. The point of view expressed in my Neo-Psychopathic Character Test was something of a novelty then and it may be that it had some effect on Tim, but I am more inclined to think that it merely helped confirm opinions he already held about the desperate condition of the old culture and the direction in which one might look for help—alienated youth. Allowing visitors to drop in and out at all hours of the day and night was a pain in the ass, but Tim could not, as a good politician, prevent it. Towards the end, he barricaded himself into the third floor (with a private kitchen) but the public image he projected was always one of utter accessibility. At that time, though, it was a very high class show and the memories I have now of Millbrook as it was then, although many very satisfactory things happened later, are lit by a certain magical light that never returned, like the Christmases of childhood or a scene intensely imagined in one's most cherished work of fiction.

Tim, Ralph and I went for a walk late in the evening. Because, every bit as much as Mole, I wanted to pin these people down, I resorted to a question which I recommend to anyone who wants to get his specimen securely nailed to the board:

"Tim, is anything more important than anything else?"

Tim said nothing for a moment and then pointed to a snow laden branch that hung down in the roadway.

“Look at the way the snow shines in the moonlight. Beautiful, isn’t it?”

Evasive, yes, but wrong, no, since whatever is right in front of your nose is always the most important thing—the only trouble being that it wasn’t the branch that was occupying my attention at the moment I asked the question—it was Tim, and it was Tim who was the most important thing in my world at the time, and he should have said so.

But that is a hard thing to say to anyone.

I was put in charge of Allan Atwell’s music program that evening, which amounted to no more than taking records from an approved selection and putting them on the turntable in the room immediately below the tower room. Every now and then Ralph would pop in and ask that something be changed or to turn the volume up or down. We started off with ragas and Zen chants and such like and followed with Beethoven. After an hour or so, Ralph announced that Allan didn’t want any music at all, so I split for the kitchen.

Musical tastes, as Tim has pointed out several times, go through some radical changes as people get higher and higher. Indian music is perfect for stabilizing a high high because it in no way encourages you to notice the passage of time—or better, to notice that time has stopped passing and instead is sort of loitering around shooting the shit with space. When seriality re-establishes itself, as it were, taste seems to depend entirely upon what kind of a trip you are on, but I have noticed, over and over again, an interesting phenomenon: when some kid puts on the latest rock star—a record he and his friends have been listening to raptly and repetitiously on grass, the room will usually empty in minutes. The early Dylan pieces and almost all of the Beatles stuff hold up well (what more can I say?), but rare indeed is the devotee of screaming adolescent anguish who can tolerate his favorites when he is on acid, which doesn’t mean that he isn’t willing to put this garbage on for everyone else’s elucidation—while he himself departs for Outer Mongolia.

Bad music doesn’t just cause people to scatter—it also causes bad trips. I have now reached the stage where I can happily watch television or listen to Lawrence Welk (Purgatory) or the Rolling Stones (Hell) on acid, but most inexperienced people will either freak or flee. When someone flips, check out the music being played or what has just been played: nine times out of ten it will be some dumb kid making millions from his contemporaries by moaning, groaning, and shrieking about how fucked-up he is. This may be

reassuring when you are straight, but on acid, oddly enough, it tends to put you on a bummer. Similarly, older people frequently like sad, romantic old songs like "The Ash Grove" or whatever when they are straight, but if you allow them to play such stuff on a trip you can expect the same kind of thing—either everyone will scatter or the whole room will dissolve into maudlin blubbering. Haines, who was very patient with kid music under ordinary circumstances, smashed quite a few records on trips over the years. Afterwards, he would point out that the person who put the record on had unaccountably disappeared, and that since he apparently didn't care for his own music he felt entirely justified in disposing of it as he pleased. Tim, if course, could never do that for political reasons—so he would simply go hide somewhere.

Late that night, as I was sitting around the kitchen mulling things over with Spratt, Atwell drifted in like a ghost, his big brown eyes shining and dilated.

"How did it go?" I asked.

"Beautiful, beautiful . . ." Allan said, putting some coffee on. "But I seem to have switched sides. My left side is now my right side and my right side is my left side."

We didn't know what to say to that.

"As a matter of fact, I think I left part of myself up in the tower. I have to go back and get it." With that he drifted out of the room.

I got up and turned off the burner under the coffee pot. The idea of taking acid was beginning to scare the living piss out of me. I'm the kind of guy who likes to know which side is which. I went to bed. The next morning I went down to Manhasset, picked up Sally, and returned. What the hell—nothing ventured, nothing gained . . . and the whole business seemed saner, somehow, with my "better half" (sorry—couldn't help it) at my side.

Sally's one and only real visit to Millbrook—she stopped by a couple of times later—was not a success. She was terrified, not by the presence of acid and marijuana, but by the people and the setting, and she hid in our room most of the day and evening. It was "just too much." Her first words in the car the next morning when we drove away were, "Did you see the *dresses* on those girls?" Sally's background and family were not exactly scenes of poverty-stricken barbarism (her mother's family was of the ruling class of colonial Massachusetts—we later sold some documents with names like Paul Revere and Daniel Webster on them—the husband in the couple they hung around with all the time was on

the board of Jersey Standard—and her father was Conservator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a job not likely to encourage one to view the world from the pit of desperation upwards) but Billy's sister, Peggy Hitchcock, and a friend had come over for drinks and dinner in \$1000 originals or something—I hadn't noticed, neither one being my type—and that was "too much." Dick Alpert wandering around the house looking through psychedelic spectacles—a tiny strobe just then invented—whatever happened to it?—was "too much." Everything was "too much," which was Sally's favorite superlative phrase anyway—and I now see, for the first time, what it meant. (By "too much" she meant too much.) Susan, our three-year-old, was a factor too, I suppose, since, if we moved in, Sally would have to take a teaching job to keep up our installment loan payments, and it would therefore be necessary, or so we thought at the time (not yet being liberated from the strictures of middle-class morality) to leave Susan in the keeping of a hired sitter or the women of the house until she was old enough for school, which Sally was reluctant to do.

Tim, Dick, and Ralph had discussed the possibility with me. They hadn't said yes, but they hadn't said no either. It looked like a cinch to me—all I had to do was start gobbling the stuff at the rate they were. As for being congenial, I had by the time we left, identified the source of the astonishment and delight I felt: it was simply the recognition that for the first time in my life I was with people I completely respected as human beings at every level at which I had standards of judgement. It was inconceivable to me that we would not have a great deal to do with each other.

We went back to our rented house in the tiny Adirondack community of Star Lake—where we had moved from Edwards, and I immediately started writing a fantastic novel about the adventures of one Christian H. Christian, who visits the headquarters of The Flower Fiends and is transported into other realms—sending a few pages to Tim at Millbrook every other day. It was pretty good in spots (I have since destroyed it) but didn't really make it—and neither did Tim, Dick, and Ralph's conversion of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, a copy of which I received a month or two later.

This very peculiar interpretation of a very peculiar book, according to Tim, was to be the first of a series which would range over the entire field of the world's greatest classics and include *Alice in Wonderland* and Dante's *Inferno*. This latter, Tim thought, would particularly please me, although why he thought so he didn't say.

The fact was that I thought the infernal aspects were already over-developed in the TBD, but, since my experience with full-scale visionary productions amounted to a measly fifteen hours or so, a mere trifle compared to the hours on watch logged by the mighty of Millbrook, I felt I could only question, not condemn, as I do now, Tim's effort.

I do now condemn it. On the evidence of my experience and the experience reported to me by a sample I have no reason to think unrepresentative of the commonality, I would now say that truly *menacing* visions almost never occur on psychedelic trips, and that the unpleasant spectacles which are sometimes seen—the “cartoon freakies” and such-like—amount to less than 5% of overall viewing time and have much less emotional weight than your average Hollywood horror show. Of course, if you insist on listening to “Night on Bald Mountain” in a rat-infested cellar with low companions recently recruited from 42nd Street bistros, all bets are off, *and all bets are off if you prepare for your trip by reading the TBD.*

That is what is so mysterious and worrisome about Tim's evocation of these images at the beginning of his psychedelic career (Ralph and Dick, actually, had very little to do with it). It is as if Tim deliberately and with malice aforethought polluted the stream at its source and gave half the kids in psychedelic society a bad set to start out with. Almost every acid head I talked to for years afterwards told me he had, as a novice, used the TBD as a “guide”—and every one of them reported unnecessary anxiety, colossal bummers, disillusionment and eventual frustration and exasperation, for which, in most cases, they blamed themselves, not Tim or the book. They were not “pure” enough, or perhaps the “Lord of Death” did not deign to transform them because they were not worthy of His attentions, etc., etc.

Now, it is true that Tim had been brought up Catholic, with the usual consequences, and that for quite a while, early in his psychedelic career, he thought his “head was melting and running down” over his shoulders (personal communication), so I don't accuse him of projecting darkness when all was sweetness and light within. Nor are the images of the TBD, treated as metaphors for the *wrong ideas* one must dispense with in the process of arriving at the truth, entirely off the mark. In everyday life we meet the “Lord of Death” every time we surrender consciousness (“give up the ego”) and give ourselves over to dreams. Sometimes it's a little

scary. Most of the time it isn't. So it is with death-rebirth in general. The images are thoughts, not external supernatural entities. Have logical, kind, and loving thoughts and you will have logical, kind and loving images—and if you persist in the other kind of thoughts, you will have the other kind of images. It is as simple as that.

Sally and I sampled morning glory seeds and a little grass here and there, but she took very little because, she said, she was seven months pregnant. On seeds one night, I had another visionary trip, but of a different type than that I had had on mescaline. It was an odd state, one I have never experienced since, which I can only describe as dreamy in the sense which implies vagueness or abstraction. I was not frightened, although the thought, in “normal” consciousness, of returning to that condition gave me the creeps for some time afterwards. I remember only parts of it clearly although I wasn't asleep at the time it was happening.

There were three distinct worlds, but all I have left now are fragmented memories (I remembered more the first few days following) of a scene in which, on a beam of light, I entered the kitchen of a sort of tower dormitory in a world-of-the-future to remove a hammer from an ice tray, and of a fantastic curtain that fell during what was clearly an intermission, depicting thousands of birds flying on a field of brightest blue.

## Chapter 4

# Sir Dinadan the Humorist

*Sir Dinadan was so proud of his exploit that he could not keep from telling over and over again, to weariness, how the immortal idea happened to occur to him; and as is the way with humorists of his breed, he was still laughing at it after everybody else had got through.*

As soon as I had a long weekend free, I took off for the IFIF office in Cambridge. I had told Lisa Bieberman, who was in sole charge of IFIF at the time, about my plans for a psychedelic retreat on an Adirondack lake (I was thinking in terms of a lodge for the summer and Millbrook in the winter) and she was enthusiastically in favor. I found Lisa at the office with two Ph.D. residents of the house in Newton which Dick and Tim had opened while doing their

prison acid research. They were all working their asses off on routine office tasks, for no pay, getting out *The Psychedelic Review* and a variety of bulletins. Alan Watts was expected momentarily—to contribute something for the forthcoming issue which was to be dedicated to Aldous Huxley, who had recently died of cancer of the throat, in a New York hospital. (Ramakrishna also died of cancer of the throat, it was pointed out by several at the time.) Tim had been with him and he had actually signed off on acid. His last words had been something to the effect that everything was very beautiful. I established myself in the kitchen of the little house on Boylston Street with a quart of Wilson's—a blend I favored at the time. Watts arrived and greeted everyone like long lost buddies and, while waiting for one of the guys who was to take his dictation to return from an errand, joined me enthusiastically in attacking the bottle. He was fascinated by a copy of some trashy men's magazine that was lying on the table, the kind that shows Japanese nurses raping American marines on the cover and contains ads for mementos of the Third Reich. When, abruptly, in the midst of some ordinary chit-chat, I asked him what his answer was to the problem of suffering, he seemed genuinely shocked.

"You're asking *me* that question?" he asked.

I guess he thought the answer was in his books. Well, it is, but no more so than the answer to the question of evil is to be found in the kind of magazine we were laughing at.

When the fellow who was to take Watts' dictation arrived, he put down his drink and started reeling off his panegyric to Huxley as if he had a tape recorder in his head. He paused only once—in search of an example of the kind of thing literary sophisticates scorned but which Huxley was willing to support, and I supplied it—"The myth of the desert island paradise." It was an amazing display. Every time I read Watts I marvel once again at the liquidity and simplicity of his prose. He reminds me of Russell and Orwell—as does Tim, when he isn't distorting his true voice in order to conform to some political objective.

Unfortunately, although my admiration for his style is undimmed, my admiration for Watts' philosophic efforts did not survive my enlightenment, and even at the time of which I speak, I could not work up much enthusiasm for his point of view. He was, I think, essentially a pacifier, a sort of intellectual male nurse, a calmer of the troubled waters, a man who, although he saw through an awful lot of horseshit, allowed some particularly well-wrapped and

deodorized varieties to pass by his inspection bench unmolested. Watts, as near as I can figure out, believed in the world of external relations when it was argumentatively and emotionally convenient to do so, and did not believe in it when it was possible to take that position without risking the indulgence of his audience. He belongs to the class of monist philosophers who manage to evade the question of plural minds, which is a very low class of philosophers, I am sorry to say, although not as low as the class of philosophers who never take LSD.

But Watts was a great conversationalist, a great gossip, and a great drinking companion, and we had a good, bleary, gossipy evening which ended in my meeting the Newton contingent, good heads to the man, but pale, I thought, in comparison to the mighty of Millbrook, whom I was beginning to think of by this time as virtual demi-gods occupying a world apart, not a hundred miles or so downstate, but around some trick corner in a magic mirror of my mind.

I don't think Watts approved of my style. Later, after I asked him to grace the glorious rosters of the Neo-American Church with his illustrious name, he sent a short and waspish reply: "I don't like your Boo Hoo title. It sounds like a cry-baby to me."

The stiff upper lip complex at work.

Yes, whatever it is that I represent, it is not exactly that which, in our time and literature, has been best expressed by Huxley and Watts. At the other end of that tradition, one can dimly perceive the somber figures of such other unenlightened geniuses as Dostoevsky, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Kafka, Sartre, and Camus. There is something wrong with an "aesthetic" life; only an idiot can have any fun. The more one thinks, the less fun one has. True, Watts and Huxley defend play in reaction and in the abstract, but it is defined either too broadly, as what "the universe is doing," or as "aimless" cavorting around to get away from it all. They reject the agonistic struggle, the vanity games.

Watts and Huxley, however, were definitely better than the rest of the pack, and all kinds of events, public and private, seemed to conspire at the beginning of the decade, to shake things up. That great changes should cast their shadows before them seems reasonable and unexceptional to anyone who believes life is a dream, and there is no necessity to invent cosmological or psychical machinery to account for it. In meta-historical terms, the release of nuclear energy foreshadowed or paralleled the discovery of LSD and the

assassination of Kennedy fit nicely also, as a demonstration on the American stage—other stages have other demonstrations—of the moral futility of the political process, and the need to change human nature directly, rather than merely fiddle with the organization of the given. In literature, it seems to me that Nabokov set the stage and acted as John the Baptist for the psychedelic age—and his seeming naivete about drugs is merely another ironical touch, a reminder to those aware of synchronicity not to hang everything together in terms of conscious knowledge. *Lolita* had the effect of a blast of light which roused me, just before my first mescaline trip, from a nightmarish stupor of the imagination governed by the ugly and barren sensibility of the pessimistic novelists and other crazies who had, since WWII, gradually become the reigning ethnarchs of Hollywood and the popular literature. For a long time, it seemed that the more talented the author, the more horrible would be his works. Nabokov restored my imaginative intelligence, returned me to a sunny and pleasant avenue from which I had been diverted by various old whores who knew how to make dark streets and lurid slums look inviting to young, innocent, wide-eyed, warm-hearted lads like me. He restored my faith in wit and words. He revived my original and genuine taste and judgement and released me from the spell of such black magicians as Celine and Burroughs. I love Nabokov. He deserves, in my opinion, a kind of deification in literature, like that granted to Homer and Shakespeare. My America is Nabokov's America. I do not recognize, say, Saul Bellow's or Mailer's Americas as anything more than transient hallucinations caused by infantile perversity and fear of the light.

According to my way of looking at it, it's all that stuff between the beach party bongos and the Great Cosmic Thoughts—the games we play with each other every day—that badly need more spontaneity and wit.

That was what I found so stunning about Millbrook: the names, rules and counters of the ordinary games being played there every day had somehow been changed and life as it was lived was better, more lively, more meaningful, funnier, happier. It was an adventure just to hang out—and so it remained, with ups and downs, until the end.

I was resolved that anything I produced would be along the same lines. Watts certainly talked a good game, but Timothy Leary, I thought, was a magician who seemed to know how to change life as it was lived.

## Chapter 5

# Inspiration

*“What dream? Why, the dream that I am in Arthur’s court—a person who never existed; and that I am talking to you, who are nothing but a work of the imagination.”*

I waited for Easter vacation with high expectations, and when the great moment came I entered the Millbrook grounds with a firm resolve to not screw around but to play the game exactly as it ought to be played—arrange a trip right away and be perfectly honest about everything. Humility—that was the ticket.

I walked in the front door and didn’t find anyone in sight, so I took a chair in the library and started going over my annotated version of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* conversion. When the house Lolita came in, jumped on my lap and stuck her tongue in my ear by way of greeting, I was momentarily shaken from my resolve to behave myself, but succeeded in putting away thoughts of dragging her up to her room and ravishing her on the spot by thinking of the temptations endured by the famous (I swear this is true) bodhisattvas, etc., of the past. I now wonder if I made the right decision. Since she was replaced very shortly, as the focus of my lascivious impulses, by a Chinese cutie of legal age, secretary to the well-known Andre Puharich, who was to do nothing except fuck up my head during the next forty-eight hours, it’s entirely possible that I didn’t—we are usually right the first time—but then again, people have been known to go to jail for following such happy, healthy impulses, no matter what the provocation. Sing-Sing, as we might as well call the Chinese girl, was obviously making it with Tim at the time, but disavowed any intent to perpetuate the relationship when I inquired. Her reason for being at Millbrook, aside from getting stoned, was to advance the cause of a tiny device, contents unknown, which, when attached to any bone of the head, would unfailingly permit the deaf, even those devoid from birth of any auditory nerve, to hear with perfect clarity. This miracle was said by her to have been invented by Puharich and was in his possession. First visit: tiny strobe glasses. Second visit: tiny ear box. O.K. Hewing faithfully to my resolve, I took Sing-Sing’s word for it, and waxed enthusiastic, although I would have been suspicious under any other circumstances. She asked me who I wanted to trip with. I said Tim and any girl who might want to

go along, actually, how about her? She said “maybe” and we went upstairs to talk to Tim, who greeted me with generous praise for *Divine Toad Sweat* (the title of my serialized novel) and generally made me feel welcome. Tomorrow night? Sure. He was looking forward to it already. If anyone else wanted to join us we would discuss it. Meanwhile, I should read Hesse’s *Siddhartha*, a copy of which he handed me. We talked a little about Hesse, whose *Steppenwolf* I had recently finished reading, it having been recommended by Ralph Metzner on my previous visit. Tim showed me around a bit—quite a few changes having been made. An isolation room in a padded closet—just enough room to lie down in. Ralph’s electronic workshop—an odd, sinister looking contraption on the table, just like in a Boris Karloff movie. A mimeograph machine room with stacks of circulars announcing the demise of IFIF and the foundation of the Castalia Foundation. (There was a quote from Hesse’s *Castalia* pinned up in Tim’s room in which the protagonist asserted that “our” journey contained such things as World War I and, indeed, the whole history of Western Civilization and all that as a mere side issue.)

Could I run a mimeograph machine?

No.

“What, man, you can’t run a mimeograph machine? Don’t you realize mimeograph machines are absolutely essential to every revolution?” Tim laughed.

I replied that he was absolutely right and I would learn.

The visitors hall had been jazzed up—the whole house, in fact, was beginning to take on an appearance of contrived mystification or orientalizing, with most of the heavy furniture, including the dining room table and chairs, out of sight somewhere and lots of cushions and mattresses covered with intricate prints substituted. Tim turned me over to Susan Metzner, who helped me get settled in one of the rooms. She said she hoped I didn’t mind sleeping on the floor—on a group trip everyone had decided to throw all the beds out for aesthetic reasons.

“Well—anything disorienting is good, I suppose. Like Tim said in that speech in Sweden.”

Susan said I might have the wrong idea about what they were trying to do. She didn’t say what it was that they were trying to do. Normally, I would have questioned Susan’s knowledge of what they were trying to do, but I was playing the game of taking things at face value, and was therefore appalled.

"Christ, I hope not," I said. What I didn't realize at the time was that the word "we" was already being used very loosely around "Der Alte Haus" (as the original owner called it). Millbrook, by that time, was riddled with subterranean rivalries and ideological conflicts but everyone was playing it, as being stoned encourages one to do in some ways, as if no legitimate differences of opinion existed. Axes were being ground all over the place. The class level had gone down a notch. The game of gentlemen and scholars was over and doctor-patient had begun. It is always a sad thing to see, and perhaps fortunately, I didn't see it until much later.

After dinner that night, Tim insisted that we all play a "Magic Theater" game (actually only a small part of a larger version she and Tim were working on, Sing-Sing informed me) which involved people writing the first thought that came, on reading the thought of the last person to play, on a folded piece of paper, so that one ended up with a nice chain of free association. This we played on table tops without legs that had been set on the rug in the dining room, by the light of candles and the fireplace, while reclining on cushions and pillows and drinking brandy. Living on the floor under such circumstances is an entirely different kettle of fish than doing it in a rented room on bare boards and vomit-soaked mattresses surrounded by syphilitic and schizophrenic lepers while drinking Gallo and sniffing glue. Poor people need furniture, only the rich can afford to live on the floor.

I forget what Sing-Sing wrote on her fold of the paper, but the image which came to my mind on reading it was of a dock in Amsterdam, lapped by the sullen sea . . . which bore no discoverable relation to anything else I could dredge up which might be associational. Later, it occurred to me that it might be a premonition, and I have watched developments in the Netherlands with great interest since. It does seem strange that this particular Western country, so full, as it is, of bourgeois associations with domestic tidiness, tulips and the "conquest" of nature, should have become so far advanced in the public acceptance of the psychedelic agents over the course of the past three or four years, while the supposedly wild and romantic countries of the Mediterranean basin have become, if anything, more repressive than they were to start out with. It bears, perhaps, on a quarrel I have with Tim—in his political aspect, to be sure—and the legions of primitivist kids spawned by the emphasis he chose to give the "natural" versus "artificial" dichotomy in interpreting the meaning of the classic

acid experience. I will agree instantly with anyone who says that psychedelic experience encourages, and, in some cases, obliges you to be more appreciative of beauty and less able to ignore ugliness, but I never noticed that, either in visionary content or in emotional bias, the psychedelic experience was uncivilized. It is, as a matter of fact, once you have passed through the valley of the shadow of death, a most cool and sophisticated perspective, full of nuances and intricate and often ironical allusions and reflections. The primitivism comes, I suspect, from a reaction based on fear of identifying with the human race as it is—fear of the precarious heights. So one turns to the “old ways” and to soft, childish countries and customs for solace because to live with full awareness in the 20th century is “too much.”

Much of the supposed “indescribability” of the psychedelic experience is, I think, due to this kind of reaction. It’s describable all right, but only if you work at it and try to live up to it.

I got pretty bombed that night on grass and booze and finally went to sleep in the isolation closet. The next morning, at breakfast, which everyone fixed for themselves and ate at the kitchen table, Sing-Sing told me that she and Tim had gone through the entire house looking for me the night before.

“Why?” I asked.

“Oh, Tim had some bright idea he wanted to tell you about.”

“Well, what was it?” I asked.

“It doesn’t matter now,” said dear little Sing-Sing, girl mystification expert. I never did find out what that was all about, since much more important matters were to claim my exclusive attention a few hours later.

## Chapter 6

# The Eclipse

*The mere knowledge of a fact is pale; but when you come to realize your fact, it takes on color.*

The trip was set for that night. Sing-Sing didn’t know if she was going along or not. I decided to wipe everything else out of my mind and prepare myself for the no-doubt earth-shattering revelations to come. A walk in the woods would be just the ticket. I accordingly set off past the bowling alley (an enormous chalet style

building of huge stones wherein the former lord of the manor amused himself and his friends under murals showing famous Hudson Valley horses and horsemen of the early 1800's) and up a winding road past tall stands of pines and a stream which was captured at one point by a stonework dam, and then an ironwork gate which led to the hundreds of acres of wild country to the north (where stood the hills later to be named, appropriately, Lunacy and Ecstasy). Not wishing to get too far away from things I continued on the road I had taken, which curved gradually back towards the south. To my right was a gentle slope planted in adolescent pine (attended by an old-fashioned water pump) which faced some sunlit hills and fields through a frieze of taller trees lining the other side of the road. I had a drink of water and sat down on the hill to think things over. What went through my mind were the same old questions which a careful reading of world literature and the conversation of drunks will lead anyone to assume are the major preoccupations of a not inconsiderable proportion of the world's thinking humans: what is the human mind? what is all this for? who am I? where am I? and so on. To the materialist who has never had a "mystical" experience and is satisfied to think that he himself is just one more product of blind chance like (he assumes) a pebble or a leaf, such questions appear naive and senseless, but his judgement relies entirely on the fact that he has not, for example, flown to the moon on gossamer wings. If he had, he would think along different lines. The problem of suffering, too, is meaningless to anyone who is satisfied to see the world without purpose, and only becomes the prime question when the externality of relations is questioned. Psychedelics have almost totally wiped out what was a decade ago an almost foregone conclusion of every adolescent's classic inquiry into the inner meaning of things—conversion in early adulthood to the so-called "philosophy of science," positivism, "common sense." In my case, the drugs had not just prevented the change, they had actually cancelled it out, and returned me unceremoniously to the fork in the road at which I made the wrong choice. Up to this point, I would not have maintained that the drugs had advanced my progress in finding answers to the fundamental questions—what they had accomplished, and what they accomplish for most people, was to prevent the trivialization of the questions. Until I had good answers, I was pinned in place.

So my mood was one of genuine perplexity, which is a rare and sublime mood as Lao Tze observed, when I, on an impulse with no

conscious antecedents, placed my right hand on the earth and crooked my left back to face heaven, and directing my thoughts to whatever intelligence existed outside my everyday consciousness, asked, "Where am I?"

Nothing happened, but I maintained my position for fifteen minutes or so, rejecting any ideation which rose to the surface, and hoping that something akin to Allen Ginsberg's evocation of the voice of Blake would occur. No soap. I relaxed. As soon as I relaxed it occurred to me that my assumption that nothing had happened was gratuitous. Why not assume that something had happened and be alert to recognize it? I got up, dusted myself off, and walked back to the Big House, determined not to alter my mood, no matter what happened.

I don't remember the first synchronistic coupling I noticed, but I think it consisted in a parallel between something I was thinking about and a remark made in the kitchen as I passed by which was not intended (in the usual sense) for me but which clearly illustrated and expanded my thought and—this is most important—provided the associational bridge to my next thought, which then became the "object" of the next synchronistic parallelism. I skipped a lot at first, mistakenly believing that only some events were synchronistic with my thought. I was still under the influence of (the tyranny of) those spatial images which are so dear to the hearts of the scientists and pseudo-scientists. I thought that perhaps "the world" was thinking along certain lines and that I was spiralling around, through, in and out, over and under that other, greater progression of ideas and that the synchronicity occurred when I was momentarily "on the button." The reader may feel the preceding explanation highly satisfying to his sense of the fitness of things. Perhaps he once did. It's a phase . . . and it is false, and it was synchronicity that showed me that it was false by providing a flood of images and verbal concepts in the "external" world during the five or ten minutes I spent improperly thinking dualistically and spatially, all of which made the same point in different ways: YOU ARE THAT. There is no way to depart from synchronicity, just as there is no way to have a meaningless dream, although meaninglessness itself may be the subject, or the meaning, of certain highly perverse and frightening dreams, dreams designed to demonstrate how nice it is to have meaning to those who have decided they would rather not have any of that, thanks.

For the first time in my life, I started to put the concept "external

world" in mental quotation marks, and was instantly rewarded by a chorus of approving synchronicity; people saying things like "good," "marvelous," "it's about time," the sun breaking through clouds, trifling domestic problems turning out to have been foolish misunderstandings in the first place, triumphant marches and choruses on the stereo, the sudden cessation of a banging in the pipes, and a host of much more subtle and intricate comments perfectly designed to smooth my way, to answer every objection—even the objection that the mere existence of objections, of a dialogue, disproves the thesis, which it does not, because any sane person talks to himself all the time. If one's thesis is that ordinary life is a dream, then anything that can happen in a dream in sleep can happen in waking life also, without disproving the thesis. If you can see that, you can see everything.

I was off to the races. I began to re-examine my prejudices, to flip them over, as it were, and to see a lot of nice, shiny faces in mint condition where formerly there had been only a dull array of tails.

Everything was furnished with new and exciting associational trails and everything I heard spoken around me, no matter how trivial the phenomenological context, became suddenly loaded with resonance and aesthetic coherence (the very coherence which had been missing, I thought, on my mescaline trip) so that I felt, for the first time in my life, that glorious and incomparable sensation of being "out from under" for which all successes in the games of love, power, fame and money are mere fables and simulacra.

It was as if I had entered another country, and had been given a souped-up language learning capacity by passing through a trick box at the airport, but the image is far from exact, because some, at least, of the people who were speaking the new language *didn't know it* and since my thoughts were still being formed, most often, in terms of my old awareness, I would recognize them, as it were, twice—the first time the old way and the second time the new way. The juxtapositions were frequently hilarious: I started grinning and that—a worried frown is acceptable anywhere—was when I started getting into trouble.

What was happening to me was the classic experience of enlightenment, not some weird "occult" trip, such as the *Kundalini*—a mere technical adjustment, so to speak—which I had a couple months later. Vivid poetic images in this area, of which the ancient *soma* lovers and yogins were unduly fond, have done as much harm

as good. Many people think enlightenment is an extension of dimensions with which they are already familiar, an increase. They expect to become bigger, better, purer, stronger, smarter or holier. But there is nothing additive about it. If a structural analogy is to be used, it must be one of subtraction, the removal of a self-imposed delusion which was never justified by evidence or logic (see Hume) in the first place. Of course, the experience can be associated with all kinds of glorious imagery—as much as you like, actually. *Comme decor*, I would say.

While I was going through all this, Zen koans and fables which had formerly struck me as rather forced conceits intended merely to disorient the victim suddenly took on all the objective accuracy of laboratory slides or the common sense verity of labels on soup cans. The story about the monk who, on becoming enlightened, started drinking and was never sober for the rest of his life. You drop six inches. Where is the bull?—why, where everything else is, of course. I started drifting around the house picking up books at random and reading whatever came to hand as a response to whatever question was puzzling me. At one point, I even decided to test it out by not even asking a question but just stabbing a randomly opened book with a blind finger and seeing what it had to offer (considering my theory, why should I avoid anthropomorphisms?). The word was automobile, so I immediately walked down three flights of stairs (the book was in Tim's room) and across the entire length of the house, through the French doors in the music room, across the porch, under the porte-cochere and out to the road, on which a light snow had fallen in the meantime. Maynard Ferguson, borrowing my automobile without permission, was stuck in a ditch. Standing there in his camel's hair coat, he looked properly abashed by my sudden appearance.

"Get in and I'll push you, Maynard," I said, before he could say a word.

With only a slight shove, the car came free and Maynard waved jauntily as he slid around the corner. Conclusion: testing it out rather than using it creatively would produce irritating scenes, embarrassment for others and wasted energy. But why was it an automobile scene rather than something else? Jackie Leary walked past.

"Hey Jackie," I asked, "what are you thinking about right now?"

"A dream I had last night," Jackie said, not stopping, but producing a typically Millbrookian knowing smile.

Naturally. The car was a symbol, a vehicle, the ego . . . if I pushed the process too far I would lose my ego-control. Shouldn't do that. But what an insight! In using this a-causal logic, treat everything as if it were a dream-symbol. Freud, Jung . . . it didn't matter . . . depended on context. Far out. Amazing. Tim, Dick and Ralph must have caught on to this a long time ago, but had to dress it up in order to avoid commitment to the nearest booby hatch. There was a kind of "secret society" aspect to the whole thing after all—the masses of people who were not aware they were dreaming and those few who were—but perhaps not. Perhaps all other people were merely puppets—dream figures who lived only as ambulatory metaphors in the crystal caverns of my mind. Was it not totally contradictory to my central thesis to imagine that my experience could in any way be shared? I went into the music room and lay down on the rug next to a giant goldfish tank with giant goldfish in it to think that one over. My faith in the people in the house, having served its purpose, as it were, was now being rapidly eroded.

Dick came in and suggested a walk, and we headed up the road past the bowling alley.

"You've got some people worried," Dick said. "What's going on—you're not on acid are you?"

"Nope—I just suddenly caught on to the fact that I'm living in a dream, that's all."

"The Dream of Brahman . . . " Dick said.

"Well, I suppose you could call it that . . . I just see the meaning in everything. No matter what happens, I see it as a message to me—to me personally . . . it isn't anything grandiose like my mescaline trip . . . it's friendly . . . very funny most of the time."

"I think I know what you mean," Dick said, "but I don't know if 'messages' is the right word."

"Yeah," I readily agreed. "Since there isn't anything outside myself how can I get 'messages' from anywhere?"

Dick seemed displeased.

"What about me?" Dick asked. "I have a life of my own, don't I?"

"I haven't figured that out yet," I replied.

We walked in silence for a while.

"Well—you must realize what all of us are hoping . . . " Dick said.

"No, what?"

Dick said that it didn't matter.

When we came to the little hill where I had gone through my improvised ritual, I told Dick all about it. He didn't say much. Dick was behaving peculiarly, I thought. He was, because I was. The trouble with suddenly seeing the world in a new light is that, unless you have recently taken a psychedelic, everyone around you will naturally suspect that you are either faking or going off your rocker. At the time, however, I was not giving any thought at all to how I appeared to others, which was both logical and traditional, but not, I now feel, necessary. Since then I have met hundreds of acid heads "tuned in" to synchronicity (although few, if any, who did not box it into some occult system) and have felt the same kind of irritation, embarrassment and confusion that I was no doubt producing all around me at Millbrook that day. Comparatively speaking, I really wasn't so bad, since the implications of the thing in terms of that great world of vanity games, which had until a few hours previous engaged most of my waking hours in one way or another, hadn't even occurred to me . . . and I was certainly not hamming it up in the way I have seen others do since. But I was not, I am now sensible, interacting with people. I was reading them, like books, which tends to give the person being "read" an uneasy feeling, to put it mildly. It isn't necessary to behave like a schiz to see the world in terms of synchronicity instead of cause and effect. But it is necessary, I'm afraid, to go through a period which has that schizy quality—and some people move much faster than others.

What they were hoping for (or what Dick thought they were hoping for), of course, was the Messiah. This obvious deduction did not deduct at the time, which casts another sidelight on my condition, and bears out, as did other non-events, the ancient contention that enlightenment can make a fellow absent-minded. In fact, being stoned is being "absent minded," that is, interested, rather than bothered.

The Zen story which illustrates this point is shown in a famous picture: three old men, engaged in a fascinating conversation, have just crossed a bridge, which one of them, a recluse, never crosses. When they realize what they have done, they are convulsed with laughter.

Why couldn't Dick put his question in plain English?

Because he was more bothered than he was interested.

## Chapter 7

# Merlin's Tower

*Of course I was all the talk—all other subjects were dropped; even the king suddenly became a person of minor interest and notoriety.*

When Dick and I got back to the house I saw it was about time for the trip, so I went up to Tim's room, where I found Sing-Sing, but no Tim. She told me he had gone to town for cigarettes (Bel-Airs), and would be back in a half hour or so.

Fine. I relaxed on a pile of cushions. All my fears of acid had evaporated. Sing-Sing went to the bookcase and brought a book over to me.

"Have you seen this?" she asked. "It's Dick's."

I looked at the book as she paged through it. An incredible historical collection of pornographic photographs including several old French shots of mixed shit-ins, or something—six or seven Parisians of mixed age and sex lined up on a bench with their pants down and skirts up. Naturally, in my condition, the standard shots of people fucking each other seemed too obvious in meaning to deserve much attention (Sing-Sing wanted to define the situation in terms appropriate to her paramount interests and skills) but I was fascinated by the mass shit-ins—what in God's name did that mean? I wouldn't let Sing-Sing turn the pages.

"Wait a minute, Sing-Sing," I said, "I have to figure out why these pictures are here."

"Oh . . . maybe that was the custom in those days," Sing-Sing replied. "Why are you getting so up-tight about it?"

"I am not getting up-tight about it!" I shouted. Sing-Sing was beginning to piss me off. But she was cute, so I tried to explain.

"I'm interpreting everything. Whatever I see or hear has some direct meaning for me—there are no accidents."

Sing-Sing was uninterested in what I was doing. All she wanted was that I should stop thinking my way and start thinking her way. I could see it plainly. (Most madmen become adept at reading the minds of their keepers.)

When Sing-Sing left the room, the meaning of the co-educational latrine picture became clear to me—the book of pictures represented the condition of Sing-Sing's mind—the repertoire of her images. One could conclude then, that when she wasn't concerned with

sexuality—she was full of shit. By extension (I had already decided that every “hidden truth” I discovered would apply at every “level”) I might suspect that all young women, all women, or all Orientals—were full of shit. Or perhaps, if that wasn’t true, I should at least be on my guard with all things feminine and Oriental during the process I was in and/or the acid trip to come. In any event, the pictures were humorous—no diabolical aspects were implied—so the appropriate attitude would be one of good-natured old-fashioned, red-blooded, American-boyish contempt for foreigners and broads. Easy enough, I thought.

While I was musing on these notions, Tim came in and, all the while chatting in a natural and amiable manner about various practical trifles, started arranging cushions in a circle around a candle and a vase of flowers. When everything in the room was to his satisfaction, he went out and quickly returned with a silver platter on which rested half a dozen tiny tablets, which he placed in the center of the circle of pillows, next to the candle and flowers.

“Well, here goes . . . ” Tim chuckled and reached for the plate.

At that moment, so help me, Susan Leary walked in the room and stopped halfway towards us from the door, obviously set to deliver an important message.

“Susan Metzner says he’s crazy,” Susan announced, in the most baleful manner imaginable. I couldn’t believe my ears. Neither, apparently, could Tim, who was looking at his daughter in open-mouthed astonishment.

“What?” Tim asked. “Who’s crazy?”

Susan pointed at me.

“Him.”

Susan left. Tim and I stared at each other.

“What the hell is going on around here?” Tim asked. “Do you know . . . ”

“Nope” I shrugged. It was obvious. The female mind was a bummer. Beware, mankind.

“Well, it’s too much for me,” Tim said. “Let’s put it off. Why don’t you just stay here and read *Siddhartha* . . . everyone’s going up to the barns to watch some cattle come in. I’ll try to find out what’s bothering Susan.”

Fine . . . I propped my back up against the wall under the windows and swiftly lost myself in Hesse’s book. Although I had a lamp on, the fat candle Tim had lit for the trip, about ten inches high and five inches in diameter, continued to burn a few inches

from my feet.

The sweetness, verging on Bahai style dopey-mindedness, of *Siddhartha*, in contrast to the grotesque *Steppenwolf*, surprised me. But every Hesse book seems written by a different Hesse, which argues well for the theory that he wasn't smoking edelweiss up in those mountains. Anyway, I found it possible to make the transition, and was soon lost in the book.

## Chapter 8

# The Boss

*To be vested with enormous authority is a fine thing; but to have the onlooking world consent to it is finer.*

I had been reading the book for no more than an hour and was just starting the river boat episode when Tim and Sing-Sing came into the room.

"What happened to my candle?" Tim blurted out, looking down at my feet in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Did you do that, Arthur?" Sing-Sing asked.

The candle, which should have burned for days, was, in a three or four foot radius, all over my shoes, the rug, and the curtain to Tim's sleeping alcove, in droplets and streaks of wax. At the center of the mess the flame still burned, perhaps a quarter of an inch off the floor on a bit of wax and string.

I hadn't noticed a thing.

"Well, I suppose you could say that," I said in response to Sing-Sing's question. "Of course, I'm as surprised as you are."

"Art, what in God's name are you up to? You're scaring the piss out of everyone around here . . . and frankly, you're beginning to scare me too," Tim said.

"I don't know why that should be," I replied, quite upset and puzzled. "All I have been doing is sitting here reading *Siddhartha*. Do you think I put a bomb in the candle or something? . . . as for my attitude towards events, it seems to me it's exactly the one that Hesse advocates. What do you want me to do—be dishonest?"

Tim sort of danced around, head down, in the Ed Sullivan way that he has when he isn't sure how to respond.

"I don't think you understand Hesse," he said.

"Then what is all this supposed to mean?" I asked, tapping the

quotation pinned to the wall next to his bed.

Tim's response was so feeble, and it was so obvious that he didn't believe what he was saying himself, that I could hardly credit the evidence of my ears. It was just . . . psychological . . . a literary device . . . exaggeration . . . something like that. He might as well have said that all the claims he had been making for psychedelics were phony and that the whole thing was just an illusionist's trick like pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

"Sure," I said, and walked out of the room, feeling paranoid. (Since Tim's motivation was obscure to me, it was only natural to fill in the blank space with something diabolical. In actuality, Tim was probably just sincerely puzzled by what was happening, and, like any other human being, was trying to force it all into the first convenient categorization he could think of—in this case some kind of deliberate "act" I was putting on for his benefit, complete with trick candles and God knows what else.)

I spent the rest of the evening splitting and bringing in firewood for the six or seven fireplaces in the house and, vainly, trying to figure out why—in terms of the second level of meaning which I presumed to be always meant for my benefit—the damned candle had exploded. Obviously, it hadn't done much to convince anyone that I wasn't a "fake" (either psychopathological or deliberate)—so that couldn't be the reason. I sure as hell didn't need any convincing. Furthermore, a perfectly good five dollar candle had been wasted and a big mess created for someone else to clean up (I hadn't tried to clean it up myself because I thought it would be best to let Sing-Sing examine the "evidence" to her heart's content). Of course the river scene in *Siddhartha* had something to do with it . . . I had left the book in Tim's room and didn't want to go back for it, so I couldn't find out what happened next . . . but the metaphysical meaning of a river was pretty clear . . . death . . . "the other shore" . . . the flow of time . . . the endless progression of the generations. A ferry and a ferryman? . . . Charon . . . the Styx . . . the role of intermediary between Life and Death. Perhaps . . . the candle blowing up was a warning . . . a warning not to go any further. If I crossed the river (to the land of Death) perhaps all kinds of odd and inexplicable things would start happening and people would think I was crazy. Don't push it too far, Art, or you will isolate yourself. Take it easy. That must be it. I started smiling again.

Late that night I was sitting in the kitchen reading the Evans-

Wentz translation of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* (it having occurred to me that, since my own body was most certainly an illusion like all other bodies around, there was no reason why death should be a termination of consciousness) when Susan Metzner walked in, fetchingly attired in a little-girl nightgown.

"Thanks a lot for fucking up my trip," I said, smiling. I had smiled almost continuously since I had left the hill, which led me to re-evaluate my position on perpetual smilers of the Ramakrishna variety, whom I had always assumed in the past to be suffering from blindness to the ugly facts.

"I'm sorry," Susan said. "Ralph and I have been talking about you and I think I was wrong. Anyway, I didn't expect Susan Leary to repeat it to Tim . . . Susan and Jackie are very protective of their father, you know."

Susan and I talked amiably for a few minutes, and, for perhaps the first time in twelve hours, I found myself thinking in a "normal" fashion, without paying any attention to what I had decided to think of as "the second level of meaning." The reason was obvious—I was trying to put Susan at her ease and convince her that I wasn't "crazy." I was playing "doctor-patient" or "polite guest" or perhaps even "compassionate wise-man" but not the "Master Game."

"Can you explain what's been happening?" Susan asked.

Certainly. Nothing easier. I gave her a detailed run-down on what I had been going through.

" . . . and right now, I'm revising my theories on the subject of death," I concluded matter-of-factly, as if I were describing an evening at the opera. "Since the only book on death available at this moment is this one (I held up the *Tibetan Book*) it must contain the correct answers to my questions."

Susan looked slightly glassy-eyed. She remonstrated that the Evans-Wentz translation contained all kinds of disgusting and meaningless undertakers' and embalmers' details which Tim had eliminated in his version . . . so how could I take everything at face value?

"Easy," I said. "If I find I am repelled I will stop reading, since it would be contrary to the principle of taking things at face value to continue." Which is exactly what happened. The Tantric left-hand path is full of nauseating methods, not the least of which is to dance around with any convenient corpse until its tongue protrudes, at which point you are supposed to bite it off. There is a

whole range of non-psychedelic methods for getting stoned (and “methods” imposed on the psychedelic experience) which have this grim, spooky character, ranging from Castaneda’s relatively mild lizard mutilations to the ritual murders of the Kali worshipping Thugees and people such as Charles Manson. (When people ask me about Manson today, I reply that the statistics are still on our side by a considerable margin—if the psychedelic sub-culture has “spawned” one genuine fiend, and there is plenty of reason to believe that it was the California prison system that actually “spawned” him, he was pretty ineffectual and pathetic compared to such triumphantly barbaric monstrosities as Adolph Hitler and Lyndon Johnson who were so conventional and popular with the middle class.)

As for W.Y. Evans-Wentz, I think he was a learned fool, a kind of “idiot-savant,” and in his books, as in almost all the academic studies of the subject which have followed his lead, one will find the same sort of hilarious mixture of trash and wisdom which would result if, say, a thousand years from now a Tibetan scholar were to resurrect the ancient, mysterious doctrines of Thoreau and Emerson from the rubble of America and present them all helter-skelter and without discrimination mixed in with selections from the works of Mary Baker Eddy, Joseph Smith and Billy Graham as examples of the mysterious mysticism of the ancient West. Evans-Wentz could not *think*, a failing which seems almost sublime in a person of such scholarly attainment and general mental industry, and always makes us wonder, when we are faced with an example, if we are missing something. In this case, I don’t think so.

The meaning of the presence of this book in the Big House at that time was . . . cautionary. (It is important to avoid syntactic rigidity in the interpretation of synchronicity.) Since the English language does not distinguish between the perceived “I” of the imagination or the *antakarana* functions which produce the images of things, others and self (and which is itself an abstract and hypothetical category); and the perceiving “I” which Sid Gautama and Nagarjuna and David Hume correctly said was characterless and to which Berkeley incorrectly assigned the quality of willfulness so as to remain close to the altars of his fathers, one naturally thinks, in the interest of clarity, of inventing some notation such as “I,” “I#” and “I\*,” but, in a book of this kind that would just lead to more confusion or misrepresentation, because I never talked that way, although it might have made a good nightclub act if I had

tried. I do have a set of pronounceable epistemological categories—Snazzm, Fazzm and McPozzm—which are roughly equivalent to the three different kinds of “I”s but I didn’t invent them until long after the period covered by this book. I will try to make do with the usual expressions such as “my imagination” (implying a false container-contained spatial or ontological division, if you let it) but I will avoid the worst reifications, such as self and Self, as best I can, and may the “Lord” have mercy on my “soul.”

If the reader will keep the dream analogy in mind, he should be able to discover from the context which “I” is being used. I gave a gaunt moose a teddy bear sandwich in a dream I had last night—no doubt I was working out a problem in sibling rivalry. The first “I” is the image of body-personality. The second “I” is the perceiving “I.” The third “I” is the producer, the scriptwriter, the *antakar-ana*.

I asked Susan what she thought about the problem of suffering.

She said that she thought it was all a matter of karma—the first of several thousand mentions of this term I have heard since in which it is used as a sort of incantation for getting rid of unpleasant thoughts.

As she was saying this a giant moth came zooming into the kitchen and rapped me smartly on the forehead.

“That’s the kind of coincidence I mean,” I said. “That kind of thing has been happening all day.” I gestured towards the moth which buzzed out of sight into the hallway to the basement and laundry room.

“What coincidence?” Susan asked.

“The moth hitting me when you mentioned karma,” I said.

“I didn’t see any moth,” Susan said.

I went to bed. So Susan didn’t see any moth. OK—what difference did that make? Since I no longer believed in the externality of relations, the degree to which one’s perceptions seemed shared by others was not of crucial importance. I poured a drink from the trusty bottle at the side of my low bed, and lit a cigarette. Moonlight was pouring into my little room and through the open window with a night breeze. The bowling alley and the stark pines looked like an illustration from a book of fairy tales. It would be inconvenient and lonely, and possibly dangerous to have that kind of thing happening all the time, however. What if only I had seen the exploded candle, for instance? It was infinitely preferable to get these revelations the way I was getting them: devoid (for the most

part) of startling occurrences and private visions, manifest in the ordinary events of the everyday world. Let things continue along these lines, by all means!

I put out my cigarette and went to sleep, and slept soundly until awakened in the morning by the happy songs of birds outside my window—and with no hangover, either.

The next day, at breakfast, Dick introduced me to Billy Hitchcock, with whom he and a couple other coffee drinkers were having a discussion about national politics. Billy struck me as a charming fellow, and it hardly registered that he owned the place. He had a happy, open, way of talking, perfect manners—a sort of Frank Merriweather type who had somehow fallen into a pool of gold and come up smelling like marijuana. In appearance and style he somehow reminded me of myself—tall, blond, and with other qualities which are perhaps too obvious for someone who has them to recognize, but which instantly produce great feelings of affinity. A couple of days later Tim played some session tapes for me. Part of his routine at the time was to ask people what question they wanted answered by the psychedelic experience they were about to have. Everyone seemed to want the same kind of stuff—ego-loss and a merge with the over-soul, a better attitude, more love, etc. I don't remember hearing anyone ask a single decent philosophic question.

As a matter of fact, most of these humble requests were couched in terms which suggested that the humble requester understood himself and the world perfectly.

I was delighted when I put on a tape and heard someone say, in a perfectly self-assured tone, "How can I make more money on the stock market?"

"Now there's a question I like!" I said to Tim, who was scribbling away at his desk. Although the wish expressed was devoid of philosophic curiosity, it was also devoid of hypocrisy and pretentiousness. Tim peered at me over the top of his reading glasses. He was grinning (Tim always responded happily to demonstrations of humor and "cynicism" on my part—it was my philosophizing that made him up-tight).

"You do, hm?" he said. "Do you know who that is?"

"No."

"Billy Hitchcock." Tim turned back to his writing.

Billy was obviously a delightful character, but he was, psychologically, on "the other side" of Tim, Dick and Ralph, and, physi-

cally, up the road somewhere in another building called "the Bungalow," which I hadn't seen and probably would never enter.

After meeting Billy, I went back to my musings, walks in the woods, and log splitting on the porch. I took Tim and Susan to town to buy groceries—with the top down, although it wasn't really warm enough.

In town, Tim was greeted warmly by storekeepers and townspeople and he seemed genuinely happy playing the role of "one of the boys," fellow villager, and good neighbor, with a few easy bantering words for one and all. I popped into the liquor store next to the small super-market. Eddie, the genial owner, with whom I was destined to have a long and mutually satisfying relationship, naturally, introduced himself and had me pegged with a few questions. A "Dieterich Estate" visitor who might move in—? Fine. (Fifty dollars a month more for Eddie.) We never had trouble with the ordinary folk of Millbrook until the last few months, and even then it was clear that their irritation was with the mangy strangers moving in to take advantage of the general confusion for a free place to squat in their teepees and pass on the clap to the daughters of the townsfolk.

Indeed, instead of animosity, a great deal of trust and kindness was shown us by these people, who were mostly descendants of the Italian laborers and craftsmen who had built the estate, even to the extent of covering up for the cops on small matters and extending credit.

I put in a good supply of Hennessy. Tim approved. I gave him \$50, of which he approved even more, having spent \$300 in the grocery store. We picked up the mail—loads of it. Did a few errands. When we got back to the house and parked, Dick stuck his head out of one of the windows in the servants' wing and said, grinning:

"You all look like an advertisement for the American Way of Life," meaning the turquoise convertible and the bags of groceries and we three handsome people, I suppose.

With Kim's help, I stashed the groceries in the storeroom behind the kitchen (where I couldn't resist re-enacting another classic scene from the gothic novel in which the Mysterious Stranger careses the Innocent Maiden) and then I went up to talk to Tim.

"Listen, Tim," I said, "what I want to know is—what am I supposed to do next?"

"What do you mean? Are you still on the kick you were on yes-

terday?"

"Of course," I replied. "I know what everything means. Who I am, where I am, and all of that . . ." I airily waved my arm in disdainful dismissal of such trivial matters . . . "What I want to know is why there is so much suffering in the world. I'm willing to do whatever you say . . . take a thousand mics . . . go sit under a tree for three weeks . . . anything."

"You're having a bad trip," Tim said. "Don't worry—you'll come out of it."

I was completely baffled. I left the room without saying a word. Down the hall I found Dick seated at a desk in a small room in the servants' wing, whistling a merry tune and signing a big stack of \$100 government bonds.

"Tim says I'm having a bad trip," I said to Dick.

Dick shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Listen, Art—I'd like your opinion of this." He handed me a periodical reprint of something he had written on juvenile delinquency. I took it down to the front porch, pulled up a rocking chair to the balustrade so I could put my feet up, and read it. Terrible stuff. His ideas were perfectly acceptable, if unremarkable, but his style was lifeless—academic pussy-footing prose all the way. I felt like telling him that, when it came to writing, he should stick to signing \$100 bonds. But that would be unkind. I would tell him to try to be more natural (which I did). My thoughts were beginning to feel relatively clogged and heavy. I was losing my high. I missed Sally and the kids. Most important of all—did I really want to take a trip with Tim? I was having a "bad trip"?!! Jesus.

Synchronicity in a flood, so to speak, does not, I have learned since, commonly cause people to jump for joy. On the contrary, it is the prime cause of the content of almost all paranoid systems and "freak outs." Just degrade the meaning of the term "messages"—already an inadequate concept—a bit, and you have "orders." The TV set is telling me to kill my wife (instead of showing me some of the repressed feelings I have about women) or, because of synchronistic association between the Bible verses I have been reading and external events . . . I have been chosen by God to lead the Israelites out of bondage. So hijack a TWA flight, naturally. And so on. But I didn't learn this lesson until a very paranoid and unhappy Capricorn was brought to Morning Glory Lodge by a \$50 Miami Beach hooker late that summer. (My conclusions at that time were printed in *The Psychedelic Review* under the title, "Synchronicity

and the Plot/Plot.’’)

A list of the different kinds of synchronicity would be a list of all the schemata of relations which may be imagined. The categories of rhetoric, grammar, art, science, sport and the Yellow Pages of the telephone book may all be useful at one time or another, but the best rule is to stay loose. This is not the place for a list of do's and don'ts. Synchronicity itself will teach you how to interpret synchronicity, if you will let it. It is not a foreign language. Anyone who can grasp the principles of cause and effect reasoning in the context of a material universe of space, time and randomness—that is to say, any six-year-old—can also grasp the principles of synchronistic relatedness if he is willing to imagine the alternative context of the non-spatial, non-temporal and psychically determined dream.

As for the *I Ching*, which is undoubtedly the most refined synchronicity condenser available to us—the actual “magic book” of the myths and fairy tales—I will say nothing further, for the same reason that I have not and will not attempt to describe in much detail the synchronicity of everyday life. If an instance comes up in a natural way, that's one thing—but every attempt I have made to prepare some kind of cookbook or shopping list has resulted in a shoddy product and a deepening feeling of frustration and uneasiness. There is something about synchronicity that resists this kind of retrospective examination. It is O.K. to talk about a human life and, at the proper junctions, the synchronicity of various events as they occur in that life, but it is not O.K. (it is resisted by synchronicity) to scan one's memory for startling and entertaining instances and slap them down like a bunch of melds in a game of rummy. It also seems to be wrong for me (but perhaps it is not wrong for you) to rake over the classifications and movements of the *I Ching* or other systems of organization in order to put in my two cents worth. My talents lie elsewhere. I will now drop this fruitless subject because my youngest daughter has just started to howl her head off.

I have never heard the word “paranoid” used as loosely and as frequently as it was used at Millbrook, and, in a way, it would be correct to say that only a thin line separates Enlightenment from paranoia, the crucial difference being that synchronicity is correctly understood in the first case and consistently misinterpreted in the second.

Tim automatically assumed that anyone talking about “mes-

sages'' and acting the way I was, had to be paranoid—in the sense of having a delusional system . . . grandiose ideas . . . fears of imaginary enemies. Everyone else was. The fact was that I had decided that even the people who screwed me up were demonstrating certain principles for my benefit (as Plato argued), warning me not to get involved in this or that game, and, as far as grandiosity was concerned, I had gone through that phase in five minutes: obviously there was nothing or nobody for me to feel superior to since all were aspects of the same thing, me . . . and if being proud of one's imaginative accomplishments was the idea—then what about the shame for all the misery and horror in the world? You drop six inches. No moral or even "spiritual" superiority was involved at all. An enlightened person does not move to the head of his class!

Aside from smiling all the time and exclaiming "of course" and "naturally" over everyday events, I did not experience any immediate dramatic alteration in character as a consequence of becoming enlightened. My likes and dislikes remained pretty much the same, and so did my favored game routines and styles of expression. Certain fantasies, however, or lines of thought which formerly had occupied my reveries and colored my behavior just dropped right out of the picture, never to return, and gradually, over the next few years, these were replaced with suitable alternatives, some of which, I hope, will become apparent as this story proceeds. Enlightenment itself is sudden; learning how to play the games appropriate to an enlightened intelligence is a gradual and tricky business (and may the devil take the hindmost!).

What dropped out right away were all the "cosmic mind" fantasies which I had formerly entertained in the days of my ignorance as, so to speak, "representations" of something I didn't know anything about, my repertoire of ideas "about" Enlightenment. These disappeared in the same way that love of the cat disappears in the life of a woman who has just had a baby, or an interest in hobby horses in the life of a boy who has just been given a pony.

The transition to understanding, however roughly and unevenly, what it means to be in the throes of romantic or "sexual" love, from the condition of not understanding it, no matter how well one is versed in the literature of the subject or how many living examples have passed before one's eyes—a transition that most people make at such an early age that they have difficulty remembering how incomprehensible the whole business seemed prior to that transition—is accomplished only by personal experience. Vicarious

experience doesn't do it, can't summon it up, unless the pump has first been primed. The literature and art of our civilization, and all of the popular drama and entertainments, are drenched in representations of romantic love in every form, from the loathsome to the sublime, and are full of commentaries on it and generalizations about it. It is impossible to avoid the subject—it permeates everything, and I really think it would be interesting to do a study on the attitudes and opinions of people who have never “been through it” using the various classic models in the great and minor arts. A study in tastes. How do the loveless see love? What do they compare it to? Multiple choice questions. Lists of books. Lists of clichés. But, of course, the trouble is that almost all the subjects personally unfamiliar with the subject would have to be children, or, if adults, nutty as fruitcakes. Well, I can think of ways around that—but I stray from my point, which was merely to set up an analogy, not wind it up and push it off for a long stroll through these pages all by itself.

The analogy is to the consequences of Enlightenment which are of similar scope, although, if any experiments were to be conducted in changes in tastes following Enlightenment, the difficulty, of course, would be in finding people who had the disease instead of in finding people who didn't. But the transition is just as profound, and the results of the transition not only go deep, they go all over the place, like a flood on a level plain after a dike has broken. The adolescent in love, for example, has great contempt for, and is acutely embarrassed by his remembrance of, his recent ignorance of the subject. He stands in awe of what he formerly scorned. He scorns much of what formerly elicited his awe. Everything changes. So it is with Enlightenment.

If our culture is permeated with talk of love, it is also, and to no less extent permeated with talk about the meaning of it all. Religion and philosophy are everywhere. Prior to Enlightenment, to take one example, Kafka seemed very profound to me, but after Enlightenment he seemed no more profound to me than the Lone Ranger and his horse, Silver. The sweep of the thing is as impressive as its depth, and it is the sweep, more than the depth, that accomplishes most of the alienation from one's former friends and companions, all of whom one is almost certain to offend in one way or another. As a writer, I shrink back in apprehension at the thought of *surveying* anything, because I know it isn't the kind of thing I do well, but, in this case, I don't see how I can get out of it. I don't

care for it morally, either, because this isn't a classroom and I can't possibly include every little reservation I have about every one of my sheep, or every excuse or qualification I have for the goats, and so this survey which I am about to do, damn it, can't help but be unfair in all kinds of ways. Nevertheless, I feel that posterity or the psychiatric specialist in abnormal states induced by the abuse of hallucinogens who has found this MS mouldering in the files of his university library deserves a clear picture. Perhaps it will be less painful, since I can't do a good job anyway, to really hoke this up and knock out a fast kind of stock market report on how various names and notions fared after the big crash:

Well, Zen, Yogacara and Madhyamaka Buddhist stock rose sharply while Yoga, Brahmanist and Vedantist issues plummeted on the Hong Kong exchange. In London, Blake enjoyed a mild rise, Hume rocketed skyward, Aldous Huxley weakened, then held, and penny-a-share issues such as Aleister Crowley and Yeats disappeared entirely from view. On the Scandinavian exchanges, Kierkegaard trembled, and the Swedenborgian Pig Iron Works collapsed overnight. In Paris, former glamour stocks like Sartre and Camus began to look a little green around the gills, and, indeed, the whole tired market became sluggish and depressed. In New York, as one might expect, a frantic reassessment took place which drove such superficially disparate stocks as Thoreau, Nabokov, Borges and Norman O. Brown to undreamed of levels, while virtually wiping out such ex-favorites as the hot, new Norman Mailer and dropping the old, reliable Mark Twain and Herman Melville to moderate price levels. The whole industry of the novel suffered a vast deflation, as the Ultimate Consumer became more aware of how seriously he had been swindled in the past by elaborate but shallow metaphors such as this one.

The disaster in Berlin was a veritable Gotterdammerung, naturally. Hume's up was Kant's down—and Schopenhauer's also. Giant Brains and Ghostly Forms had suddenly gone out of fashion. Good riddance to bad rubbish! All science-fiction fell, and then steadied at a cheap price . . . as did most popular fiction of the day, as a matter of fact. Jesus Christ ascended gloriously on all markets, but Christianity fell. Heraklitus climbed like a flame. Plato and Plotinus dipped (from a high place). Sufism rose. The S.E.C. sat on the Pythagorean bucket-shop. Bahai crashed. Science dipped sharply, and then steadied at a reasonable ratio between price and earnings. Poetry, in general, and it came as something of a sur-

prise, did likewise. It cooled off, one might say.

All the Zen masters spiralled into the blue.

Freud and Jung went through wild gyrations resembling an aerial dogfight, before both sank gradually to earth. With all due appreciation for the importance of both great and learned men in the intellectual history of mankind, I now feel that both serve as very bad examples for modern (stoned) thinkers. Both used intellectual devices—the personification and mechanization of abstract categories of psychic function—which only geniuses should ever take up but which, like blank verse and abstract art, lend themselves easily to the fakery of frauds and the imitative ingenuity of bird-brained monomaniacs everywhere. Anyone can play. The invention of new “minds” is alone an almost inexhaustible field for journalistic level (there’s another one—the goddamned “levels”) pseudo-analysis and ontological hysteria: the provoked mind, the natural mind, the two hemispheres of the brain minds (variously named), the super-conscious mind, the super-duper-conscious mind, the candy coloured tangerine flaked mind, the tourist class mind, the jet set mind, the mind-inventing mind, the mind that invents the mind that invents minds, and the mind that finds all of this to be a crock of shit, which, to my mind, seems the best one yet.

There is no penetration in this kind of thing, no dynamism. It is all stale and flat—the conversion of the useful, modest metaphors of everyday speech into supposed “great ideas” which, unlike actual great ideas, merely stand there grinning stupidly at the intersection, while all the traffic flows around them as if they were not there at all.

Luther went up a bit. Dante went down a bit.

The *I Ching* went through the roof. The *Bhagavad-Gita* crashed. The *Mulamadhayama-karika* of Nagarjuna became unobtainable at any price.

Shakespeare, unlike almost every other stock being traded, remained absolutely stable.

But, on the big and little screens, in general, high-class drama fell and low-class drama rose. (That one has taken a lot of getting used to.)

Low class drama rose because meaning became common. I no longer had to strain for meaning and I could enjoy almost anything that did not intend philosophy. Among those things that do, however, there was general slaughter, attended by a few sublime successes. I became at once catholic and particular, both a happy slob

capable of obtaining epiphanies of meaning and comedy from "Green Acres" on T.V. (my all time favorite) and yet a "snob" also, incapable of being polite about certain names, certain ideas, which, in my former life, if you can call it that, I tolerated with an easy acceptance.

"Character is fate," Heraklitus said.

There is no environment. (Everything is "human nature," and Hume was right to call his book of philosophy by that name.)

There is, naturally, a superficial resemblance between what might be called "synchronicity awareness" and rank, low-down, beware of the black cat style superstition. Whenever I found myself tailing a "Millbrook" bread truck, for example, from the day of my Enlightenment onward, I took careful note of whatever else happened to be going on at the moment (moments, in general, become the crucial category of time). The numbers assigned by post offices and telephone companies now fall in clearly meaningful patterns. I liked Box 191, Star Lake, the first address of the Neo-American Church. Nine was very big in the early days. Now, no question about it, it's 10. The first words out of the mouth of a talking head on the "Today Show" set the tone of the day. A flat tire makes me question my intended destination—indeed, anything which may be said of my car I assume may also be said of my operating personality—my "vehicle."

As a matter of fact, now that I think of it, I'm not exactly delighted by having a black cat cross my path, either. (The difference between this and superstition lies in the lack of manipulation—I would not try to avoid a black cat, any more than I would try to avoid a sign saying "bump" rather than the bump itself.)

As for the synchronicity of names—just check out the cast of characters in the Watergate affair. Check out doctors' names against their specialties. Now apply the same rules to writers, artists, philosophers and your circle of friends. Smoke a little grass. Free associate.

If one assumes that life is a dream, there is no difficulty in seeing life in these terms. If you assume that it is partly a dream and partly a machine, you're up the Amazon with the alligators, baby.

In terms of general stonedness (for lack of any better word for it), the experience resembled a good Columbian grass high lasting about ten hours—or was it two days? It didn't have the same wild, speedy, "spacy" freedom of acid, the absolute whack-out quality

that distinguishes the Supreme Sacrament in all its glory, but I was definitely stoned.

I behaved myself for two days—just hung around and lent a hand with this and that, and then went home. Let's not forget that I had not, at that time, learned these lessons. I was enlightened, all right, but in a half-assed way.

Since I had "stolen" my Enlightenment, however, I certainly had nothing to complain about.

## Chapter 9

# The Tournament

*They were always having grand tournaments there at Camelot; and very stirring and picturesque and ridiculous human bull-fights they were, too, but just a little wearisome to the practical mind.*

Of course, on returning to the world of public education, I instantly found myself with a moral problem: I knew about something good didn't I? Well, unless I was satisfied to play the part of a hack and a hypocrite, I had to do something about it. I had to tell the world.

Consciously, I didn't want to get fired, but I had already lost my driver's license for speeding—shortly after my first visit to Millbrook—and Sally had to bundle up Susan and our newborn, Klytie, every morning and drive me to the school, often over icy roads and in abominable weather. Each of my four violations had been for going ten miles or so over the limit on deserted straightaways cutting through the forest preserve, but it would have taken a writ of Coram Nobis to get relief, and, naturally, the local judge wasn't about to grant it.

Knowing full well the utter unadaptability of my new style of consciousness to the up-tight world of public education, I tried my best to continue functioning as I had in the past, but, looking back, I'm sure now there were leaks all over the place: from one or two friends, who made no secret of their disgust with public education in general in whom I confided some of my new attitudes, and I'm sure, through many little offhand comments and idiosyncratic reactions which would have been enough to tip off a few conservative teachers and principals to the fact that I wasn't exactly seeing things in a strictly scientific light any more. In any event, it wasn't

long before I wrote a "General Report" (a mimeographed paper for all teachers on a subject of general interest) on the subject of marijuana. Although I said nothing in it that would not be regarded as the most commonplace established doctrine today—don't become alarmed at a little experimentation—it isn't addicting—it may have medical and psychological usefulness—the facts aren't all in—the laws are absurdly harsh and ought to be changed, etc., etc.—it was the spring of '65 not '75 and I was fired the next day on the vote of two of the four schools I served. The M.D. president of the school board in Star Lake where we lived, a person named Person, led the attack. No official reason was given—which was legally possible because I didn't have tenure. A classic. Fired by an unknown Person. 50% for, 50% against. Kafkaesque mystery. Best of all, I was even guiltier than they thought I was. Fortunately, I had just borrowed a couple thousand. Instead of buying a new car with it, I went over to Cranberry Lake, which was and is a breathtakingly beautiful place about ten miles from Star Lake, and started asking around for something roomy and isolated off the road and on the shore—90% of which was in the forest preserve and declared "forever wild" by the New York State Constitution.

It was nice, if somewhat anxiety provoking, to be free.

Those who have never worked in public education have no idea of how bad things can get in the inner city and the backwoods. Conditions in the affluent suburbs, aside from too much pressure, were never really awful, and the new teachers who have been moving in since the mid-sixties are an entirely different breed from preceding generations, but the dominant mode of consciousness among school teachers in the fifties and early sixties in upstate New York, when I was a school psychologist, was one of abysmal parochialism and ignorance verging on illiteracy. My very first case more or less set the pattern: a first grade teacher came to me to ask for advice—a little girl in her class had a habit of "rocking" (a common form of pseudo-masturbation) in her chair. The teacher had reprimanded her repeatedly to no avail and had finally called her up in front of the class, balled her out, and told her that if she didn't stop the teacher would sew up her pee-pee so she couldn't go to the bathroom and she would swell up and explode. No luck. The kid was incorrigible. What should she try next? I should have seen the handwriting on the wall at that point and quit on the spot: what the public education system needed wasn't more IQ tests for kids but more IQ tests for teachers. The information I provided in most of these

schools (information which would be of great value in a rational system operated by intelligent people) might just as well have been thrown out of the window for all the practical consequences it had—with a few exceptions. Those few exceptions always seemed to be just enough to keep me from despair (about half the principals I worked for were reasonably decent politicians trying to do the best they could without offending anyone—the rest were petty tyrants and fools) and, of course, as a psychologist I could usually just forget what was happening in the classrooms and concentrate on a few pets whom I would see regularly for psychotherapy, but, in terms of providing a living while I continued to develop psychedelically I would have been better off working as a policeman. The hypocrisy level is lower. Most professionals in the “mental health field,” aside from those in private practice and a few brilliant and fortunately situated exceptions (such as the psychiatrist Thomas Szasz in Syracuse) are, even today, caught up in a net of semantic double-think and petty resentment which effectively drains and dissipates whatever free intellectual energy is available to them.

Radical thought without radical action is not just immoral (as I gather Sartre sees it) but an almost certain source of intellectual debility and perversion as well. Gurdjieff was Ouspensky's guru not because Gurdjieff knew more (he once remarked to Ouspensky, “If I knew what you know, I would conquer the world”) but because he knew less, and had integrated what he did know into his total psychic life and could therefore act on it, learn from it, and refine it as he went along. The major insights gained from psychedelic experience are utterly at odds with the myths and fantasies of institutional life, and it is most often not a matter of choice that “turning on” and “tuning in” are swiftly followed by “dropping out.” It isn't a matter of carefree abandon—acid heads worry about survival problems as much as anyone, although they don't double-bind themselves over it as much—but simply psychic incompatibility with the old order, once certain illusions have been shattered.

The few supposedly turned-on professionals who manage to remain in institutional life doing research and what-not will usually be found, on close examination, to be not very turned-on at all, no matter how long their hair or conversant with the argot they may be. Gwenn Longbotham, former Bee Hee of Burlington, Vt., once told me an interesting story that's appropos: she had done some work with Jean Houston, who is—so far as the straight world

is concerned anyway—widely regarded as a top authority on LSD. Gwenn asked Jean if she had taken much, and Jean replied that she had had only one trip of 50 micrograms years before and not one trip since. “I’m too analytical,” Jean said, with a brazen smirk.

The tip-off to these candy assed fakes is their formalistic respect for acid as a possible means to demonstrate or enhance telepathy—which is just synchronicity misinterpreted in pluralistic and mechanistic terms, of course.

Being a double Aries and a son of a Lutheran minister (yes, astrology is just synchronicity also—a convenient typology for the cast of characters, and not a matter of “influences”) it was unlikely that I could have maintained a fraudulent persona for very long anyway, but it took me a while before I fully accepted the fact that I was “out”—out completely; free of certain restraints, yes, but also free of \$500 pay checks every two weeks.

Tim was pretty good at accepting the grimmer consequences. I remember one occasion in particular, when I was bitching to him about the amount of dog shit, cat shit, and goat shit strewn in and around the Big House during the last few months when the place had disintegrated into a mere comfort station for people and animals living in the woods (Tim, personally, was always very fastidious).

“Art,” he said, with great emphasis, “that’s your problem. You have to learn to love shit.”

Never!

## Chapter 10 Beginnings of Civilization

*I was pretty well satisfied with what I had already accomplished.*

Morning Glory Lodge (it was then called Sunset Lodge) was about a mile south of the public campsites on the eastern shore of Cranberry Lake, and, from the real estate man’s description, sounded like what I wanted and also what I could afford. A house and four cabins with a generating plant for lights and the water pump. No road in—you either took a boat or walked. \$15,000 with \$2,000 down and a \$100 a month land contract—which meant that I didn’t get title until the last payment was made (most resort property, at that time, was sold on that basis).

I got a key and, with a teacher friend Sally and I called Bucky Beaver—an outrageously misplaced aesthete and snob suffering from first year teaching culture shock—walked through the cold spring woods past little bays and beaches covered with sparkling rotting ice in the general direction given us by the real estate man.

When we stepped into the clearing and saw the buildings spaced out under some nice tall deciduous trees, I immediately announced: “THIS IS THE PLACE!”

I don’t think I have ever been happier in my life than at that moment.

The house had a full-length screened porch, which Bucky and I entered by using the key. From it, we had a good view of the dock, about fifty feet long and made of boulders staked and chained together in an L shape to provide safe mooring in all weather. Decking was stacked on the shore in front of it, along with three overturned wood boats and a canoe. Two outboard motors—old but apparently serviceable—rested on the porch floor. Inside the house itself, everything seemed adequate and appropriate. A good stone fireplace with a worn, slipcovered couch to one side of it and a couple old plush overstuffed chairs. A kerosene heater at the other end of the room. Two enormous gas refrigerators in the kitchen, contrasting with a tiny galvanized metal sink which certainly wasn’t going to make Sally happy. A bathroom with an old-fashioned tub and a functioning crapper. Two bedrooms with double beds in each. Upstairs was just one long room under the roof with four beds in it and a desk and chair in a little alcove projecting out of the roof facing the lake. Great view. The silence was broken only by the occasional brushing of tree against tree and tree against roof. In the sunlight, last year’s grass, now turned silver, rippled and flowed like the sea. A chipmunk darted in and out of the stacked decking.

“Hey,” Bucky said, “look at this.”

Bucky had discovered a stack of *Saturday Evening Post* and *Harpers* from the 1930’s. Irresistable. On waves of nostalgia, I was carried back to happy childhood summers at Schroon Lake and North Hero Island on Lake Champlain. \$700 for a new Plymouth. Cartoon strip adventures with Everready batteries. NRA symbols. Christ! What if some other buyer came along before I could get this place . . . or the owners changed their minds?

The four little cabins were perfectly OK too. All had water connections and two had toilets—one of these even had a tub (reserved

for people who can pay a decent rent, I thought, and dignitaries such as Tim). Out back, in a shed, we found a gasoline generator and a washing machine. Yards of pipe. Tools. Paint. Oars and oar locks. A little path led us back through the woods to a covered spring. Delicious water. I was going berserk. Bucky looked at me with alarm and greeted my ejaculations of delight with sputters of disdain.

“You’re not actually going to buy this place are you Kleps?”

“Of course I’m going to buy it! Why the hell shouldn’t I buy it?”

I replied, absolutely amazed that anyone could fail to fall madly in love with it at first sight—even Bucky.

“Well . . . there’s nothing HERE!” Bucky said, waving his fat arms around.

“You’re too much Bucky,” was all I could say.

As we walked back through the woods to the campsight road where I had parked the car, my imagination revved up to full speed. I felt like meth was jetting through a hole in the top of my head. Tim would send me people, certainly . . . Billy Hitchcock might kick in with some money for promotion and repairs . . . and an idea I had been playing with—to start a psychedelic church—would fit in perfectly . . . perhaps we could even winterize it . . . there was a tiny island with a little cabin out in the center of the lake right in front of the lodge—perhaps we could get that too, and use it for sessions . . . and so on and so forth. I didn’t stop speeding for days.

By the end of the week we were all moved in and I had invented The Neo-American Church. An order for one thousand peyote buttons had gone out to a peyote rancher in Texas named Elsie, whose name had been given me by Lisa Bieberman. Perfectly legal. Each new member would get five buttons and a membership card. An old artist friend from my days of drunken debauchery on Long Island, Ron Kelleher, was designing a card. Mystic Arts book society, which was handling Tim’s conversion of the TBD, was printing the announcements—free.

Aside from the three principles of the Church, which I cooked up in about five minutes, there would be no rules. The principles were:

- (1) Everyone has the right to expand his consciousness and stimulate visionary experience by whatever means he considers desirable and proper without interference from anyone.

- (2) The psychedelic substances, such as LSD, are the True Host

of the Church, not drugs. They are sacramental foods, manifestations of the Grace of God, of the infinite Imagination of the Self, and therefore belong to everyone.

(3) We do not encourage the ingestion of psychedelics by those who are unprepared.

(Principle two has since been changed to read "The psychedelic substances, such as LSD, are sacraments, in that they encourage Enlightenment, which is the realization that life is a dream, and that the externality of relations is an illusion." During the period covered by this book, however, I frequently made what I now consider to be a serious, if well-meant error; I tried to include in the embrace of the Neo-American Church psychedelic people of a supernaturalist disposition through the use of terms like "God" and "Self," which, although they only represented poetic or impressionistic ways of talking about the *antakarana* functions to me, left the door open to those who wished to maintain the various traditional externalizations. In other words, I chose to be vague, instead of clear, always a crime for a philosopher.)

Our ministers or priests would be called Boo Hoos. The name just popped into my head, but there are a variety of unconscious associations on which I may have drawn: "Boo" is an old name for grass; Watts, somewhere or other, speaks of the Universe playing hide-and-seek with the spiritual seeker—sticking its head out from around a tree occasionally and saying "Boo!;" Hubbard's mythology contains a creature often found in the "memory bank" of his clients, called a Boo Hoo, which, being transitional between aquatic and terrestrial life, cried many bitter, salty tears while stranded on the "vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world"; and there are associations with *Hu*, the Sufi word for God, good old Om, and, perhaps, two sets of inward turning schizophrenic Orphan Annie eyes. John Jay Chapman was known, during his best years, as "the Goo Goo." Take your pick. My conscious motive, if any, was to make it something funny. It was already quite clear to me that I would not and should not make the Church either solemn or Oriental—everything possible had to be done to prevent "churchianity," or something similar, from taking over as it had in the case of every great religion in history. We would make it clear from the beginning that religion was one thing and church another. I also made it clear, I think, that Tim was the guru and I was merely running a shop, like the Pope, but during the following year he did nothing to promote the church, started referring to himself as a

Hindu, and, after that didn't cut any ice at his Texas trial (Hindus don't have to smoke grass, or even approve its use, although most do) he started the League for Spiritual Discovery—a classic phoney sounding cult with the usual fake Indian names for everyone, secret passwords, robes, and everything else precious to the adolescent imagination. If he had made the religious argument from the standpoint of The Neo-American Church instead of Hinduism at the Texas trial he might be a free man today and religious use might be legal for everyone.

Did Tim really believe the psychedelic experience was religious? To answer the question, one must penetrate two misty and treacherous realms, the definition of “religion” and the mind of Timothy Leary. I have gone on both expeditions, and I have returned with a few samples of flora and fauna, some photographs of foggy landscapes and ill defined forms, and a few tape recordings, which are mostly commercial messages intended for children.

Turning them over, I have come to the conclusion that all of Tim's attempts to categorize the experience, particularly those categorizations which he considered to be most scientific (The Giant Brain, the Genetic Code, Comets seeding Egg Planets, etc.) were essentially religious in character under the first definition given in Webster: “belief in a divine or superhuman power or powers to be obeyed and worshipped as the creator(s) and ruler(s) of the universe.” During the period at Millbrook when Tim adopted religious terminology to up-stage the Neo-American Church, I think his genuine conceptual organization was the least religious it had ever been, and when he felt safe from further attack from that quarter, his resistance to his natural Irish inclinations declined, and he returned once again to grovel with his ancestors before imaginary Saviors from outer space.

During his supposed “Hindu” and “Buddhist” and “Taoist” periods, I think Tim maintained all along a vague Schopenhauerian *Giant Brain* ontology, which is the most infantile form of cosmic-mindism. When he saw where this was leading (it leads very quickly to pessimism, paranoia, cultism, 50/50 Manichaeism and anti-sexuality) and the incompatibility of it all with his political objectives and opportunities, he gave it up and became for a year or two, a pragmatist politician without any particular convictions (which made him extraordinarily effective as a competitor) and then, having suffered a thousand blows in that line of work—became a Roman Catholic recidivist in everything but name, that is, a

believer in gigantic and ghostly personages within the cuckoo clock of a mechanistic universe . . . which is about as low as you can get in my opinion, just ululations from Tartarus.

Am I genuinely religious? In terms of Webster's first definition, I most decidedly am not, but, in terms of his second definition, "any specific system of belief, worship, conduct, etc., often involving a code of ethics and a philosophy (the Christian *religion*, the Buddhist *religion*, etc.)" I see no difficulty in asserting the claim. The secondary, or minority definition of anything is always unattractive to a politician who is looking for popular approval, because it means that you must educate people before you can lead them, and it is always easier to just shift the furniture of opinions around on the stage than it is to convince the audience to move over to a different theatre.

Of course, should my views on these subjects ever prove to be "boffo box office," so to speak, a public disturbance for which one or two prototypes can be found if you reach far enough back, it is virtually inevitable that Tim will claim that he "knew it all along" (which will be true, since everyone knows it all along) and show, from remarks he has dropped here and there when he was very stoned and briefly thinking clearly, that the solipsistic variety of mysticism has ever been closest to his heart and that all that other stuff was just soothing syrup for the troops. Certain combinations of traits, however, are incompatible and impossible without grievous injury to the personality which attempts to manifest them together, and I believe that a solipsistic liar is one such combination—if not the best possible definition of what is meant by the psychotic personality.

Tim and I corresponded regularly during this period (all his letters were stolen by two visitors who came up from Florida the next summer) and, when he told me he was getting married to the Swedish model in the Viking ship Erik cigar ads which were then a big thing on TV and going to India for his honeymoon, I decided to squeeze in one more visit to Millbrook before our rent on the house in Star Lake ran out. Sally didn't want to be left alone at the isolated lodge with the kids and I couldn't blame her.

## Chapter 11

## The Yankee in Search of Adventure

*There never was such a country for wandering liars; and they were of both sexes.*

Tim, never one to hang around when a trip to India with a Swedish model was in the offing, had already left when I got to Millbrook late one evening and a new primary figure had been added—Michael Hollingshead, who had written me an appreciative and encouraging letter a couple weeks earlier. My introduction to him was a bit unusual. I was in the kitchen talking to Ralph and Susan when a tall man dressed in slacks, a sport coat and a hat with a ribbon of photographs around the brim came *twirling* into the room, exactly like one of those waltzing mice which can't move in a straight line because of a genetic fault. As he waltzed around the table muttering to himself, Ralph's eyes narrowed and Susan took a deep breath and held it. He acted as though he wanted to sit down on one of the empty chairs but couldn't figure out how to do it. I pulled one out for him, which seemed to piss him off—he moved his arms angrily and sputtered. Still twirling, he moved out of the room.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Michael Hollingshead," Ralph said.

Dick and two young guys with the faces of New York hustlers came in. They all looked stoned. I was introduced. Ernie and Arnie. They started mixing up some pancake batter while giggling and whispering to each other.

"Listen, Art," Ralph said to me in an undertone, "let's go in the music room. I want to talk to you."

We sat down cross-legged next to the fish tanks in the center of the floor. Ralph pulled out a joint.

"Have you been tripping much?" Ralph asked. I told him about the morning glory seed trip and a small acid trip Sally and I had taken—which had produced some eyes-closed visionary effects and an interesting sequel: while out driving in the morning we had seen someone who couldn't possibly have been there (Bucky driving his car) because he was in school at the time. Naturally, I was hoping to take a trip with Tim, but since he wasn't here . . . .

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," Ralph said. "I don't think you should take anything while the house is like this. Things are very crazy around here right now."

"OK," I agreed. I felt a mixture of disappointment and relief.

Ralph asked me to drive him to the train station in Poughkeepsie to pick up someone—I think it was his sister-in-law. When we got into the car he pulled out another joint.

On the way, he pulled out another joint and explained what was happening in a very general way. This was Thursday night and the last chance for people living in the house to do as they pleased, because visitors would be arriving Friday night and staying through Sunday. Paying visitors. Economic necessity had reared its ugly head. The "guests" would be met at the train Friday afternoon and not allowed to speak to each other or anyone else until Saturday morning. Then there were lectures and exercises and what-not and they went home Sunday. No drugs. They had been doing it for the last three weekends and it was working out reasonably well. I could help if I liked. Ernie and Arnie were to put on a "light show," whatever that was, and Hollingshead was the man who had turned Tim on to acid. Aside from those bare facts Ralph seemed reluctant to talk about the new people. He wanted me to see for myself.

He pulled out another joint.

It was an uneventful trip, except that I had to make three passes at one of the turn-off roads on the way back before I could get on it. My theory on driving while stoned is that it's (a) safer under any circumstances than driving while even slightly drunk, and (b) safer than driving while sober if you are paying attention to driving, and not to the conversation of your traveling companions. But whatever the circumstances, you will almost never see a stoned person on an angry, competitive, high-speed kick in a car, so any mistakes he makes are likely to be trivial.

I went to bed early. All the action was out in the bowling alley, where Dick, Hollingshead, Ernie and Arnie, later joined by a rich girl from New York, famous for maintaining dozens of indigent heads in her town house, were camping out (without water or electricity) for the night in front of the fireplace. I dropped in for a few minutes just to say hello. From "outside" it didn't look particularly seductive—Hollingshead was still twirling and Ernie, while fondling and kissing Dick's hand, was mumbling something about going down the Amazon to look for alligators. Going to sleep, I resolved to stick with Ralph for the duration of my visit

. . . things were taking a strange turn . . . it was a good thing I had gotten the lodge . . . if not, I might be up the Amazon with the alligators.

The next day passed without excitement—I went to the nearby State School, picked up three young inmates to help clean the house, watched them do it, and brought them back. High grade morons—they enjoyed the experience enormously, particularly the opportunity to ogle so many pretty girls. The Fergusons now lived in the Gatehouse I discovered, and it functioned as a separate, but friendly, domain, but even with Kim away most of the time, the place was still loaded for bear, so to speak. Psychedelic scenes always are, and, if you were an observer in a balloon that would be the first difference you would notice between the old-fashioned communities of psychic adventurers and the new—not just the presence of women in general (Buddha wouldn't let an unattached female “within a hundred miles” of his Ashram, Haines used to point out frequently—a slight exaggeration) but the presence of what one might call “super-girls”—truly beautiful and sexually normal young ladies, quite capable of absorbing into their favored game routines at least 50% of the available energy in any community, bar none.

If that's a curse, it's one I am willing to put up with.

The visitors arrived late in the afternoon and quietly trooped up to their rooms in the servants' wing, most of which, I had noticed, had been decorated in a gaudy, spooky style with cracked mirror fragments glued to one wall, swirls of clashing colors on another, magazine photo collages on a ceiling and so forth. Ernie and Arnie at work. I didn't like it. (I didn't like the light show that was shown later in the evening either. What was psychedelic about a lot of gooey colored blobs floating around?)

Some very prosaic imaginations were at work.

Dinner with the silent guests, however, was hilarious. I had seen perhaps twenty of them, mostly conservatively dressed and middle aged, come in the front door, smiling grimly but with fear in their eyes, to follow a silent but beaming Dick up the stairs. When they came down a couple hours later, however, after we had cooked dinner and set it out on low tables around the dining room, a place card in front of every cushion . . . I could hardly believe my eyes. *They were all wearing white robes made out of bed sheets??!!* I came close to choking trying to get back to the kitchen without laughing out loud. In the kitchen, all the girls were having a mass giggling fit, in which I immediately joined. The robes, they explained, were intended to obliterate social distinctions . . . but everyone cracked up anyway. A giggling fit, when you are stoned on grass, as we all were, is, one might say, no laughing matter. Susan Metzner,

between sobs and gasps, asked me to read some kind of paper (written by Hollingshead) to the Ku Klux Klan in the next room. Very simple—gasp—you just hit the gong—tee hee hee—and read this bullshit—ha ha ha—until it says GONG—sob—when you hit it again . . . she dissolved into tears. Susan Leary had her head down on the table and was shuddering all over. I could see that no one else in the room was in much better shape than they were. Dick, Ralph, Hollingshead and the other guys were in the next room solemnly seated with the guests and being silent (but not wearing bedsheets). I tried to read the paper to myself but my hand was shaking so badly from suppressed bursts of merriment that I could hardly make it out . . . *with the next mouthful of food contemplate on the wonders of the body; where the food goes, how it is digested* . . . WHAT THE FUCK! I made some kind of strangled effort to express my dismay, which merely caused Susan Metzner to collapse next to Susan Leary at the table. What the hell—I would just have to get a grip on myself. I went out in the dining room and tried not to look at the people . . . where the fuck's the damn gong? . . . no gong . . . oh yeah, there was a big gong, at least three feet in diameter, hanging in a frame next to the front door . . . I went out in the hall and brought it in . . . heavy bastard . . . . There was a big beater with it. I put the frame up on a serving table next to the pantry door and gripped the hammer with my right hand while I held the paper with my left. Everyone was looking at me with great solemnity. I was in absolute terror that I would burst out into shrieks of insane laughter at any moment—but even that apprehension struck me as absolutely hilarious. I hit the gong a good whack and started reading, pretending all the while that I was somewhere else and that some mechanical dummy was reading the paper. Mercifully, I got to the last sentence without choking: *when you hear the sound of the gong* (GONG)—were those hysterical screams I could hear in the kitchen?—*observe its structured wonders, skin, hair, tissue, blood, vein, bone, muscle, net of nerve. Observe its message.* (For one awful moment I considered going on with *appendix, colon, lymphatic system, memories of a misspent youth*, but I suppressed the urge.) *Om Shanti, Shanti, Shanti.* (GONG) I fled to the kitchen. The girls had reached the stage of final exhaustion. They were just sitting there with tears streaming down their cheeks.

“Arthur,” Susan Metzner said, a tremor or two passing over

her face, “you weren’t supposed to use the *big* gong. There was a tiny one right next to you the whole time.”

I went out and took the first vacant place I could find, forgetting about the place names entirely. “Hi,” I said to the other people at the table. I took a mouthful of lettuce and almost exploded—someone had put too much pepper on it. At the same time I noticed that my name was Morris Tannenbaum, M.D. . . . and the guy across from me was trying to tell me something in *sign language*. I closed my eyes and tried to get a grip on myself. *All you have to do is behave normally* I told myself. I opened my eyes and turned to the white robed lady at my side. “Hi,” I said, in a perfectly normal voice, “I’m Art Kleps, not Dr. Tannenbaum. Where is Dr. Tannenbaum?” The three other people at my table looked at me with consternation and dismay. The guy making the sign language was pointing first at his place card and then at his mouth. He was making motions as if to sew his lips together. Christ! I had violated the rule of silence. I got up and left, and stayed away from the visitors for the rest of the evening, except for the light show.

Late that night, after all the visitors had been put to bed, everyone got together in Tim’s room for a critique of the day and plans for the morrow. A hash pipe was passed, but the whole thing bored me stiff—it sounded like a PTA meeting. Fortunately, I was sitting on the edge of Tim’s bed, which was in an alcove, next to the rich girl from New York. She didn’t seem even slightly reluctant when I pulled her back on the bed for a little old-fashioned sophomoric behavior. But the reclining position and brandy and the hash were too much for me—in five minutes I was out cold.

## Chapter 12

# Slow Torture

*About the third or fourth or fifth time that we swung out into the glare—it was along there somewhere, a couple of hours or so after sun-up—it wasn’t as pleasant as it had been.*

When I woke up, my head was clear as a child’s and there wasn’t a soul stirring. It looked to be about six of a fine, clear morning. I sat up on the edge of the bed, in the same place I had occupied during the psychedelic PTA meeting the night before . . . which was also the place where the candle had exploded on my previous

visit. I looked around for traces of wax—and immediately spotted a little wine glass at my feet full of what looked like brandy. Undoubtedly, the cute little rich girl from New York, fully conversant as she was with all forms of human degeneracy, had left it there to steady my nerves in the morning. Good thing I hadn't kicked it over. I didn't really need it because I hadn't put away more than half my usual intake the day before (a heavy drinker, as distinguished from an alcoholic, which I didn't become until a couple years later, will very often moderate his use of alcohol if there is plenty of cannabis around—you just forget about getting another drink, or it seems like too much trouble). Hmm—perhaps it was bad form for me to have passed out on Tim's bed: it might be considered a sacred shrine area or something. The slight anxiety occasioned by that thought settled the question. I tossed down the brandy and headed for the bathroom to brush my teeth. It wasn't so easy. I felt slightly dizzy. Things looked a little strange. I headed back towards the bed. The first rays of the sun were coming through the big window on my left, and I turned to get a full view of it.

I was knocked to the floor, as all normal sensation and motor control left my body. The sun, roaring like an avalanche, was headed straight for me, expanding like a bomb and filling my consciousness in less time than it takes to describe it. It *swirled*, clockwise, and made two and one half turns before I lost all normal consciousness and passed out, right there on the floor of Tim's room. The next day, Susan Metzner told me that she had heard a noise—undoubtedly the sound of my body hitting the floor—and had crossed the hall and looked in to see me prostrate and apparently unconscious.

"I *wasn't* stoned in any way," Susan emphasized (no reason why she should be, at 6 AM). "You turned every color of the rainbow and *then you disappeared right in front of my eyes!*"

I don't remember that. The next thing I do remember is rolling around on the floor in Dick's room, which was across the hall from Tim's, adjoining Ralph and Susan's. Although I didn't see myself disappear (you can't see sight, as Buddha often remarked) there is nothing in my philosophy which would make such an occurrence impossible, and Susan, as we have seen, was the last person in the house whom I had any reason to think would encourage me to believe anything magical or extraordinary was happening. So I accept her statement, but only, I am convinced, because I have a

conceptual context in which to place it. I know many people who have forgotten all about equally bizarre occurrences in a matter of hours. Things that don't fit go away.

On the floor of Dick's room I had what I later found out was called in the East the *Kundalini* (Serpent Power) experience, a kind of mirror-image of the Sun Vision. I seemed to be inside of what seemed a whirlwind of electrical plasma which made two and one half gigantic turns, this time counter-clockwise. Ralph, Susan and some other people I couldn't identify were in the room trying to get tablets of thorazine, which I couldn't swallow, down my throat. All I could do was roll around and pronounce a few phonemes, such as "ah," "oh," "duh" and so forth. It wasn't that I couldn't think—the trouble was that I couldn't think any single thing: it seemed as though all the thoughts which had entered the minds of men and beasts in the last million years were going through my mind at the same time and with the same intensity and velocity, resulting in a kind of violent white hum. I felt a needle in my ass—Ralph had hit me with some thorazine in a way I couldn't refuse.

"I'm not ready for this," I found myself saying, much to my surprise. (The fact is that I *was* ready for it—as much as anyone can be.)

"That's why we gave you a thousand mics," Ralph said. (No—they gave me a thousand mics thinking it would make me a cosmic-minder like themselves.)

Hollingshead, who probably bombed the wine glass (a year or so later he bombed two Scotland Yard men who were bringing him back to England on an airplane and walked off the plane a free man) had not, in my case, done anything particularly outrageous. If I wasn't willing to take LSD, what was I doing at Millbrook? It was, morally, a childish prank, like a hot-foot, or one pirate pushing another one overboard during a boring lull between raids on the Barbary Coast.

The thorazine, if it had any effect at all, certainly didn't have the effect of "bringing me down." When I closed my eyes in Dick's room, I found myself in Tim's room when I opened them and vice-versa. I switched back and forth a half a dozen times before I settled in Tim's room, seated in the lotus position (which I almost never adopt unless stoned) on the bed.

For quite a while (perhaps hours, perhaps minutes—my sense of elapsed time was one of the first things to go) I sat on the bed with no thoughts in my mind, no sense of personal identity, no feelings

about anything one way or another, while the program for the visitors presumably continued downstairs. The third floor was deserted.

Then people appeared, clustered around the record player—which was connected to speakers in the visitors' rooms. I heard someone say, "Listen, who does that look like over there?" Someone else said, "Yeah, you're right." Various people, some of whom seemed familiar and some of whom didn't, sat down next to the bed and asked me silly questions. I tried to talk to them, but, in most cases, they disappeared in front of my eyes. I remember grabbing Hollingshead by the arm and asking him if he was "really" there. He said that he was and then disappeared. At some point in the midst of these absurdities, I made a decision: I did not want to live in a world without the appearance of continuity or cause and effect rationality, at least not yet. I lapsed back into the no-thought world. I would wait it out. Sweat poured from my forehead, but the rest of my body was dry.

Months later, while loitering around the library of the University of Miami waiting for a junkie friend of Ed Rosenfeld's to steal a book, I found myself at eye level with a large volume called *The Serpent Power*, written by Arthur Avalon, *nom de plume* of a high English high official who had made, in the old and admirable English tradition of the scholarly amateur, a serious and sympathetic study of Indian religion in general and yoga in particular. I was astonished and delighted, when I flipped the book open, to find my two and one-half turns and sweating forehead ("the rain of jewels," I think it was called) described as the salient features of the classic experience. The garish and intricate theosophical diagrams and third and fourth hand expositions of the subject I had run across at Millbrook and elsewhere bore about the same relation to the classic description and to my experience as *Fate Magazine* bears to *Popular Mechanics*—but Avalon also, I must say, devoted pages and pages in his book to all kinds of stuff which, I suspect, was merely the idiosyncratic visionary experience (or outright fantasy and lies) of certain old geezers trying to make names for themselves. The scholar dealing with ancient religious texts never knows whether he is reading the productions of a mad fantast, a con man or the genuine article. By the time their productions are old enough to belong in museums, they get all jumbled together in value, although the authors may have despised one another while they lived.

Scholarship in this area has very limited value. The worst LSD trip is better than the best book. *Infinitely* better.

When I came out of it and started moving around (bathroom, drink, cigarette, bath) I was still very stoned in the usual terms of perceptual enhancement, but, compared to what I had just been through, everything seemed unexceptional. So all the walls and carpets were rippling and glowing with arcane life—what else was new? I was glad to be back in the humdrum everyday world. Ralph stopped me as I was coming out of a bathroom.

“How are you doing?” he asked. Knowing smile.

“Fine.” I shrugged my shoulders.

“Listen, we would appreciate it if you would stay away from the visitors until you’re completely down . . . OK?”

No problem. The last thing I wanted to do was talk to someone who was “straight.” I went to the library and reclined on a couch. Beautiful room. I contentedly looked around admiring the way the lamplight gleamed on a gold binding or contrasted with a soft nest of dusk under a table. Ernie came in and sat down. He was wearing a Robin Hood hat.

“How are you doing?”

“Oh, just getting used to it,” I said. “Beautiful in here, isn’t it?”

“Getting used to what?”

“ . . . being God, or whatever you want to call it,” I said.

“Yeah, man!” Ernie seemed delighted with my explanation. “I’m a magician, you know. A few days ago I decided to try it out, you know? See if it really worked? So I got this .45 and shot myself right in the head.”

“What happened?” I asked.

“*Nothing*, man. Absolutely nothing.”

“What about your relatives?” I asked Ernie.

Ernie seemed upset and frightened at the question. With a hurried “I gotta go, man” he left the room.

There are, unfortunately, many people in the psychedelic world who get stuck in the “testing it out” stage. Tim used to preach regularly on the subject of how, if your “head is straight,” you can get away with practically anything—not being busted for possession, for example. Dick, I have forgotten to mention, was, at the time of this visit, hobbling around with a cast on one foot. He had jumped out of a window and broken his ankle. Susan Leary’s favorite was to take off in her Daddy’s car without a

registration, license or money—but usually it's a matter of just taking wild chances with the police to demonstrate your "magical" or "spiritual" powers. It doesn't happen as much now as it used to, for which happy development I give credit to Tim's series of carelessness-caused busts and his subsequent imprisonment. Kesey's probably helped too. It made all the little magicians wonder how, if the super-magicians couldn't fend off the cops, they, with their obviously derivative beliefs, were supposed to be able to do it. I can therefore find it in my heart to entertain the notion that Tim and Kesey's busts did a lot of good, and that one might even so construe the facts, if one required a moral aspect, to say that they deserved it.

Why, in these terms, have I gone through the same kind of thing? Same reason, I would say. Although I didn't go as far as Tim and Kesey, there were times in the past when, through laziness or lack of sympathy I permitted or encouraged people to interpret what I was saying (as in the original Principle Two) in terms of magical powers or whatever. It is very easy to say to oneself, "Why not let it go at that? They will never understand it philosophically, so why not grant them their comforting superstitions?" I have become convinced that people who take upon themselves the responsibility of telling others "where it's at" do, in a way, "take on the karmas of their students," as some swamis put it. It's perfectly logical, in terms of the dream assumption.

The question which caused Ernie to flee was asked in a spirit of genuine curiosity. Did this strange troll-like creature have a philosophy or was he just a mischief maker? If he had a philosophy, what was it? Did he believe, perhaps, that his punctured corpse and grieving, or perhaps celebrating, relatives were to be found in some other dimension, plane, level, bardo, or "multi-verse?" Even if Ernie had given me the right answer, I was prepared to ask him what he thought would happen if, instead of shooting himself in private, he had chosen to blow himself to pieces with dynamite in Yankee Stadium with thousands of witnesses present. I was looking forward to an interesting dialogue—which I had anyway, of course. I wonder now—could Ernie's story have prompted Dick to jump out of his window? If this were fiction, I would certainly write it that way.

Phenomenological order can be preserved in a dream by forgetting everything which, if remembered, would make an unpleasant event necessary, and substituting a history of impressions which do not make that event necessary, all without disturbing the "laws" of physical causality. It is the essence of such transitions that one not

know anything about them, but most people, I have found, can recall certain discontinuities in their lives, highly improbable escapes from impending disaster, and so on, which may be thought of as transitional "points." It is best not to push this too far unless you have a secure grip on solipsistic philosophy. Testing it out by jumping out of windows or shooting yourself in the head may lead to your miraculous survival—as a basket case. Nabokov (understandably) has written many brilliant stories which revolve on this theme and illustrate, as do the best myths and fairytales, the futility of trying, by such efforts, to win games or friends. I assert the convertibility of mere phenomenological order, not the characterlessness of fate.

All reasoning from cause to effect and effect to cause is founded on "custom and belief," as Hume put it—on a "harmony" with a "nature" entirely composed of impressions and ideas which not only are not but *cannot* be demonstrated to refer, accurately or inaccurately, to any objects or relations in an external world. Hume, unfortunately, chose to call this a "problem." It is not a problem to the solipsist, and since it isn't, it is not, properly speaking, a philosophic difficulty at all, although it may be, for some, the disappointment of a wish and an occasion for sorrow on that account. That "principle of association of ideas" which the young Hume excitedly promised and for mysterious reasons never delivered, is the principle of synchronicity as shown in dreams. Hume had nothing to say about dreams. I think he saw the connection, but backed off when he saw how mad such talk would seem to his learned contemporaries who were, with one or two notable exceptions, as obtuse about these matters as are the students of philosophy of the present day. They easily delude themselves into thinking that various specious inKantations (sorry, couldn't help it) "answer" Hume. Nothing answers Hume. Hume's discoveries do not require an answer. What they require is further development, and I am satisfied to see my formulations as contributions to this noble cause.

I renounce, of course, any claim to be heard founded on the foolish thesis that persons who find candles exploding in their vicinity, or who momentarily disappear, are necessarily wise or good. On the contrary, I have presented these experiences only out of concern for the truth, knowing very well that I am probably injuring my credit rather than enhancing it. The reader who is put off is a man after my own heart. All I ask is that he take a thousand

micrograms himself sometime, and then look at the rising sun. Whatever happens to him, I hope he will then join me in saying that these things have no necessary bearing on the truth or falsehood of philosophic or religious assertions made by those who experience or witness them. Likewise, there is no more reason why modern man should believe in the religions or philosophies of particular spirits, demons, gods, magicians or little green men from flying saucers than there was reason for the Indians to believe in the institutionalized insanity brought to them from across the ocean by Columbus and Cortez. Technological advancement is no guarantee of wisdom or virtue, and even the correlation of pure intelligence with honesty and kindness, although I think it can be demonstrated, is very far from being absolute.

When I went to bed, a big book appeared, suspended in space, about three feet in front of me.

Fine. A little light reading before falling asleep. The pages turned automatically when I finished reading the bottom lines. Dylan Thomas style prose. Unfortunately, I can't remember the content any better than I can remember Dylan Thomas, but it was all very clear at the time. Every letter was illuminated in gold and the pages themselves were sky blue. A Disney style production, very common in the second *bardo*.

When I got tired, I told the book to go away, which it instantly did, much to my surprise, and I went to sleep as quickly and easily as a baby.

If all visionary experience was so agreeable and modest, we wouldn't have any problems with it, but I'm afraid that avoiding threatening and spooky experience is essentially a matter of avoiding fear itself, which isn't easy. Part of the folklore is that dogs will attack you if you are afraid of them. I don't know how true that is, but I think something similar operates to determine the visionary content of acid trips. If you are afraid, the emotion may very well be expressed in appropriate archetypal "words." When, after you have learned that nothing much happens simply because you have died and been reborn, (what else is new?) the general level of anxiety on trips is markedly lowered and visionary experience tends to calm down and become part of the background, just like a table or a chair. After fifty or so moderate to big trips, I find that I can now carry on a reasonably normal conversation and pay attention to necessary practical details, in a room streaming with glittering, dancing abstract light patterns while addressing my comments to

someone whose face is changing with every heartbeat into the multiple ego-world facial prototypes present in that person's racial unconscious. (Just don't say to yourself "what else is new?" unless you really want to know. Rhetorical questions have a way of getting answered on trips!)

Despite all this, "control," as such, doesn't impress me as being evidence of anything except "good control." After all, Ramakrishna, right up to the end, had to have people around to prop him up and replace his loin cloth when it fell off, as it frequently did while he staggered around making profound statements and giving the boy scout salute. If you *concentrate*, as Ramakrishna did, on the most whacked out aspects of your experience, and virtually ignore everything else, it is hard for me to see how you can even pick your nose, much less get up and change a record. It's a matter of decision making, not of "power" or "control."

Good old Ramakrishna. He is my favorite "avatar" because, since he lived in the 19th century, we have plenty of good, ordinary gossip and even photographs showing his life in every detail, however discordant they may be with certain popular myths. You can't dehumanize someone who was constantly asking that the hash pipe be passed and fencing off efforts by well-meaning relatives to put him in the looney bin because his diapers were always falling down.

The next day, Ralph asked me if I had learned anything. I told him that all my suspicions had been confirmed. Ralph said nothing, but did not seem pleased with my reply.

Ernie came over to where I was sitting at the kitchen table and broke an egg over my head. I backed him into a corner, where Ernie squealed and giggled and begged for mercy. To hell with it. Anyone who would shoot himself in the head with a .45 was too crazy to be held accountable for his actions. I washed the egg out of my hair and went home.

## Chapter 13

### Freeman

*Here was another illustration of the childlike improvidence of this age and people.*

Back in the mountains, Sally and I lost no time cleaning out the house in Star Lake and moving everything into the lodge. I was

exhilarated by all the physical activity and the switch to dealing with “the hardness of the material rather than the softness of human relationships,” which, as far as I am concerned, is one of the best reasons to live in the country rather than the city. I repaired the dock, spiked down the decking, connected and repaired the water system, fixed the old water pump under the front porch which drew through a step-valve from the lake, fiberglassed and painted our biggest boat, a fourteen footer, and (with considerable help from a 75-year-old handyman who had spent his life on the lake and was full of fascinating historical anecdotes) got the generator out back in working order. We made a trip to town once a day, landing at a floating dock behind the general store and proceeding immediately to the tiny one-room post office across the road to see if enough memberships had come in so that we could make it through another day or two. Somehow, there was always enough for daily expenses—kerosene, gasoline, cigarettes and food. The mortgage payments had to come from visitors’ contributions.

If I had it to do over again, I don’t think I would include a generator of electricity in a scene like Morning Glory Lodge, but depend on kerosene lamps and a small gasoline motor for pumping water. It was nice to have music, however, and I always included Susan’s favorite, “Linus the Lionhearted” in every evening’s entertainment, usually right after Bobby Dylan (whom I had come to appreciate after great initial resistance caused by his fraudulent accent) so I could point out to the visitors the profound metaphysical and psychological inferences one might draw from a kid’s record, if it was approached in terms of solipsistic synchronicity interpretation.

I can’t cover all the visitors here (this story is really about Millbrook anyway) but I will mention those who turned out to be important later.

They almost always showed up at night. Johnnie Merchant’s big boat would appear off the end of the dock, pitching and wallowing, people waving, horn tooting. I would throw a switch which activated the generator and automatically turned on a floodlight in a tree overlooking the dock, and we would run out and take the mooring lines. Out would step some city slickers, usually stoned out of their gourds and fortified with a few drinks they had just downed at Johnnie’s father’s motel-bar—the only such place in town. A merchant named Merchant. Having played the visitor role at Millbrook, I could fully sympathize with our visitors’ mixed

feelings and apprehensions, as well as with the technique for solving the problem.

When Lisa Bieberman and a chemist friend from Boston, Tord Svenson, showed up, however, there was none of the usual nonsense. Lisa and Tord were old hands at the game. Good, I thought. Now is the time to have some fun with the stuff—take maybe 50 micrograms and enjoy the lake.

Tord, who had written some very flowery letters, proved to be a delightful character. Big as an ox, he looked like something straight out of the cast for a movie about the Vikings of old, but, aside from weight lifting and motorcycling, his interests seemed exclusively devoted to his profession (chemistry) and Zen Buddhism. Tord's disposition was invariably sweet and almost child-like. When we were settled in around the fireplace with beers, he pulled a little bottle from his pocket and proudly announced that it contained bufotenin, the psychedelic drug found in a certain kind of toad skin. Unfortunately, there was just enough for one, so he would take it himself before they left. Would it be OK if he and Lisa tripped on acid tomorrow? Did we want to join them? Sally didn't feel like it—someone had to look after the kids—but I said I would be delighted.

Lisa filled us in on the latest developments in the psychedelic world. *The Psychedelic Review* was alive and well, as was her own little mimeographed bulletin, for which she charged practically nothing. Naturally, she had carried an announcement of the formation of the church (and was herself Bee Hee of Cambridge). Since Tord had bufotenin in his possession, I suggested he take the post of Keeper of the Divine Toad, which he accepted with glee.

Let's not forget that LSD was legal—more or less—at this time. The Federal Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1966 did not go into effect until a year later, and very few states had anything more threatening than vague, unenforced and unenforceable laws about "dangerous drugs" in general. Upstairs in my house, thousands of peyote buttons, sliced in half laterally, were drying on the floor, yet I had nothing to fear. People who joined the church had nothing to fear. As a result, although all of us worried about the laws which we assumed would come, a spirit of enthusiasm and wonderment prevailed: was it actually possible that life could be so fascinating and enjoyable, so free, so full of promise? I didn't know anyone in the movement at that time who wasn't basically happy. What little "paranoia" existed came from the possession

of pot—which, if they had any, I told all the visitors to bury back in the woods and smoke one joint at a time.

Outside observers musing about the various changes which have taken place in our subculture, very often leave the monstrous, bestial and insane punishments to which many of our people are subjected entirely out of account. I don't think *The New York Times Magazine* mentality can allow the facts to penetrate in this case, as in many others, because the facts are too injurious to that mentality's concept of what the quality of life in this country must be. If the laws are so terrifying to white, middle-class kids, why don't they give up the drugs? That may be the crux of the bind in which non-psychedelic people are placed when they look at the situation objectively. They can't understand why so many perfectly rational, intelligent kids continue, under such circumstances, to use psychedelics. *It doesn't make any sense.* So they just don't think about it. Changes in the psychedelic world—increasing parallel use of narcotics, the ascendancy of "leaders" advocating violence, primitivism, and so on are mere fads which come, essentially, from nowhere. It isn't so, of course. These distortions are reactions to repression. The reason the kids don't give up the stuff is that it is inherently and profoundly good. When they first take acid, they find the experience to be the most important and revelatory experience of their lives.

What is generated is "the religious emotion" in its purest, most elemental form, so pure and so elemental that few know what to call it, even when they have it, not having been introduced to any pure and elemental things since infancy.

Journalists, looking at the situation from the outside, should reflect on how they would feel if the government suddenly abolished freedom of the press, and every word they wrote had to be censored. The best journalists would be the last ones to submit, naturally . . . and, naturally, they would do everything they could to bring down the government and to publish "underground" periodicals devoted to that objective. Those who did quietly submit would feel like creeps, and would have every right to feel that way. But the typical outside liberal-intellectual observer cannot permit himself to think (a) freedom of religion is anything more than an antiquated, useless concept, just a special case of freedom of speech, or that (b) taking (ugh) drugs for consciousness expansion is religious. Religion, to the non-religious, will always appear to be merely another set of *opinions*—simply doctrine, as in the case of a

political party. They cannot understand why a particular act with no observable material consequences (taking bread and wine, special diets, popping certain pills) should be occasion, when threatened with suppression, for war, and they therefore must trivialize the entire issue into some psychopathological aberration.

In less sophisticated times, the present conflict between the generations would be seen very clearly for what it is, with one side representing religious orthodoxy and the other religious novelty. The development of sociological and psychological modes of thought have made such frankness unnecessary; the official side can hide the truth from the public (and from themselves) behind a smoke-screen of benign concern for the "mental health" of their victims and the protection, not of certain practices and beliefs, but of the "social fabric" or some such seeming universal good. Which social fabric—yours or mine? That's the real question.

The truth is that, if no laws against psychedelics had been passed in 1965 and 1966, this country would have undergone a revolution in belief, style, and community life so radical and widespread as to make the present changes seem like nothing by comparison. I have no patience with those in the psychedelic movement who join the outside liberals in maintaining that the laws "haven't accomplished anything." The laws have "accomplished" a great deal, in a negative way. Threats of violent death have a way of doing that.

Very few of the fundamental beliefs of psychedelic people have changed since the days I am describing in the sense that the answers to a questionnaire would be much different now than then, but the prevailing mood and the everyday expectations, fears, wishes and attitudes that make up that mood have changed radically because of the persecution to which we have been subjected. I, of course, being so Germanic, expected some form of war right from the start (and so did Tim, although he usually kept it to himself) but the majority then, as all majorities will if given half a chance, thought of the government as a benign, if temporarily mistaken, parent. All we had to do was "be nice" and trot out our scientific evidence, appeal to the First Amendment, and all would be well. Lisa was then, and to some extent still is, a perfect example of that frame of mind.

On the following morning, which dawned warm and blue as usual with just enough of a breeze to make the lake scintillate the way a good lake should, after we had all swallowed our pills, Lisa

plunked herself down on the living room floor and indicated that she wanted Tord and me to join her there.

"But Lisa," Tord said, "it's beautiful outside. Come on, you don't really want to spend the whole trip indoors, do you?"

Despite his expostulations, Tord didn't seem too surprised at Lisa's intentions. As for myself, I could hardly believe it. I certainly wasn't going to sit inside on the floor, no matter what Tord and Lisa did.

"But I believe in staying in one place during a trip," Lisa said.

"But that's in *Cambridge*," Tord answered. "You don't have to worry about other people here. We're out in the *woods*."

"Well . . . OK," Lisa said, getting up. "This will be a new experience for me."

"I'm jealous," Sally said from the kitchen where Klytie was getting cereal spooned into her mouth.

"I promise I'll watch the kids next time," I said. "You should be glad I'm tripping with Lisa, who's so prim and proper, instead of some ravening sex maniac."

Underneath my insouciance I was very apprehensive. If I was going to have another colossal visionary trip I would have been better off on the floor, but it seemed to me that if I was ever to enjoy acid the way I enjoyed grass and hash, I would have to change set and setting the way official Learian doctrine indicated.

I was glad I did, because it worked perfectly. For the first time I had the kind of trip described in Huxley's *The Doors of Perception*. No visions—just an incredible heightening of awareness. Tim developed a variety of ploys for avoiding visitors later, when Millbrook became "the Mecca of the psychedelic world," but one of his favorites was to say, "Sorry, I can't talk to you now—I'm a *cloud of energy*." That's exactly how I felt as I took Tord and Lisa on the "grand tour" of the lake, although I certainly didn't use it as an excuse not to communicate. (Tim never had any difficulty conning girls or millionaires when he was stoned; what he tried to avoid were "spiritual" discussions with people who weren't as stoned as he was.)

Lisa, I must say, once she was out in the open air, fell right into the spirit of things and wandered around freely at our various stops along the shore exclaiming delightedly over this or that natural wonder that one would pass by routinely in a "normal" state of consciousness. Our last stop was Birch Island, directly across from Morning Glory Lodge. Although there was a cabin on it, the owner,

a mysterious figure (with, I had been told, a heavy Russian accent) never visited during the months we lived on the lake, and, naturally, I hoped to buy it. I told Tord about my plans:

“What we’ll do is prepare visitors for their first trip at the lodge,” I said. “Then, when we think they’re ready, we’ll have a boat waiting at the dock early in the morning with a mysterious, hooded figure at the oars. The boat will be painted black and have poles fore and aft with weird banners and flags and black gauze billowing out all over. We’ll have someone on the island ring a bell or beat a gong during the ride over, starting when the rising sun first touches the island . . . Yeah . . . and, just before the boat leaves a naked nymphet will come running down to the boat and hand the guy a crystal goblet of champagne with about 500 mics in it. He downs it, and then the boat leaves for the dawn of Nothing.”

Tord, a great giggler despite his bulk, giggled appreciatively. “What kind of a scene will you have over here?” he asked, as we tied up the boat.

“I’m not sure. Maybe we should tell him that there are several people over here who will assist him and leave the place deserted. Let him make up his own people . . . no, too paranoia inducing. I suppose we could just take turns. Everybody who lives here would have to take a shift on the island and look after people taking their first trip.”

While Tord and I discussed such plans for the development of the scene, Lisa wandered off and then called us down to a mass of shelving rock on the north side of the island which served as a natural dock. She was sitting next to a little puddle in the stone, peering into it intently.

“What’s *that*?” she asked, pointing to something in the puddle. Tord and I got down to nose level and looked. Some kind of tiny creature was swimming around frantically in the puddle—a very immature tadpole, probably. It was very hard to make out any distinguishing features.

Lisa was fascinated. She didn’t want to leave.

I rose to my feet, and, adopting a mock-dramatic manner, asked “Ah, you know what this means, Lisa, do you not?”

She didn’t.

Gesturing grandly towards the puddle, Lisa, the rocks and the lake, I gave Lisa the benefit of my interpretation:

“That tiny creature, trapped here in its little puddle and separated

from the great waters beyond by these masses of rock, is YOUR PERSONALITY!"

Lisa seemed a bit stunned, but willing to entertain the notion. She nodded her head.

"Yeah, that's right Lisa," Tord said. "Do you want me to catch this little fella in my hands and put him in the lake? It won't hurt him."

Lisa gave the idea a lot of thought, but decided against it. The little fella liked it right where he was, she concluded. It is best not to interfere with the mysterious workings of Mother Nature, and all of that. We went back to the lodge.

The tadpole incident was the peak of the trip for Lisa. Mine came when, during lunch, I tried to play the usual baby-style games with Klytie, who was burbling away in her high chair in her characteristically happy fashion. (Klytie took after Sally, who, leaving aside her hang-ups, was a very warm-hearted, good-natured spontaneous person, while Susan was more like her father—intent on figuring out what was going on rather than simply making the most of it.) Playing with Klytie turned out to be more than I had bargained for—I was astounded at the *complexity* of the wordless games she played, the sheer virtuosity of it all. It was absolutely clear that Klytie understood, in some wordless way, all the implications of what was taking place, and was delighted to stage-manage the whole affair. I felt like I was talking to some fantastically brilliant creature from another planet, rather than a human baby. She was also hilariously funny. It finally got to be too much for me. I began to suspect that I might spend the rest of my life sitting around having conversations with babies, like St. Francis with the birds, so I suggested we all go swimming, which we did.

Tord's bufotenin trip, a couple days later, was unspectacular, at least from the viewpoint of his audience. He went out to the end of the dock, did some Zen chants for an hour or so, and then drank his little vial of toad sweat. (To collect bufotenin, I understand, you put the toad in a sort of non-fatal electric chair which produces a weak current, and the resultant exudation drips into a dish.) He stayed right there for about four hours and I only interrupted him once, about half way through:

"How's it going, Tord?" I asked.

"Well, it's very interesting. I'm convinced there is nothing on the other side of those hills over there."

I congratulated Tord. A profound truth, in my opinion.

That was it. The trip lasted four hours and seemed to be pure solipsistic nihilism of the Yogacara or Madhyamaka Buddhist type, which, as far as I am concerned, is the essence of mysticism. Not good enough for Tord, however, as we shall see. Many are called but few are chosen. The “Void,” or any one of the other terms meaning the same thing, is rarely mentioned in psychedelic converse, although it is one of the great central concepts in the best classical “teachings.” People tend to shrink back in horror, as it were. It doesn’t fit in with the mystique of Holy Motherish lollypopism, and egalitarianism, or any other “social ideal,” and Tord, a sweet guy in a desperate search for love and warmth, simply couldn’t take it. Before they left, Tord told a story about one of his experiments with acid that seemed to sum it all up.

He had taken about a thousand micrograms of Sandoz one Saturday night when he was moved to go down to a neighborhood Irish bar in Boston near his mother’s house where he lived—on his motorcycle, naturally—to exhibit a little social interaction while manifesting a play opportunity situation, or something. Once there, he announced that he could drink every man in the place under the table (Tord was not a heavy drinker) and proceeded to prove his point with the dozen or so eager Irishmen who accepted his challenge.

“I must have put away a quart at least, Art,” Tord said, chortling merrily. “The last thing I remember was seeing all these guys crowded into a corner while I was advancing on them. One of them kept yelling, ‘Throw him Ernie! Throw him Ernie!’ The next thing I remember is waking up on the kitchen floor out back the next morning with the bartender and the cook stepping over me. I didn’t have a hangover and there wasn’t a mark on me. Never found out if they threw me Ernie either.”

I guess Tord wanted *involvement*—at almost any price.

I hated to see Tord and Lisa leave, but they both had jobs.

When it was Sally’s turn to trip a week or two later, a couple visitors having arrived whom we considered to be our type, we learned that just being at the lodge was no insurance against having spooky or frightening experiences. The visitors were Ed Rosenfeld, at that time Boo Hoo of the West Side, and girl friend. They hadn’t been in the house fifteen minutes before Ed pulled out a vial of tablets and asked if it was OK if they dropped. It was around two in the afternoon, but I didn’t know then that the middle of the day is a very inauspicious time to start a trip, because you come

down in the middle of the night. It's best to start late in the evening, so that your return to the world of ordinary game routines coincides with the rising of the sun, or in the early morning, so that you are well down by your ordinary bedtime.

Aside from the shock produced by hearing the crazy laugh of a loon flying over the lake early in the trip. (I made a point thereafter of warning visitors to expect unearthly shrieks as the shades of night were falling), Ed and girl had no particular difficulty, but Sally, who was unusually quiet for the first few hours, went through a classic death-rebirth in our bedroom as soon as it was dark. As long as she was agitated, the phenomenal world continued to exist for her. As soon as she relaxed, it disappeared. We all sat on the bed holding on to her and saying the usual reassuring words. After a half an hour of flipping back and forth, she came out of it and the rest of the trip proceeded along normal lines in the living room, but Sally remained shaken for some time.

The next day, we drove Ed and girl to Saranac Lake to get a bus, and, naturally, the talk was almost entirely on the nature of life and death. Ed had taken several DMT trips in New York, by intravenous injection, and, as he described the effects, they sounded very much like my peak acid experiences and, to Sally, what she had been through the night before. (She was, by the way, in great shape perceptually the next day—the world in general she said looked brighter, sharper, and generally more delightful than it had in a long time.)

The question, of course, was the usual one: is it "real?". Sally and I had talked about it before, but it's one thing to indulge in a little metaphysical speculation while smoking a joint or two and it's another thing altogether to consider certain fundamental questions after having just died and been reborn on 500 micrograms of the Supreme Sacrament. The images summoned up have a certain immediacy and familiarity unknown to academic philosophers—a veritable clamor is heard in the forefront of one's mind that these issues be given prompt attention, as if they were long overdue bills or a toothache. I have seen many virtually illiterate persons (who were nevertheless natively intelligent) rush to the libraries after their first death-rebirth experiences as if . . . their lives depended on it. Similarly, those who have been long sunk in darkest naive realism, will suddenly awake as if by magic to the realization that the popular wisdom on these subjects, and the official high school level "scientific" propaganda as well, has by no means succeeded in

intimidating the universe to behave itself, lie down, roll over, and whine for a biscuit. Not by a long shot. In the early days of the movement this fact was generally recognized; there were many stories about writers, painters and even mathematicians testifying to the enormous stimulating effect of psychedelic experience on their work. It irritates me enormously to see that this great fact is now almost entirely overlooked because of the official persecution of our religion, which causes people to shut up, and the mass media confusion of the head world with the political sub-culture devoted to primitivism and egalitarianism. In contrast to this depressing image, however, the actual state of affairs remains the same: intelligent people who take large doses of LSD, no matter how slovenly their former intellectual habits, will characteristically respond by developing a serious interest in philosophic thought and their tastes in literature and art will move up a notch. Even for the dull, a movement from Frank Sinatra to the Beatles and Bob Dylan represents a significant increase in the quality of content. It is easy to become too absolutistic in evaluating other people's ideas instead of considering the distance covered. I remember how enthusiastic and liberated I felt when as an adolescent, I discovered Freud and Marx. Now that all of that is part of the background, I tend to degrade similar discovery by others of psychoanalysis and Marxism as of no particular consequence. One takes it for granted. It is a bad habit and most difficult to recognize in oneself, brought on by the normal process of growing older and more experienced.

Do you really die? *When you think you die.*

The reason people doubt that they have really died, of course, is the fact that afterwards they "come back" and people tell them they were never absent for a minute. Further, they witness other people, who later say they died, being right there, breathing, the whole time. Behind all of this argument however, lies the assumption of the externality of relations. One's life or death is thought of as something within another, greater, continuum of space and time. Reincarnation, as it is ordinarily thought of, is but a special case of this. The entity, whatever its relative power, still exists within a continuum with an independent dynamism.

If the externality of relations is denied, on the other hand, there is no reason whatever to consider the death-rebirth experience as a "falsehood"—or no more reason to consider it any less "false" than a table or a chair. Under these conditions you can have any set of memories you please, or, for that matter, any set of libraries

containing any kind of history you please. "My house has many mansions." I have as yet to see anyone on a death-rebirth express the wish to come back as a cherub in a world of pink clouds—and even if they did, they wouldn't mean it. As for the various dispositions made of bodies in one's view (some get up and ask for a stiff drink while others cease to function and are mustered out), so what? If people did not come and go in our dreams, things would become unbearably crowded. Indeed, a dream jammed with people who never went away is as good a vision of Hell as I can imagine. A sort of Bangla Desh of the Mind, but of course, Bangla Desh *is* the Bangla Desh of the Mind.

The fact is that the traditionalists are correct. There is a "resurrection of the body," but in a different way than they think (taking truth from authority always results in some simplistic absurdity or other). They tell a story in many "depressed areas" about a local boy who went to local schools, married a local girl, and worked all his life in the town where he was born. Then he died and went to Hell—but the transition was so gradual that he hardly noticed it. Much of the resistance to thinking in these terms is due to the high value people place on their personal memory. They may degrade the importance of intelligence, emotion, intuition and every other function of the ego, but for some reason never subject memory to the same criticism. Yet, even in the most superficial "science of psychology" sense, memory has been shown to be the most unreliable of guides to the truth.

Not only what is happening but also what one remembers *as having happened* are as subject to change without notice as the price of peas. But, what *really* happened?, some may ask. Nothing in that sense (that sense being the evocation of a world of external relations). The Void, so called, is nothing more nor less than the denial of the externality of relations, the negation of an abstraction, a return to the strictest empiricism. It has no past, present or future. As Thoreau said, "That life which we improve, or which is improvable, is neither past, present nor future." All changes within the fundamental game of duality (assuming the externality of relations) are "wash-outs," as they say in economics, so far as fundamental tensions are concerned. Only those changes which are made in the light of the Void, so to speak, make any permanent difference.

"It will be seen that among the objects with which we are acquainted are not included physical objects (as opposed to sense

data), nor other people's minds." (Bertrand Russell)

It all comes back to Dick Alpert's question to me when I was explaining what I had realized back at Millbrook: "I do have a life of my own, don't I?" *That's his business*. All I know about him is what I know about him, and, if he "thickens the plot" I'm glad he is there to serve as a character in my story. I am content to have him think of me in the same way. The same thing is true of Bach and Shakespeare and the victims of the Inquisition. Under such circumstances, how can there be any fame, shame, praise or blame?

If things become extraordinarily magical, if there is a relatively high degree of freedom from circumstantial restraints, people may respond by freezing in terror, "freak out," go paranoid, and that certainly cannot be called a reduction of suffering. On the other hand, if we are trapped by circumstances then we are subject to pain. A continuum without externality need not be "morally" perfect. "God" may be "drunk," or "insane."

If he is, and you believe you are merely his creature or appendage, you are not in an enviable position. If you are a solipsist, however, the miserable history of mankind need not oppress you, for all of that may have been your last and final nightmare. How do you know that hell has not frozen over? Why assume otherwise? Do you know of any good reason why your *antakarana* functions should *continue* to be drunk or insane? Perhaps, if you switch from booze to grass, "God" will also—and the whole world will become stoned. Perhaps, if you, as a personality, try to be honest and kind, the whole world (which is your dream) will become honest and kind also. Think back. Has there not been a peculiar correspondence between the events of "history" and the kinds of decisions you have made about the conduct of your private life?

Give it time. If you insist on the illusion of externality, the *antakarana* cannot be expected to turn everything into moonbeams overnight.

I don't think Sally actually "got it" well enough so that the implications of her experience could hold against the habits and opinions of a lifetime. I did not understand the ins and outs of it all as well then as I do now, and, of course, the mythic aspects required role changes which Sally was not young enough, or free enough, or rich enough, or brave enough, or crazy enough, to make.

The rest of the summer passed in a succession of neat little episodes. People would arrive at the dock, we would have a scene

of one kind or another, and then they would leave from the same dock, always happier but not necessarily wiser.

A couple of “good ole transcendentalist boys” showed up—an alcoholic professor of English Literature from Canton and Walter Houston Clark, at that time a full professor of Theology at Andover Newton Theological School (founded by Calvinists to combat the Unitarian heresy of Harvard Divinity). Clark looked like Dr. Spock, and his buddy like good old Jack Spratt, warmed over. All they wanted to do was shoot the breeze, look the place over, and generally perform their sacred function as general gadabouts and learned gossips of the psychedelic society. They had met a few months earlier, they told me, as fellow recruits to what I thought was an interesting experiment. Who conducted it, I can’t remember. Some quasi-academic association, I think, of which there were several at that time. The subjects, all mature and well-educated adults, were given increasing doses of LSD every day for several days. What happened? The usual stuff, but after three days the acid had no effect whatever. Clark, according to his buddy with whom I had one or two private conversations as the day wore on, was a millionaire, but a skinflint of the old school. “You’ll never get a dime out of him,” said the Blake expert, “so save your breath.” In the years to come, I did Clark one or two small favors, for which I was rewarded by not being mentioned in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* article Clark wrote on psychedelic drugs and religion. The League for Spiritual Discovery which lasted about two and one-half years and never had more than a dozen members, and the Church of the Awakening, which Clark belonged to himself, and which folded around ’70 or ’71, were mentioned. I did get more than a dime out of Clark, however. Along with other notables such as Jean Houston and Robert Masters who were on Lisa Bieberman’s hit list, Clark put up a couple hundred towards my bail when I was busted in Florida. I wonder if he left the Neo-American Church out of his article because I never paid him back? No—I think I just irritated Clark for the same reasons that I irritated Lisa and all her other academical refugees from the classic New England seance circuit. I wasn’t playing by the rules. I wasn’t *trying to find common ground*. I showed no interest in the various spook shows, associations, research groups and informal social congeries then forming, and as rapidly unforming, which derived their structure and function, not from psychedelic experience and/or the grand traditions of religion, but from the tired old ideals and routines of fraternity

and equality in the professoriate. It was all a lot of blab anyway. These people, cornballs though they may have been, had nevertheless ingested large quantities of the supreme sacrament with the result that they had all become sure of one thing—whatever came to pass, they would surely be the founding fathers and the inner circle of it. They would not join anything which they had not themselves established nor into the ruling circle of which they could not immediately move. Therefore, nothing they put together lasted. Just as well, I would say.

Like everyone else in the psychedelic movement who approached the scene from the top instead of the bottom, it didn't take me long to get ripped off by one of the gutter-rat dealers who, immediately sniffing money in the air, did not see the movement as an opportunity for psychic change and world reform but as an opportunity for "upward mobility" and the fleecing of starry-eyed lambs. Live and learn. Most of the people we met that summer were honorable and good.

Sally and the kids left for Manhasset early in August. Her father had died shortly after we bought Morning Glory Lodge, and shortly after he had retired and bought a beach house in Montauk. Her mother was selling the new house and moving to Florida. Sally's help was needed. Perhaps we would move to Florida for the winter also. Since there was no money available to winterize the lodge, and Sally was opposed to staying anyway, it didn't seem to me that I had much choice, but I was damned if I was going to leave before things got too chilly for comfort. September, actually, is the best time to be in the North Country. Most of the tourists are gone, the foliage becomes so glorious as to seem almost vulgar, and the weather is delightful—warm enough usually to swim during the day but clear and bright enough at night so that the stars come out in overwhelming numbers and almost knock you down with their glory when you step out to take a piss or go down to the water's edge to think something over.

After Sally's departure (with a boatload of lesbians from New York City who had all seemed to enjoy themselves "freaking freely" in the woods), I had a few days to myself, and then Kimberly Harrison and Steve the Flea arrived, followed by Steve Newell and then Mike and Gay Duncan. Steve and Kimberly had a strange story to tell. They were both from Miami, where Kimberly, a classic blonde beauty, plied her trade as a \$50 Miami Beach hooker. She had met Steve after he had freaked out on the most colossal bummer

I had heard about up to that time, involving hordes of fleas appearing in his house, not being able to take a shower because the water wouldn't touch his skin, and aimless wanderings during which he was pursued by flocks of blackbirds and was always picked up on the road by kindly spades driving white cars who knew all about him even though he had never seen any of them before in his life. Kimberly, who had heard about the lodge from a friend of Ed Rosenfeld's, had driven Steve up to be "cooled out," paying all the bills along the way, in the best tradition of the American whore with a heart of gold. She loved every variety of psychedelic drug, and never had anything but the most glorious and happy experiences while stoned.

Steve Newell was something else, also. An alcoholic with a large private income and a family he constantly deserted to go on month long binges in Mexican whore houses and amnesic tours of the USA in his big black Thunderbird, Steve had discovered peyote about a year prior to his visit and, as he put it, had "forgotten to drink." His kick was magic, pure and simple—using the *Grimoire* to summon up demons, travelling around in his astral body, and so on. He tripped (always alone) in every one of the little cabins and reported that each one had a different set of entities—rather *unheimlich* in the north, but decent sorts in the south.

Mike and Gay Duncan (at that time unmarried), whom I found sleeping in the grass in front of one of the cabins one morning, not having noticed the arrival of the boat the night before on account of being stupefied, were what I later came to recognize as classic hippies—even to the extent of appearing ragged, dirty and poor—although they happened to be rich. To this day, Mike has always struck me as being a sort of monstrous archetype of Hippydom, with every characteristic of the class (however sublime or ludicrous) exaggerated beyond belief. Whatever the hippy world is doing, Mike can be counted on to not only do early (he is not imitative) but to do in a big way. It is impossible to name any ideology (Meher Babaism, Macrobiotics, Primitivism, etc.) which has enjoyed a transitory popularity in the kid culture to which Mike did not, at one time or another, give his enthusiastic allegiance. At the time, of course, and for several years afterwards, Mike and Gay were zooming around the country in a crazy quilt pattern downing enormous quantities of every psychedelic drug available in a mad search for some kind of earthly perfection (and a guru who would tell them not only exactly where everything "was at" but would

magically elevate them beyond all mundane cares) and talking about nothing but drugs, drugs, drugs. Which, of course was what all the hippies would shortly be doing, if somewhat less extravagantly.

I found it impossible to talk to Mike for more than ten minutes without getting so angry at his obduracy that I would blow up. He would ask me exactly those questions which anyone who congratulates himself on having achieved some kind of special understanding of life loves to hear, and I would answer him as best I knew how. Mike would listen attentively and respond in such a way that I was sure he grasped my meaning perfectly—and then, two minutes later, come up with some goofy statement he had picked up from a trashy pamphlet somewhere which demonstrated that the entire exchange had had no effect on him whatever. It is such experiences which send people in my profession to an early grave, or blithering into the wilderness.

Michael, and the class he represented so accurately likewise, failed and failed again, in all his searchings, to pass one simple test required of all successful prospectors for gold: the ability to recognize it when you've got it. Prophets are not generally honored in their own country for one simple reason: their countrymen are so full of self-loathing that they cannot believe anyone who speaks their language and lives the way they live can be worth anything, and so it was with Michael. Anything that glittered at the bottom of *his* pan had to be fool's gold, while anything he couldn't actually see, but was merely told existed in some exotic place, was probably the genuine article (at least he thought so until he got there, after many travails, and by his presence made it familiar rather than exotic and therefore worthless).

But I must also mention that Mike's motto at that time, and for some time to come, was, "Well, since we're already this stoned, why not have one more and get *really* stoned?", an attitude which compensates in my system of bookkeeping for a multitude of sins.

I spent most of my time talking to Steve the Flea, whose crazy adventures fascinated me. Undoubtedly, in former years, I would have regarded him as a "well defended" paranoid and let it go at that. He would have been considered "well defended" because he didn't do anything particularly bizarre, or even show any signs of an inability to relate to ordinary life in acceptable ways. Steve's sense of humor, for example, was intact. He had classic Capricornian saturnine features and a deep, rich voice to match, and his favorite gag was to reply to any blithe or optimistic statement made in his

vicinity with a long, drawn out “Oh, yea-a-a-a-a-h?” expressing his profoundly felt conviction that all efforts to see psychedelic experience in a happy or friendly light were doomed to eventual disillusionment.

“Listen, Steve,” I said at one point, “why don’t we build you a tree house out back? Then, when visitors come we can tell them that we have this hermit who will answer one and only one question for each group of visitors. They should take their time and work out some question that’s really complex and covers everything . . . then they have to prostrate themselves under your tree and go through some kind of mumbo-jumbo to get you to come out on your porch or limb or whatever. You don’t say anything. Just listen gravely as the question is read out. Then you say, ‘Oh, yea-a-a-a-a-h?’ and go back in your house.”

Steve thought it was a good idea, but he didn’t want to be separated from Kimberly, even though he had been impotent since his strange adventures began. One afternoon, while Steve was on the porch reading, Kimberly came upstairs and knelt on the floor next to my chair where I was writing and looking out over the lake. It wasn’t that Steve was “uptight,” she explained. Far from it. Night after night she would lie next to him naked and squirming, applying every remedy known to a \$50 Miami Beach hooker, and Steve would merely gaze at her fondly and compassionately from a million miles away. Resting her lovely head on my knee, Kimberly drawled in her soft Texan accents (her father, she said, was a big shipper in Port Arthur), “Ah jus’ don understan’ it, Ahthur. Ahm *known* on the beach for mah *haid* jobs. Wah, nobody can resist a good *haid* job!”

“Well, I can resist it if the young lady in question has a boy friend who is likely to walk up the stairs at any moment, Kimberly,” I said. “As far as Steve is concerned, he thinks you’re an angel or something. If he allowed himself to have dirty ideas about you, it would break the spell.”

I had a little private trip with Kimberly a couple nights later, or at least she had a trip and I just smoked a lot of grass while she told me the story of her life. When the sun came up, we went down to the dock where, in a matter of two or three seconds, a fish jumped out of the water at our feet, two ducks landed only a little further out, and a big tree fell, with a long, rending crash, in the woods right behind the lodge.

This was but one of the many times I did not take LSD at Morning Glory Lodge and elsewhere.

Steve came down from one of the little cabins right after the tree crashed, and reclaimed his prize. Her honor had not been stained in any way. Poor Kim, whom I liked enormously, probably thought she was losing her touch, but the fact was that I thought she was pretty inhuman myself . . . and therefore invulnerable . . . and therefore not a natural object of masculine desire . . . or something. That's a pretty vague "fact," I've got to admit.

Steve was still hallucinating frequently with eyes closed and occasionally with eyes open—movie style Indians running through the woods was a big favorite—and I told him about the things I call "winkle buttons" which I had been seeing ever since my *kundalini* experience. These were colored, illuminated discs and sometimes sharp glaiks of bright light which appeared for one heartbeat or so from three to ten feet away from me in space. I still get them, although not as frequently as I did in those days. They seem to function as sort of exclamation points or question marks to what I'm thinking or hearing or reading. Most often they are blue, contain many parallel horizontal lines, and are about two inches in diameter, although once, just before coming upon a bear in the road during a night drive from Cranberry to Star Lake, I saw one as big as a dinner plate over the hood of the car, which made me slow down.

Steve was delighted to hear about these apparitions, naturally, since it was evidence he wasn't alone, and listened to my discourse on the subject of synchronicity with perfect attention. Naturally, he had interpreted all the synchronicity he had experienced in terms of vast and impersonal occult forces contending for possession of his soul, in the worst Jewish tradition. Monstrous forces were at work, guiding the historical process and playing with men as if they were toys. I showed him that the events he so interpreted could be seen in an entirely different light, but, naturally, *I never questioned the "reality" of the events themselves.*

Since then, I have talked to many "psychotic" paranoids and psychedelic people on paranoid trips, and I don't think there is much difference between them. Although the non-psychedelic patients are almost always called paranoid schizophrenics these days, I don't think most of them are schizophrenic as I understand the term. They are just ordinary people who have tuned in (noticed) the synchronistic level of apperception—and made the worst of it.

They can be talked out of it, and I don't mean in any tricky therapeutic way, but simply through the use of reason. My favored method is to get three or four paranoids together and have them read sentences in succession from books and pages picked at random and then show them how the coincidences that appear fit into everyone's system, not just theirs. No one who has ever been carried away by a full flood of synchronicity will ever return to his former positivist mechanistic outlook on life. One must drag these lost souls through the woods, not back.

Steve Newell was an entirely different type—he liked it in the dark and spooky woodlands of Wier, and his occultism, I now realize, was unusual and, in a way, admirable because he was completely lacking in the pseudo-scientific double-talk and fantastic ontological categorical speculations which pass for “philosophy” among most occultists. Not a half-hour had gone by after he stepped in the door of the lodge (it was a dark, windy, rainy night, naturally) before he had let us all know that his idea of a good time was to walk through walls and talk to the dead—or at least to beings that did not conform to the usual restrictions of time and space. Could we buy that? Did we think it was crazy?

“Life is a dream, Steve,” I said. “You can have any kind of dream you like, anything is possible. From a philosophic standpoint, I don't think you will learn anything except that fact by doing what you say you do, but it may be that that is the fact you have to learn. You have to convince yourself you are, or can be, immortal, right?”

Steve seemed very relieved at my response. That was exactly how he saw it too. About once a week on the average, this guy *did* all the things you read about in occultist literature, all the things people like Jean Houston, Masters, Lilly and the rest of them only dabble with and theorize about within the masquerade of a “scientific” point of view.

All occultism is based on the wish for personal immortality. The difference between the occultists who do it and the occultists who only talk about it (or only have a few experiences and then spend the rest of their lives babbling away) is that the former concede what the latter are engaged in frantically denying: that the *whole thing* is mental. They will admit that walking through a wall and walking down to the corner to buy a six-pack are both games, both illusionist tricks, thereby making “ordinary life” more strange and “astral” life more ordinary. Someone in this condition is very

simply an enlightened person who is not very bright: he has grasped the principle but is having trouble with the application. The fraud, on the other hand, is even more afraid of the truth than he is of personal death. After all, the termination of a set of memories, which is death, is a frightening prospect, but what is it compared to the total demolition of the "objective" universe? He is therefore obliged to preserve "objective" reality, and can only "save his soul" by imagining himself being pulled out of shape somehow, or the memories transferred from one box to another, as it were, within the machine. All he actually saves are vague images of moving, labelled blobs.

Now, as a form of adventure, rather than philosophy, a bit of a spook show every now and then, it seems to me, has its place and its usages, and given the moons and the loons and everything, an isolated lodge in the Adirondacks, after nightfall, in which a heterogeneous group of people, until recently strangers, are gathered together for the avowed purpose of undergoing profound changes, is the last place in the world in which to turn on fluorescent lights and listen to the radio rather than to discuss and perhaps even practice some of the less routine diversions which such a setting naturally suggests to the imagination.

If communicating with the elves is your trip—well, give my regards to the King of the Elves! But in the morning—let's go fishing.

An astrologer who named himself "Yossarian" after the character in *Catch 22*, and Anna (I never learned her maiden or married name), his newly acquired and extraordinarily voluptuous mistress, showed up and stayed for about a week. They tripped on morning glory seeds, properly pre-soaked and peeled, and had a good one, by both reports, mostly private, but partly public, down by a camp fire near the shore. Yossarian, however, like most astrologers I have known, showed various paranoid inclinations then and more later, on those infrequent occasions when I ran into him here and there. At the Ashram in Arizona, after Millbrook broke up, Anna switched to Ted Druck, who will be introduced later, in a hilarious *contretemps* which I may describe in a future book . . . then, fed up with Haines, Ted and Anna moved to Tucson, where they were very kind to me during one of the lowest periods of my life. Hearts of gold—in both cases. Both good examples of why LSD should not be restricted to the intellectual elite—it can be of enormous service to "ordinary" people also, and they have as much right to it as anyone else.

I usually stopped in at Merchant's bar every morning after picking up mail and groceries, which I first stowed in the boat (another nice thing about the North Country is that you don't have to worry about petty theft). After I had ordered my usual Michelob draft one day, Charlie Merchant, who looked like an old Chinese warlord without the pigtails, told me there had been a call for me from Millbrook. I was supposed to call back.

When I was connected with the Big House (where a pay phone had been installed at the foot of the stairs) Tim got on the line. He and Billy Hitchcock would be flying up in Billy's plane that afternoon. Could I meet them at the Tupper Lake field? Certainly.

Even Charlie Merchant was excited. He was old enough to remember newspaper stories about Billy's father, the polo playing champ of the Thirties, Tommy Hitchcock. And of course, the infamous "Dr. Leary," the Mephisto of the modern world, would also be worth looking over. I promised to stop in before we went over to MGL.

I went home, got Mike Duncan and we drove to Tupper Lake—but not before I picked up a bottle of Wilson's from Charlie.

Tim and Billy arrived on schedule, but so did a vast bank of black clouds, apparently fulfilling an assignment from God to fuck up my most important visit of the summer. By the time we got to Charlie's it was raining cats and dogs. Spears of water were dancing all over the shrouded lake. Mike and I were both smashed on both whiskey and grass. Tim seemed preoccupied and neither smoked nor drank. Billy, since he was flying, couldn't. When we got in the boat, Tim crawled under the small covered area in front, but, by the time we came bounding and sliding into the dock—in rough weather it was no joke to land on a windward shore—everyone was soaked. Practically nothing occurred during Tim and Billy's short visit, in fact, the whole thing reminded me of the God-awful ministerial visits to members of the congregation I had to sit through as a child. Here we were, a collection of madmen such as the world had never seen, and the conversation was actually forced. I found out later that Tim, at that time, was in the process of losing his fair-haired beauty to a baldheaded fake-Tantric specialist in coitus reservatus. Billy, unstoned, was worrying about the weather. Mike and I were smashed. Everyone else was over-awed.

The professional in the religion racket will not be surprised to learn that Michael, whom I always treated very bluntly (to put it mildly), out-contributed Billy Hitchcock, whom I always treated

with kid gloves, by about 2 to 1 in the years that followed, and is today an enlightened being with an aura at least six feet in diameter—very convenient for killing mosquitos—and a nice beach house in Hawaii.

Indeed, Michael has been my salvation, as well as I his, which is one of the reasons I have never given up entirely on the occultist multitudes, although, any time now, I intend to throw in the towel on the millionaires . . . unless I can find one who enjoys being told how full of shit he is every time he opens his mouth, which isn't likely, considering everything.

After closing up Morning Glory Lodge for the winter, all visitors having gone about their business, (Kimberly had to sell the air conditioner and radio out of her car to make it back to Miami with Steve, I found out later) I set out for Montauk in the hope that Mary Francis could be persuaded not to move to Florida. The new house was privately situated, had its own beach, was big enough for all of us and it seemed to me could do very well as an office for a psychedelic psychologist during the winter. Nothing I had heard about Florida sounded attractive to me, whereas the tip of Long Island, despite being pretty well populated, was still a wild and romantic place, and rich besides.

Naturally, I stopped at Millbrook on the way down.

The place was loaded with visitors. Starting from the Big House, cars were lined up along the road halfway to the Gatehouse.

Tim gave me a copy of his *Psychedelic Prayers*, which had just come out. It was inscribed "To a laughing man with a bad reputation." I liked both the inscription, which referred to a list of trustworthy types in the back of the book, and the prayers themselves, which were based on the *Tao Te Ching*. It was certainly a big step forward from *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

Tim was very curious about Kimberly, who had stopped at Millbrook for a few days after leaving the lodge, and had made a big hit with him. He also wanted reports on some more or less "routine cases," usually couples, he had sent up to take their first trips away from the Millbrook maelstrom during the summer (the famous, the rich and the beautiful he kept to himself, naturally). When I told him that, as far as these people were concerned, acid seemed to function more as an aphrodisiac than a key to the Underworld, he was enormously pleased. Millbrook was definitely on a sex kick, and the influence of Herman Hesse was in full flower. Dick Alpert, who seemed to be enjoying himself enormously, was

specializing in producing a sort of Reichian transcendence of “body-armor” and Tim, never content with ordinary objectives, was talking in terms of 1,000,000 “orgasms” a second.

Personally, I have found acid to be as sexually distracting as it is intensifying, although grass almost always makes a sexual experience more sensual and luxurious than it would be otherwise, as it does all direct and immediate experience we usually cloud over with game-planning. Cannabis is the perfect drug for the consumers of sensual pleasure—any kind of sensual pleasure.

Acid, although producing exactly the same intensifications of present experience and abolition of perceptual and sensual inhibitions as marijuana, is always pushing beyond—like a geisha who, once she has her customer well enchanted, starts reading from the *Tale of Genji* and manifesting glorious visions on the surface of the carp pool in her moonlit garden. Under such circumstances, getting laid seems like something you might as well put off until tomorrow. If you insist anyway, it’s absolutely true that the experience is in a class by itself, especially on a visionary level. Enough variety to satisfy the most jaded palate, one might say. It’s like taking on central casting. But people who routinely use acid this way are *tamasic* types in almost every case, I have found: devoid of higher aspirations or interests beyond the satisfaction of their personal needs and untrustworthy on that account. If you want to get ripped off, or betrayed, just associate with couples who spend all their time on trips balling.

On to Montauk. We decided that I would take the train to Miami, where my brother Leonard lived, look things over and return with a report. This I did. My report was unfavorable. As far as I could see, the place was some kind of giant blob. My-am-I (possession is identity). The sky was too low. General somnambulism seemed to prevail, even among the heads, several of whom arrived to pay their respect soon after I arrived. My kid brother’s style of existence depressed me. A very bright fellow, he was so socked into middle class respectability that I could see at a glance that so far as my values were concerned, there was no hope for him. A purgatory world, in which nothing of consequence would ever happen, Florida had no class—be it for good or ill. On the other hand, it would just be for the winter. Sally’s mother wanted to go. She had the money. We went.

That winter passed like a dream. We rented a little house and

held meetings once a week. I met some interesting, if unimpressive people and got local T.V. and radio coverage, but the sensation of suspended animation remained. So I stayed drunk most of the time, and furtively fooled around with a Tuesday Weld type University of Miami coed, who deserved much better of me, to dispel the general miasmic boredom which seemed to seep out of the very ground itself. I couldn't face an acid trip in the Florida setting. I was sure I would bolt.

Sally, aside from the paranoia engendered by having a refrigerator full of sacramental sugar cubes in the kitchen, loved the place. During meetings, she would take the kids over to her mother's house. The meetings were fairly sedate affairs, during which we would have multiple readings and watch T.V. with the sound off and listen to a radio program simultaneously and discuss the usual head-type philosophic questions. That was another problem—I couldn't really let go and have genuine group sessions in the house because we were surrounded on all sides by decent burghers, who never gave us any trouble although they knew what was going on, but would surely have called the cops if naked freaks claiming to be pelicans had appeared on their doorsteps asking for directions to grandmother's house, or something similar, as would almost certainly have happened if everyone had been routinely stoned on acid whenever we had a meeting. In other words, claustrophobia.

Jack Kerouac showed up for one meeting, smashed on wine, and entertained us with great wit, verve, and erudition for hours. A true monologist of the old school if there ever was one. When drinking, he would go for days without sleep with his friends working in shifts to look after him. His greatest performance when in this condition, according to a story Watts told me, was appearing before an exclusive group of literary and academic figures at Harvard shortly after *On the Road* was published. He staggered to the lectern and said, "Well, this is a fine looking collection of cock suckers" and then threw up all over the floor. His audience (but, not, I suspect, the janitor) rose as one man and applauded with genuine appreciation and respect for a masterful performance. Ah, where is that glorious spirit of yesteryear which prevailed before everyone got so up-tight? *It shall return*. We have merely been going through a transitional period during which the forces of moralistic hypocrisy, tagging behind the police, as usual, have staged a last gasp attempt to defend their suzerainty. Begone ye dour faced

demons! “*A Christian could and should be gay, but the devil shits on him!*” (Martin Luther)

We snagged a few good members in Miami, however shallow the generality. I was greatly surprised after one meeting, when I was signing people up, to discover that a quiet, unassuming fellow who had just joined was a 5th Avenue psychiatrist, Joe Gross. Every psychiatrist I had met in my career as a psychologist had struck me as being so far beyond redemption that I figured only shock treatments or lobotomy could shake him out of his rigid orthodoxies. Accordingly, Joe’s defection lifted my spirits considerably. If psychiatrists could entertain sweeping revolutionary concepts about the nature of the mind, so could anyone. I believe I stopped drinking for about 24 hours to celebrate.

However, the most fateful event which occurred that winter in Miami was something that, at the time, struck me as being one of the most ludicrous and disgusting spectacles I had ever witnessed.

Steve Newell showed up one evening with a friend, a French postcard manufacturer named Eustace Chartreuse, whom Steve had convinced to try acid. Eustace’s trip was the first one I ever witnessed which was utterly devoid of any philosophical, ennobling or “spiritual” influence. All he did all evening was blubber piteously about his ex-wife (who had recently divorced him, getting custody of their only child and denying Eustace any visiting rights) and roll around on the floor in front of the couch on which Sally was sitting, moaning and groaning and occasionally addressing Sally by his first wife’s name. Sally, apparently, looked like her. When he went to the bathroom, which was frequently, it took two of us to get him past the gas heater in the hall, which he thought was some kind of passageway to the infernal regions placed there to suck down wife beaters to their just rewards. So, if I had to revise my opinion of psychiatrists, my opinion of French postcard manufacturers was confirmed. When he left, after Steve apologized profusely for his friend’s behavior, I thought no more of the matter. Little did I realize that this monumental creep would be the proximate cause of much suffering for me in the future.

I also learned, in Miami, that not everyone is turn-onable, and that, even with psychedelics, a sincere wish and correct attitudes will not necessarily produce results. There are people, it seems, who are constitutionally incapable of tripping, no matter how much they take. Much confusion and misunderstanding have resulted, in the psychedelic world, from the fact that individual reactions to

psychedelics vary so widely. The average head tends to assume that everyone who takes what he takes has much the same experience he has. It often isn't so. Many very light and infrequent users have fantastic and glorious experiences, even on small amounts of hashish. Some people who take enormous quantities of LSD "see" very little. So the question, "how much do you take?" doesn't mean very much. It took me quite a while to realize that.

What convinced me was my experience with a quite well-to-do middle-aged couple from Coconut Grove, who showed up at about the same time a drunken reporter and a photographer from *Life* magazine were hanging around. The wife was so eager to try the stuff she almost drooled when she talked about it. For years she had been investigating various occultist systems without finding what she had been looking for. Then she had read about Tim, IFIF, the abortive Zihuatenejo experiment, The Castalia Foundation, and the rest of it. She dragged her husband, a good-natured open-minded fellow, hundreds of miles to hear Tim speak. She was convinced that "this was it" but somehow could never lay her hands on any acid. My appearance in Miami, therefore, struck her as a godsend. I made arrangements to turn her on at her house one morning, when everyone would be away (they had two college age sons). Since I had just put a batch of new crystal in vodka at the rate of 250 micrograms per drop, I gave it to her right on the tongue—after signing her up (everyone I turned on had to join the church first). An hour later, nothing had happened. I gave her another drop, and she seemed to become slightly nervous. I took her over to my house, convinced by this time that there was something wrong with the acid. I gave her a sugar cube from a former batch. Nothing. By evening, she had taken 2000 micrograms without any effects whatever. When her husband came over I was busily making up twenty or thirty Necco wafers with a drop on each which I intended to hand out to members for testing.

"Why don't I try one?" her husband suggested. I handed him a slimy pink disc, thinking that he would take it later, but he popped it down without a second's hesitation. Off they went in their Cadillac. I said a silent prayer, lit up a joint and turned on the T.V.

A half an hour later, the wife, still sounding perfectly "normal," called and said she thought I ought to come over to their house. When I walked in I found her husband, wearing a bathrobe, seated in an easy chair surrounded by his adoring family and beaming away like a lighthouse.

“Ask me anything!” he announced, making a lordly gesture. He was on one of the most beautiful, well-balanced, dignified, humorous, kind, loving, optimistic and altogether glorious trips I have ever witnessed. The man struck me as a veritable Santa Claus, brimming over with good cheer and happy news for one and all. Naturally, his sons wanted to try it too, and I obliged with no hesitation. They both had great trips also, but their poor mother never, as far as I know, got off, although she tried several times thereafter.

When the *Life* reporter asked me for someone to interview, I made arrangements for him to talk to my favorite new acid family, which he did. The story, identified as a “Midwestern businessman’s trip” appeared on the first page of the lead story. The Neo-American Church wasn’t mentioned . . . so I put a curse on *Life* and it has since disappeared.

Of course, this was a nice, Christian family to start out with. Not only did they live in pleasant circumstances, free of care and anxiety, but all their lives they attended churches in the liberal, reformist Protestant tradition in which the teachings of Jesus were presented in a fairly uncorrupted form devoid of the gore, sexual derangement and hellfire of Catholicism or “fundamentalism.” A thousand blessings on the Christian ministry that produces such happy people!

It pisses me off when I think that, because of the laws and the fact that the media leadership of the movement has largely fallen into the hands of people like Castaneda and Baba Ram Dass, who insist on making the process of attaining to Enlightenment into a big problem, like getting a sort of post-doctoral degree, very few of these happy families, whom I consider to be the salt of the earth, ever sit down together and pop a few pills. It has all been made to look too grim, terrible and complicated for the likes of them. It isn’t, unless you insist on it.

Onward, Christian soldiers!

So, I learned a few things in Miami, although it was largely a big drag. I could hardly wait to get back to MGL, and when April arrived I packed up the car and told Sally, who was unwilling to leave so early, to follow with the kids by plane as soon as she could. Things were not going well domestically, but it seemed to me that once we were out of Miami, all would be well. We had enough money. A beautiful spring, summer and fall at the lodge stretched before us.

Surely Sally would see how lucky we were to have escaped the dreary lock-step of the typical American family. Right? Wrong.

Unfortunately, I decided to drink my way back North. No doubt certain anxieties were gnawing away at the back of my mind, despite the pleasant prospect at the forefront.

Every heavy drinker has an alternate personality which takes over when he is drunk, and I am no exception. Art Kleps<sup>2</sup> is, thank God, generally nonviolent, but extroverted, boisterous and insanely reckless. The world he lives in is not without a certain dramatic and magical quality, however, which, if it could be reached in any other way than by the use of an addictive drug, would be well worth visiting now and then. It is no accident that great poets are so often lusher as well. The *internal* dialogue of a drunk is often sublime, although his spoken conversation may be monotonous and stupid. Used just right, however, alcohol (and barbiturates also) can produce a state in which no divorcement between thought and talk exists; it all just reels out in an effortless manner and in a form one finds perfectly satisfactory; there is no sense of alienation or self-doubt. Unfortunately, just a couple drinks beyond this happy state, in which everything appears clear as a bell, lies the true land of the drunk, in which there literally is no tomorrow and no yesterday (the personality which inhabits this world will cease to exist when the hangover starts). True drunkenness is split personality. Art Kleps<sup>2</sup>, I have often thought, would have been perfectly suited to the 17th century when life was generally nasty, brutal and "short" (seemingly) and the only way to live well was to forget all about your personal safety and just grab whatever you could before the inevitable happened. Indeed, when I read something like Boswell's *Journal* or any other account of everyday life in the world before the industrial revolution, I always feel like the spirit of Art Kleps<sup>2</sup> is hovering over the pages. A visit to a rich friend's house to con one's way in to some racket or other, a trollop in an alleyway after lunch, a stroll with some low companions about the town in the afternoon, and an evening with brilliant conversationalists and three or four bottles of port to finish off the day sound like just the kind of life Art Kleps<sup>2</sup> would be content to lead. It's all a matter of style and good conversation, as if you were an actor on a stage. Dramatic effects are what you're after.

I guess it was some such consideration for keeping the script lively that moved me to offer the gas station attendant in central Florida a sugar cube. Here, pal, try one of these sometime. It's

fantastic. Middle of the night. Black as ink. I had no idea where I was. Ten minutes later I pulled up in front of a closed grocery store and went to sleep in the front seat. I awoke to find a cop shining his flashlight directly in the plastic bucket of foil wrapped sugar cubes at my feet.

“What’cha got there, buddy?” he asked.

“I have nothing to say,” I replied, as all students of ACLU pamphlets are taught to say under such circumstances.

I felt no anxiety whatever. The very meaning of the word “anxiety” is as unknown to Art Kleps<sup>2</sup> as it is to Batman or Captain Marvel. How can you have an adventure unless it *looks like* the villains may win? At the same time, Batman (or his author) knows in his heart it is all a farce and that he just can’t lose.

At the police station I was locked in a featureless holding cell painted a ghastly yellow, while my captor called his captain. During the hour or so I waited for his arrival, I actually dozed off, although I was thinking with perfect clarity and was by no means “stupefied” or in any similar state of mental inefficiency.

When I was ushered before the captain, he asked, “Do you care to tell me what this is, Mr. Kleps? We can have it analyzed, you know.”

The correct words seemed to come out of my mouth as if the whole thing were on tape. “No, I can’t tell you exactly what it is but it is the sacrament of my church.” A brief summary of the practices of the Native American Church and our belief that our organization has the same legal rights under the constitution reeled out of my mouth. Click. “Exactly what does it do to you?” A brief summary of the mystical tradition in Western and Oriental literature, brilliantly and modestly expressed, reeled out. Click.

The captain sat back in his chair with his chin in his hands.

“Captain,” I said, “I don’t blame your man for picking me up, and I understand that you have to hold on to what you have confiscated. If you like I will give you a release for it. But all I am interested in right now is being on my way. I have an appointment with a writer who is doing an interview with me for *Pageant* magazine up North and I don’t want to be late for it. All I can tell you is that if you arrest me your county is going to have one hell of an expensive case on its hands.” (Click!)

(It was true about the *Pageant* article. Bob Eddy, an old college friend who had become a Unitarian minister in Michigan had asked

me to fly over from New York to his place to do an interview as soon as I got there.)

"O.K." the captain said. "You can go. But I have to hold this stuff."

Naturally. It was, actually, a most unfortunate way to be introduced to the world of the great cops and robbers game. It encouraged me to feel, even if I was too sophisticated to think, that I might be invulnerable to such inconveniences as being arrested and put in jail on account of my beliefs. (Nobody who lives and acts is invulnerable to anything, and the more alive you are the more vulnerable you get.)

Art Kleps<sup>2</sup> went to Gainesville and dropped in on the local Bee Hee for a well-deserved rest. I woke up with a hangover and the usual worries. Pregnancy. Clap. Divorce . . . and someone fifty miles away *analyzing my sugar cubes soaked in LSD at this very moment!!!!???* Let the reader be assured that, once this realization entered *my* mind, the entire affair took on an entirely different aspect than it had in Art Kleps' mind during the previous night. In a matter of seconds I was out of the house and into my car and I didn't stop, except for gas, until I was out of the state of Florida.

There was still ice on the lake when I got back to "The North Country," although the air was warm. Happily, I hopped along the rocks on the shore and traversed the little sandy creek inlets taking in every detail of the glorious expanse before me like a kid at a parade. There is no joy like being exactly where you want to be.

After flying to Michigan to do the interview, I spent a week getting everything in order. Since I had to walk to town before the ice went out and I could use a boat, I had plenty of time to notice how the state campsite road was being extended in loops and tentacles down the shore and towards MGL. Land in the forest preserve in New York State is protected, not by ordinary law, but by an amendment to the constitution which states that it shall be "forever wild," an amendment which the Conservation Department has attempted to overturn, unsuccessfully, by referendum several times. The amendment is also peculiar in allowing any citizen of the state to bring a suit against the state for violations. What the Conservation Department was doing was clearly illegal. I wrote and threatened suit if the road went any further. They wrote back and said they had no such plans and that the road they had put in was for "fire control" purposes only. Provisions for campers were "incidental." Well, OK—I'm not as sure as some that city dwellers

shouldn't be provided with such facilities. It's probably better than a lot of garish motels in the towns. What fascinated me was the principle involved in this little incident. When a government agency breaks the law because the law fails to take everything into account and gets in the way of real human needs, everyone is expected to adopt a sophisticated attitude and let it pass. When a (powerless) individual does the same thing, a somewhat different standard seems to apply.

## Chapter 14

# Defend Thee, Lord

*I would have considered this a doubtful errand, myself.*

I was talking the matter over with Charlie at the bar one morning when a call came for me. It was Carl Perian, who worked for Senator Dodd's Juvenile Delinquency Sub-Committee. Apparently they had seen an article somewhere about my exchange of letters with the Food and Drug Administration over the issue of our Church being exempted, like the Native American Church, from the provisions of the Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965, which had just gone into effect, making possession of psychedelics a federal crime. Perian wanted me to testify at the hearings his sub-committee was about to hold. All expenses paid. Would I fly down at once so they could help me prepare my statement?

Is the Pope a Catholic? (Actually, I doubt it.) Like a true ham, I instantly forgot all about the state campsites, MGL, family problems and the nature of the universe. *National publicity!* My name and doctrine broadcast far and wide! An opportunity to talk directly to the highest powers in the land! Emotions which, with some difficulty, I finally identified as being "patriotic" swelled in my breast. Let's face it, in some ways this is a fine country, even in terms of public practices, and, in those days, the voices of psychedelic advocates were getting a public hearing even though the laws were against us. Since then, the government and the establishment press have learned to avoid such open disputation and space and time are granted only to those anti-establishment figures most likely to offend the intelligent public while all others are quietly ignored. It is the best tactic, certainly. The appearance of an open dialogue is maintained, but one's collective opponent is caricatured by control

over his lineup. Revolutionary movements have always had this problem. It is more insidious and destructive than outright suppression, because it is so difficult to recognize it for what it is. As far as the average man is concerned, our side has been getting, if anything, more than a fair share of media space and time. What the hell, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin are on all the talk shows aren't they? What more do you want?

For years, during a period of phenomenal growth for the communist movement in Europe, the name of Karl Marx was never mentioned in the public press of England, France or Germany. It would have interfered with the image the press wanted to paint of communists as being ignorant and inhumane fanatics, devoid of philosophy or common sense. When they couldn't ignore him any more, they distorted him, and to this day the average man thinks of Marx in the terms his enemies ordained.

The power of the establishment to define its enemies even extends to the recognition of parts of an individual adversary and the ignoring of other parts, letting some pretty strange looking freaks out on the field. In self-defense, of course, many revolutionaries have been tempted to stop saying or doing anything capable of misinterpretation—with the result that their images become bland and lifeless and not capable of holding anyone's attention. Oh, well. The whole business is more or less automatic, and I can't really get upset about it. No established power will willingly give prominence to its most convincing critics. If you want to win this game, all you can do is try to be honest and hope for the best. Sooner or later, I think, talent outs . . . but sometimes I wonder—who would know if it didn't?

I decided to drive to Millbrook and take the train from Poughkeepsie to Washington. When I got to the turnoff for Millbrook, however, I changed my mind. At that point in time I had decided that Tim was a great philosopher but worthless as a politician. The Laredo pot bust, which had occurred while I was in Miami, and Tim's identification of himself as a Hindu in an attempt to justify religiously the presence of grass in Susan's panties, had convinced me that he just didn't know how to build a good case. Sure, Hindus frequently smoke grass, but they are not religiously obliged to do so. The whole thing seemed senseless. Why didn't the son of a bitch say he was a Neo-American? Didn't he agree with the three principles of the church? Later, I was to make a 180 degree turn—my feeling at present is that Tim is probably one of the greatest

revolutionary politicians who ever lived, a supreme ideologist, but a casual philosopher, a covert occultist and impressionist reductionist who plays fast and loose with the fundamental questions. With hindsight, it is easy to see that every move he made, consciously or unconsciously, maximized his force as a proselytizer and improved his image with the kids, his true constituency. My political ambition was to legalize religious use. Tim's political ambition was to bring down the government by going directly to the people. But at the time, I didn't see it that way. I didn't want any advice from Tim. I would go directly to Washington and stop at Millbrook on my way back, a conquering hero. (When I did stop on my way back, those were Tim's words of greeting—"Ah, the conquering hero!")

On the train, I reviewed my exchange with the FDA, which was later reprinted in the *East Village Other*.

### Neo-American Church Gives 'em Hell

by Walter Bowart

(Reprinted from *East Village Other*, Summer, 1966)

Kleps told EVO of a letter received from Carlton Sharp of the Food and Drug Administration's Division of Industry Advice, Bureau of Education and Voluntary Compliance, stating that the Neo-American Church would not be allowed to administer psychedelic substances but that "based on the centuries of traditional use of peyote by Indian members of The Native American Church and the intent of the Congress as evidenced by the legislative history, the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration has exempted this church and this church only from the registration and record-keeping requirements of the Act for peyote use for bona fide religious ceremonies." The letter said that peyote was not exempted from the requirements of the Act under any other circumstances. "We do not know of any similar justification for exempting LSD from the requirements of the law," said Mr. Sharp.

In answer to Mr. Sharp, Kleps posed the question of exactly what constitutional amendment it was that gives to Congress the right to establish a religion on the basis of longevity. "As I read the First Amendment, it says Congress shall make no law respecting the establishing of a religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

"If you seriously maintain you can make legal distinction between one church and another on the idiotic basis that one is older than the other you are propounding a doctrine that would give Catholicism a higher standing than Protestantism, and Judaism a higher standing than Catholicism and Animism a higher standing than Judaism.

"If you maintain that religion has nothing to do with it, and your favoritism is merely a recognition of a cultural difference, then I would like to point out that I am an intellectual type with a bent towards mysticism, and that 'for thousands of years' members of my sub-culture have experimented with consciousness expanding substances for religious purposes—or is the distinction you make strictly racial?

"The fact of the matter is that you would not have made this exception if the

Indian use was merely social, no matter how ancient the custom, and 'that you have made it because of court decisions favoring the Native American Church based on the First Amendment.

"You also establish a religion in exempting what you refer to as 'ceremonial' use, while presumably not exempting the use of peyote by, say, some heretical Indian who prefers to take his peyote alone on a mountain top as an aid to meditation, who, indeed may be obliged to do so because he is not permitted in the church, on account of his heretical opinions on theological matters."

Kleps asked, "Exactly what do you intend to do about splinter groups from the Native American Church?"

"I suppose the non-orthodox will be put in prison?"

"If our church adopts the use of peyote instead of LSD, will we be granted an exception? What about mescaline? These distinctions, as you know, are all superficial—the effects are pretty much the same except that peyote makes many people sick.

"In the event that a clergyman of our non-established church is sent to prison for distributing the sacraments to his congregation, and he recants and embraces the doctrines of the established church and is accepted into the established communion, may his membership in the established church be made retroactive, thereby legalizing what was formerly a crime, on account of his heresy?"

Boo Hoo Kleps continued: "If these substances have nothing special holy about them, then the state may prohibit them. But if they do have something specially holy about them, then the state may neither prohibit nor control them, nor even encourage nor discourage their use, for they are entirely outside the province of government and are under the protection of religion and conscience alone.

"It is not the business of legislatures to define what is holy and what is not, although the courts may rightfully inquire into the sincerity of religious assertions, if those assertions lead to a proper question of law.

"The discovery of LSD may be taken as the intervention of God in human history; if the government says this is not possible, then the government has in effect made a law respecting an establishment of religion, disallowing all that is present and future and permitting only what is past.

"To define these divine bio-chemicals as 'drugs' in statutes is to do nothing but render an opinion, very possibly wrong, and no one is obliged to act accordingly, for, in the same manner the wine of the Christian communion might be called an intoxicant and narcotic given to minors and the Jewish circumcision termed an assault on infants. If sane and orderly men say that a thing is religious, and the thing is no murder or robbery, then it is their natural right to have it, no matter what multitudes of believers in the holiness of other things, or even in the holiness of nothing, may be arrayed against them.

"We do not believe these substances may be taken from us by whatever means, under any circumstances, no matter what the courts may decide, for free men have a natural right to the exercise of their religion which transcends all ordinary laws should conflict arise, so long as the matter in dispute is integral and essential to the practice of the religion and involves no direct injury to the person or property of non-participants.

"This is the official position of the Neo-American Church on the question of government control and/or prohibition. It is not binding on the clergy or membership of the church, but I intend to steer by this course, and those who disagree should make their views known, so there will be a minimum of confusion."

Kleps took issue with Dr. Timothy Leary stating that he specifically rejects a “moratorium” on the use of LSD until its legal status is cleared up, or any acquiescence to government controls of any kind, however mild. Kleps expounded: “No court exists with such jurisdiction!”

Kleps encouraged all church leaders, called Boo Hoos, to defy the law and continue to celebrate holy communion as they have in the past, but said that “Timothy Leary continues to be the single most respected spiritual guide of the church, and we will do all in our power to save him from persecution and the torture of imprisonment.”

Stating the acceptance of the possibility of a religious civil war, Kleps told the Dodd Committee: “If our persecution by the majority of religionists in positions of temporal power continues, our first objective will be the destruction of the prison system as a functioning instrument of the state.”

Good stuff. If I could maintain the same tone in my statement to the sub-committee, I would undoubtedly be carried to the Elysian heights of media coverage. The dreary landscape of industrial New Jersey flashed in the train window. I wasn’t drinking. *Don’t fuck this one up, Kleps*, I kept telling myself. I thought of the train trips I used to take between Crestwood and Scarsdale or Bronxville during the war, to go to the movies when I was a kid, and how I used to fantasize that I was an important adult on some great expedition. Well, here I was. To get smashed would be to betray my youthful image of myself as an adult. *Fuck this one up and I won’t have anything more to do with you*, I told myself.

In D.C., I quickly found a nice room at very reasonable rates in a little, old-fashioned hotel near Union Station. The weather was ideal. I strolled up to the Old Senate Office Building. (There was a *small town* atmosphere about it all?) No guard checked me out as I entered. I walked right in and got on an elevator with Ted Kennedy, who gave me a big but appealingly shy grin. *Deja vu* type feelings were washing over me. My emotions were very similar to those I had felt on first entering the grounds at Millbrook. What in God’s name was happening to me? *I felt at home in this place!* To this day that feeling remains in my memory as one of the weirdest things that ever happened to me.

The feeling increased when I introduced myself at the sub-committee offices. I instantly liked everyone I met. Their motivations and attitudes seemed perfectly clear and reasonable—they wanted to put on a good show, and if any truth emerged in the process, so much the better.

Carl Perian explained the situation to me. Senator Dodd’s Juvenile Delinquency Sub-Committee, of which Carl was chief administrator, had been holding hearings on drugs for some time,

but Senator Bobby Kennedy, scenting publicity, had decided to muscle in on the act, and was now holding competing hearings of cops and psychiatrists. Tim had appeared on May 13, but, according to Carl, hadn't made much of an impression. We got right to work. Carl showed me to a desk and offered me a pad and pencil with which to write my statement and said that one of the three secretaries in the office would type it up for me. Bernie Tannenbaum, one of Carl's two assistants, would help me editorially, if need be.

Far out. I settled down behind the desk and started writing. Nothing to it. Not only did the words roll out effortlessly, but the synchronicity in the newspapers was ideal. A lady in California had just been ordered sterilized because some marijuana was found in her room. I immediately worked that little tid-bit into my presentation. Senator Murphy of California had just testified about some friend of his children being bombed by some acid spiked punch at a party? Good, I worked that in, too. Carl and Bernie were delighted with what I was handing them. Visions of blanking out Bobby started dancing in their heads, no doubt. (His next hearing was to be held at exactly the same time as ours.) A spirit of enthusiasm prevailed. At closing time, I went out and bought a new shirt and tie, had dinner, and went to bed—cold sober. This, I thought, is the way to live. There's no business like show business.

The next day, as I sat at my desk (which was surrounded by displays of machineguns and other lethal weapons left over from former sub-committee hearings on gun controls), I could see that I wasn't the only one who liked show business. A veritable parade of dark suited professional types were coming and going, most of them, according to Bernie, beseeching Carl for an opportunity to speak, lest the psychedelic power fall into the hands of the likes of me. On the way out, they usually gave me a dirty look.

One, a little more courageous than the rest, came over and introduced himself. Doctor so and so. Had met Tim and did not share the usual view that he belonged in a snake pit—just an irresponsible visionary. He went into a song and dance about the necessity for "medical control," and the great loss to the healing arts which would occur if the police were allowed to have their way and ban all psychedelics. Having had a few small doses himself, he knew what I meant about the "religious aspect," but other people would never understand that. One must consider what "other people" would think, etc. etc. I was getting bored.

"What other people?" I asked.

His mouth actually fell open, just as in the movies. He got up from his chair.

"My God, are you going to talk like that tomorrow? You're confusing levels! You can't confuse levels, Art!"

"What levels?" I asked.

He lifted his arms, looking heavenward, and left.

In my opinion, it's the function of an enlightened religious teacher to not "confuse" but *abolish* "levels." Tim was always saying, whenever conflict arose, "Uplevel it, uplevel it!" Sound advice, although it is even better to say that from the standpoint of the simple truth, there are no "levels," only various orders of delusion.

Sandy, a cute secretary from another office, who had been hanging around, came over and gently nudged the back of my neck with her left tit as she looked over my shoulder. Did I want to come with her? She had to go out and buy the morning papers.

Aha! Fun and games in the places of the mighty!

Walking over to the store, she pointed out the building where Bobby Baker's club used to operate. "Boy, we used to have some high old times in there!" she said. In the store I got a few more nudges, and she showed me the announcement for the hearings. Sure enough, there I was, listed along with Dr. Baird, and a Sergeant Ballinger (a narcotics cop from Miami whom I had met while I was there—before there were any possession-laws for acid.) They were scheduled to speak first. Good.

"Why don't we have a couple drinks after work today?" I asked her, as we walked back to the office. Sure. Bernie and one of the other girls would probably like to go, too. Fine.

By 7 P.M. my statement was finished and mimeographed. Carl was delighted with it. He asked a lot of intelligent questions and confessed to a great urge to try the stuff himself. "God knows I wouldn't have any supply problems" he said, laughing and opening a drawer in his desk to reveal a truly impressive collection of every psychoactive drug known to mankind. There was enough potential "energy" in that drawer to lift Washington (analogy! analogy!) two inches off the ground. Bernie and the two secretaries expressed exactly the same feelings over dinner. Would I like to attend a little party on the following evening? Sure. Well, here we go again, I thought. That night, in Sandy's apartment, I asked her if she had much contact with Senator Dodd, whom I hadn't seen once since arriving, although his name was constantly mentioned.

"Yes," she said, "all the time. He's a very nice man, and I really feel sorry for him. He's so sick and unhappy and can hardly do anything any more."

"Well, he sort of deserves it, doesn't he?" I asked.

Sandy didn't think so. He didn't do anything the rest of them didn't do. No, they were out to get him for other reasons. The "gun people" were behind it all.

"You know what?" she asked.

"No, what?"

"His arms are covered with tracks. I saw them myself."

Well, could be tranquilizers or God knows what, I thought to myself. I had better things to think about than Senator Dodd's possible habit.

I have noticed, in my dissolute life, several patterns in the way lovely damsels appear and disappear in my arms. Nothing in life so complicated, personal or rich in associations with myth can be without a pattern or several patterns. There is no such thing in life as a "chance encounter" and no matter how casual and transitory the relationship, the person you are with will tell you a great deal about yourself as of that moment.

In this case, I'm sorry to say, the girl I was with did better in public than she did in private. She even apologized. Lying flat on her back, closing her eyes and gritting her teeth was the best she could do. Up-tight Southern Baptist upbringing. Well, as it turned out, the benefits I enjoyed from the hearings were also quite transitory and hollow. I wasn't ready to exploit that kind of publicity. I didn't have anything to sell. No book. No magazine. No regular public appearances. On the other hand, much later, Carl told me that my testimony that week did more to hold up the passage of federal possession laws (for about two years) than any other single factor. (The laws already passed only covered distribution.) It convinced a few key Senators that belief in the religious nature of psychedelic experience could be passionately felt by a person who appeared otherwise rational. But what real difference did it make? There was still the Federal Dangerous Drug Act, and all the real heat came at the county and state levels anyway. The whole scene was just like Sandy. Looked good, but didn't amount to anything.

I didn't deserve any better results, for I had employed, under Tim's spell, the "Mind of God" analogy in my little speech although I knew very well that it was sheer P.R. smarm designed to suit the mentality of my audience, and not the pure and highest doctrine.

## Chapter 15

# Sandy's Tale

*The truth is, Alisande, the archaics are a little too simple: the vocabulary is too limited, and so, by consequence, descriptions suffer in the matter of variety; they run too much to level Saharas of fact, and not enough to picturesque detail, this throws about them a certain air of the monotonous; in fact the fights are all alike: a couple of people come together with great random—random is a good word, and so is exegesis, for that matter, and so is holocaust, and defalcation, and usufruct and a hundred others, but land! a body ought to discriminate—they come together with great random, and a spear is brast, and one party brake his shield and the other one goes down, horse and man, over his horse-tail and brake his neck, and then the next candidate comes randoming in, and brast his spear, and the other man brast his shield, and down he goes, horse and man, over his horse-tail, and brake his neck, and then there's another elected, and another and another and still another, till all the material is all used up; and when you come to figure up results, you can't tell one fight from another, not who whipped; and as a picture, of living, raging roaring battle, who! why, it's pale and noiseless—just ghosts scuffling in a fog.*

The next morning, an hour before the hearings were scheduled to start, I went for a long walk around the Capitol area in an attempt to become a bit physically tired. Reducing physical tension seems to reduce emotional tension as well, and God knows I was tense. I had one double vodka and 7-Up, not more, *no more, Kleps*.

At the office, the whole scene reminded me of the hustle and bustle just before a church service. In a group, we took an elevator and walked down a long hallway. I was getting tenser by the moment. Lockjaw or a complete mental vacuum seemed to me a definite possibility. Suddenly, however, I was stoned. I felt like I was walking on air. There wasn't a trace of anxiety in my body. I looked forward to the whole scene with delightful anticipation. I felt like the corrupt pope who remarked, "God having seen fit to give Us the Papacy, let Us enjoy it." I started talking animatedly to Dr. Baird, who had been saying something to Carl a moment before that I could hardly hear, such had been my concern for my internal condition.

It was my old detective sergeant from Florida, all right. We were

seated directly behind Baird, who was given a table in front of us with several microphones. Senator Javits and Burdick and a couple others I couldn't recognize, were behind a long panelled bench facing us. Behind them were secretaries and assistants. Sandy gave me a big wink. She was right behind Javits. To the left were two television cameras, which started humming, but soon stopped, as first Ballinger, the narc, and then Baird began to talk.

Baird's statement was the most incredible line of shit I have ever heard in my life. It was so bad that it seemed reasonable to adopt a look of disbelief. Here are a couple selections:

Dr. Baird. A minority of the college professors have been spewing this poor propaganda upon the college campuses that there is nothing wrong with marijuana and LSD. It was just recently we had a professor from Adelphi University who stated that marijuana does not necessarily lead to addiction. It is this type of propaganda when foisted upon the children at our colleges and high schools which is causing more and more of a problem of drug addiction. And he came out with another remark. I would like to know which Senators they are. He said, "Many Senators, doctors, ministers, and theology students and thousands of others use LSD for their betterment." I would like to know the doctors and Senators who use the LSD for their own improvement.

Also, he came out with another remark.

Senator Javits. I can assure you, Dr. Baird, that I have not seen any evidences of hallucination of Senators.

Baird continued:

I plead with you that this problem of drug addiction and narcotics addiction is spreading rapidly more and more every day.

Now we are concerned with the increased consumption of LSD, which to me does not mean just lysergic acid. It stands for a nasty little word, "Let's sell decadency or let's start degeneration."

The individuals that I have seen on this have been chaps that No. 1, are very hedonistic with a marked gratification complex; two, extremely insecure people. One, they are psychologically unaware of their own mental inadequacies. No. 2, they are extremely hypercritical of their own physical shortcomings and project their hostilities sometimes overtly, and these are generally people who have many of these things in common.

Now I know we all wear glasses, but some of these people suffer from severe strabismus; they are extremely thin, very asthenic type, have receding jaw, large pug-nacious nose, or they might be short, but their own physical defects bother them.

Then you have latent homosexual or overt homosexual conflict.

Then you have a group of the young college intellect or the self-taught pseudo-intellect, and these are mostly students who are being trained for the arts, music, and literature who will take LSD.

Then you have the college marijuana graduate. He is the chap who goes to college and thinks there is nothing wrong with marijuana, and then after having been on this hallucinogenic marijuana wants to increase his consciousness and then he starts to take LSD.

And then the last group you have are escapists from the stark world of reality of education, economics, and social business.

I would like to just give you a few sad stories of this LSD, this great drug which I think can be great if it is used under very careful limitations by physicians and only by physicians . . . .

Bernie came over behind my chair and whispered in my ear. "Don't lose your cool, Art," he said, "but cut out the contemptuous smile. You gotta play it solemn in here."

I adopted what I hoped was a solemn look.

Baird went on and on. Finally, one of the Senators cut him off. A Dr. Berger gave a brief, fairly liberal and entirely rational statement. It was my turn. Here's how it went:

Senator Javits. The chairman wishes me to announce that Mr. Kleps was called as the director of the Neo-American Church located at Morning Glory Lodge, Cranberry, N.Y.

Mr. Kleps is essentially a psychologist with a bachelor's degree from Utica College in New York, and a master's degree from Syracuse University in school psychology.

The purpose in calling Mr. Kleps is that he represents another discipline which has experimented with or used LSD without medical supervision, apposite to the testimony we heard from Dr. Leary, representing the largest group of users in the country on a scientific basis, and as some allege, a pseudoscientific basis.

Mr. Kleps represents a religious approach to the use of these drugs and hence the possibility that his testimony may be of use to us in determining what legislation shall be passed.

Mr. Kleps, again may I ask you to confine your statement if you can to 10 minutes, and it will be received without objection and printed in full.

STATEMENT OF ARTHUR KLEPS, DIRECTOR, NEO-AMERICAN CHURCH, MORNING GLORY LODGE, CRANBERRY LAKE, N.Y.

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir, my statement is fairly brief. I will read through it as quickly as possible. I know you are pressed for time.

It is an honor to be here. I want to thank you very much for the opportunity to present my views.

Senator Burdick. Mr. Kleps, would you mind telling me if you are really called Chief Boo Hoo?

Mr. Kleps. I am afraid so. It is difficult to explain this. That is always the first question that comes up. The reason we do it is to distinguish between the church and the religion. We think it is very important not to take ourselves too seriously in terms of social structure, in terms of organizational life. We tend to view organizational life as sort of a game that people play.

Senator Burdick. So is the appellation a spoof?

Mr. Kleps. It is sort of a spoof.

Senator Burdick. Sort of a spoof.

Mr. Kleps. It is so people will not get beyond themselves too much.

Senator Burdick. Please proceed.

Mr. Kleps. It is a help to me to have a title like that because I do have to explain it as I am doing now.

Listening to the testimony before your subcommittee on Monday, I was, of course, struck by Dr. Goddard's characterization of what we call consciousness expansion as "bunk," and I would like to reply to the reasons he gave for making such a judgment when Senator Dodd questioned him further.

Dr. Goddard said that consciousness expansion did not occur with LSD because the results of objective tests of intelligence and so on given during the session showed negative results—a drop in performance. His argument contains the unspoken assumption that consciousness expansion is necessarily associated with a rise of measured IQ during the psychedelic session. I do not know of any psychedelic person who would agree that this is the case.

If I were to give you an IQ test and during the administration one of the walls of the room opened up giving you a vision of the blazing glories of the central galactic suns, and at the same time your childhood began to unreel before your inner eye like a three-dimension color movie, you would not do well on the intelligence test.

LSD puts you in the mind of God, and God has little interest in our IQ tests. We might say that God has no IQ. God is not a verbal being as we are to such a large extent.

Now this assumption that consciousness is somehow equated to, or is an aggregate of, those mental faculties which are measurable by objective tests is representative of an entire approach to the subject of psychedelics which is superficially plausible and yet is fundamentally erroneous. It is the only approach which finds favor in the eyes of those administering research grants. It is based on the assumption that if you cannot measure something, it does not exist. In psychology it is rooted in a kind of professional, if not personal, atheism. It produces the horror stories we read about in the field of animal vivisection experimentation resulting from a narrowminded fixation on trivia, an almost trancelike inability to see the forest for the trees. It results in thousands of people each year earning advanced degrees because they have proved, in effect, that when you put 13 rats in one end of a box, lo and behold, 13 rats come out of the other end of the box in some combination or other.

Senator, I spent 10 years working with young people in the public schools and in my career as a psychedelic activist, since then I have come to know the younger generation very well. They do not buy the kind of pseudoscience I have described. They are looking for the truth, they are trying to find out "what life is all about." Their cynicism about the conventional answers, the conventional routines, the conventional games is so profound as to pass beyond cynicism into a kind of entirely praiseworthy honesty and bravery of the highest type. Their eyes are open in the midst of all the death and heartlessness around them.

It is difficult for us to imagine what it is like to have been born in 1948, but it is very much like being born into an insane asylum. I will not repeat what Dr. Leary told you—I am referring to his concern with the lack of communication between the generations—but I will draw your attention to this week's issue of *Life* magazine which contains two articles very apropos of LSD and the gap in communication between the generations.

The first article is about Allen Ginsberg, the poet, who is also a member of our church. In your generation or in mine, this man, who is the living antithesis of all that is officially pronounced admirable, would have made, at best, some small stir

in Greenwich Village. Today, he is a folk hero. The article does a beautiful job of explaining why that is so.

It is because he is a man who has always disregarded the conventions when they have interfered with his personal quest for beauty and truth. Today's young people insist on direct experience; they are suspicious of all secondhand reportage—what they admire above all else is honesty and personal commitment. I think we can see this in the civil rights movement.

The second article concerns the latest style in discotheque interiors, which may sound trivial, but is actually very revealing.

The synchronization of light patterns and sounds, the cryptic flashing pictures, the constant random flow of colors—these are all well-developed techniques for approximating that inner world which is the common experience of all of us—a world both exquisitely private and yet wholly universal. To those of us who have had the experience, it is very obvious that all of this is the result of LSD, right down to the fact that little alcohol is consumed in these places. The people who go there do not need to get drunk, they have found something better. These are the style setters, not people in some cultural eddy or backwash.

Now, before I get into the religious aspects of this, I would like to say that the incident Senator Murphy described as occurring near his home, Senator, in which some LSD was surreptitiously introduced into the punch at a party, is not the kind of thing I advocate, nor does anyone I know advocate it. It is a very silly and cruel, or at least thoughtless, kind of thing to do. If you pass laws against such sneak attacks with LSD, none of us will object. But we are surrounded by all kinds of potentially dangerous materials, machines, and chemicals. Book matches, for example, or automobiles. How many children are killed each year from drinking cleaning fluid? If safety were the only goal of life, we would have to prohibit everything, and not even that would work, because as far as I know, life itself is invariably fatal.

It is our belief that the sacred biochemicals such as peyote, mescaline, LSD, and cannabis are the true host of God and not drugs at all as that term is commonly understood. We do not feel that the Government has the right to interfere in our religious practice, and that the present persecution of our coreligionists is not only constitutionally illegal but a crude and savage repression of our basic and inalienable rights as human beings.

The leader of the psychedelic religious movement in the United States is Dr. Timothy Leary. We regard him with the same special love and respect as was reserved by the early Christians for Jesus, by the Moslems for Mohammed, or the Buddhists for Gotama. I am merely the head of one of several psychedelic churches.

The psychedelic churches exist to promote and defend the psychedelic religion, a religion which sees in the transcendental experience produced by the sacred substances the key to understanding life and improving the condition of man on earth.

We have been in existence a year—I am speaking of the church—and have 500 members. Perhaps if the growth of the peyote religion and the Native American Church is any guide, we will have 500,000 members in a few years. Perhaps the psychedelic people will find some other church more to their liking. It is not important. What is important is that the religion, as distinguished from the church, is spreading at a fantastic rate, and the Government, in the case of Dr. Leary, and the repression in general, has put itself in the position of attempting to destroy by force a genuine indigenous religious movement. I see no moral difference whatever between putting our religious leader in prison for 30 years and the incarceration of a rabbi in a

concentration camp by the Gestapo of Nazi Germany. Perhaps Hitler was less hypocritical. If he operated the way our religious enemies operate in this country, he would not have mentioned Judaism at all in the laws designed to oppress the Jews; instead, he would have (a) made ceremonial wine illegal on the grounds that it was a narcotic intoxicant given to minors; and (b) made the nonpayment of so-called wine tax result in enormous confiscatory fines and 30 years in Buchenwald or Treblinka.

The history of Treblinka, by the way, constitutes a perfect example of how the psychedelic people of the United States will not respond to persecution and imprisonment. The Jews, in that instance, cooperated completely in their own destruction. We have no intentions of cooperating.

On the day the prison doors close behind Tim Leary; if these ill-considered laws of religious suppression are upheld by the courts, this country will face religious civil war. Any restraint we have shown heretofore in the dissemination of psychedelics will be ended. We can, without difficulty, render most of the prisons in the United States inoperative, if it comes to open conflict. Open conflict will most certainly result if the courts uphold these laws against us, if our men are imprisoned, our wives sterilized, our children consigned to unloving institutions and so-called reformatories; and I would most certainly advise my people to use LSD to fight back, to make life impossible for the prison administrators, rather than resort to actual violence. But I will never ask them to passively submit to such outrages.

The police of the United States, ordered by their superiors to function as terrorists, as destroyers of happy and decent families who only ask to be left alone to practice their religion as they see fit, will have to make a moral choice, just as did the police of Germany when Hitler took over. Those who remain would do well to regard themselves as a military rather than a civil force. If I seem to exaggerate I direct your attention to a story in yesterday morning's paper about a woman who was ordered to be sterilized because a quantity of marihuana was found in a room when she was present. This was in California I believe. I personally will never forget sitting in on the assignment board at Sing Sing and watching a parade of armed robbers and grand larcenists go by with 3- or 4-year sentences, only to be followed by a poor weak little Puerto Rican with an IQ of 85 or so who had been sentenced to 17 years because three or four sticks of marihuana had been found in his possession. At the time I was under the common illusion that marihuana was a dangerous drug, but I was still shocked. Now I know marihuana is a mild psychedelic and I am no longer shocked, I am numb. I have seen so much cruel injustice it seems commonplace.

The Food and Drug Administration has seen fit to attempt to establish one psychedelic church as legal, the Native American Church of the Indians, on the grounds of historical longevity, leaving the rest of us open to the kind of punishment visited on Dr. Leary. This is a constitutional outrage, of course, and I would like to submit my full reply to the FDA letter announcing this attempt at the unique establishment of a religion in the United States for the committee's study. However, I see in this exemption, unconstitutional though it may be, some grounds for hope that the people responsible may come to their senses. Apparently those in control of the instrumentalities of coercive power in the United States have no difficulty in recognizing that a psychedelic religion is a psychedelic religion when that religion is safely encapsulated in a racial minority group living outside the mainstream of American life. All that is required then is that we should follow the Indian example and make ourselves as peculiar as possible. Perhaps the Government would allow us to live unmolested on reservations. We would be willing to discuss this, if it would prevent

open conflict. Possibly the Government would negotiate a treaty with some foreign power which would grant us religious sanctuary in return for receiving to its shores the large numbers of scientists, technicians, teachers, doctors, and intellectuals of all kinds who constitute a large proportion of our members. Most of us love this country dearly. It would break my heart to think of never seeing the Adirondack Mountains again. But we must think of our children, and we could always hope that some day the Government of our beloved country would return to that fierce defense of human rights, to that spirit of freedom and tolerance under which it was founded, and we could come back.

But there will either be some kind of accommodation or there will be conflict. We are not drug addicts. We are not criminals. We are free men and will react to persecution the way free men have always reacted to persecution.

There is no reason why anyone need be surprised by all this. To understand our emotions and our attitudes is only necessary to imagine how you would react if we were in the majority and passed laws making the practice of your religion a criminal offense.

Senator Burdick. Thank you Mr. Kleps. I have a few questions here that I would like to ask you.

Mr. Kleps. Yes sir.

Senator Burdick. Would you care to tell us something more about your church? How does one become a member?

Mr. Kleps. It requires agreement with three principles, the principle that the psychedelic substances are not drugs but actually sacred substances, that they are a sacrament.

It requires agreement to the principle that people are not to be given these substances unless they are prepared for them, and agreement to the principle that everyone has a right to free access to the sacred substances, since they are a gift of God. If one agrees to this, we make him a member of the church. We do not make distinctions on the basis of intellect, education or anything of that sort.

I feel, by the way, that this is the difference between a church and a cult. We are frequently called a cult, but cults do not make these distinctions. They are small groups. They want to be small groups. We are a church. We will take anybody. We take people at face value.

Senator Burdick. Do you contend that the substances, whatever they are, do not have harmful effects?

Mr. Kleps. Not entirely. In very rare cases, particularly when they are improperly administered, if they are taken by people who are unsuspecting of the results, have not done any reading on the subject, have not discussed it with anyone who knows, they can have bad effects. I have seen some bad effects myself. But there are many, many, many other substances in this world that are much more harmful, much more dangerous.

Senator Burdick. Does your order appeal more to the young people than to old people, or of all ages?

Mr. Kleps. Mostly to young people. I would say at least 50 percent are college students, perhaps more.

Senator Burdick. How many churches are there like this in the country?

Mr. Kleps. We have 20 Boo Hoos, approximately 20. We are getting new people all the time. We have a fairly large group in Miami, fairly large groups in New York

State, California. There are about 500-plus members at the present time, but we have only been in existence a year. I hope for better things to come.

Senator Burdick. You have 500 members in your church?

Mr. Kleps. There are 500 members in all of the organization.

Senator Burdick. All of the churches?

Mr. Kleps. In the whole country.

Senator Burdick. Well now, you have told me something about membership. What about the tenets, the precepts of the church?

Mr. Kleps. Well, mainly we feel that these psychedelic substances give you a vision, an entry, a ticket, a trip ticket in a sense, to a higher level of awareness, of an expanded consciousness. It is almost impossible to describe in words if not in fact impossible to describe in words what this is. Words fail. As I said, God is not like us. He does not have an IQ. He is not a talker. When you are in the mind of God you are beyond everything that you ordinarily experience. Everything that you ordinarily consider to be real. There are higher levels of reality than this one, and I believe it is very important for people to see this. It gives them an entirely new outlook on everything, a better outlook, a much better outlook.

Senator Burdick. Is it correct to say that your church does not have any creed?

Mr. Kleps. No, we do not.

Senator Burdick. Or any tenets or anything like that.

Mr. Kleps. Tim Leary is generally accepted by most of us as the equivalent of Christ for the Christians and so on, not in any foolish way. I think Tim makes mistakes and so on, but we look upon him as a great religious teacher, the books he has written, the papers and so on constitute the creed of our church, if there is any creed. But we do not have a dogma in the usual sense. You might say that it is more like the Society of Friends in that regard. We do not insist on any specific definition of these things.

Senator Burdick. Do I understand you correctly to say that in view of your establishment of 20 churches, in view of your membership, that you believe this organization will grow?

Mr. Kleps. I believe it will, sir. I believe it will.

Senator Burdick. In what proportions in your opinion?

Mr. Kleps. I honestly believe that we will have a million members in 10 years.

Senator Burdick. Are these churches located near college campuses for the most part?

Mr. Kleps. Many of them are. The older members of the church and the many, many people who are associated with our church but who do not join are the older and the more respectable people, the people with something to lose. We are being persecuted, and the people who fight persecution most effectively are those who can take some chances, who do not have families to worry about, who do not have to worry about their jobs and so on. The older people are very hesitant to join up because they are afraid to stick their heads above the ramparts. They are afraid to be known in public, but they are there. They are there in very large numbers.

Senator Burdick. How frequently do you have church services, if that is the correct word.

Mr. Kleps. Usually there are meetings once a week. There are some of the local groups that just function as information centers. Lisa Bieberman of Boston runs the information centers, a newsletter. People come and discuss problems. She does not hold any regular meetings. I understand she is planning on setting up a seminar this

summer. It all depends on the individual. Now as we grow, I am sure that we will develop more structure. There will be an accumulation of hallowed patterns, traditions, and so forth. This is the way these things always grow. But at the present time it is all pretty loose and free and we like it that way.

Senator Burdick. You mentioned the American Church of the Indians.

Mr. Kleps. The Native American Church.

Senator Burdick. The Native American Church, that is right. Is this patterned much after that church?

Mr. Kleps. I cannot say that it is except that we also use a psychedelic as they do. From what I understand, they do have a very definite ritual that they follow, and they do not deviate from it very much. We do not have any rituals. I am not saying that we do not develop them. There are some things that are already in the process of development. The use of the techniques I described in the case of the discotheques, the light machines, certain kinds of music, this kind of thing can be used to heighten your experience, and even to produce it in some cases without the use of psychedelic substances.

Senator Burdick. You said not infrequently but it does have a harmful effect. Being on the Indian Committee—

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir.

Senator Burdick (continuing). I have learned that this peyote does have an ill-producing effect. It causes vomiting.

Mr. Kleps. I know. I have tried it, and I have had the same experience.

Senator Burdick. Does this drug which your church uses have the same effect?

Mr. Kleps. No. Very, very rarely people will suffer some discomfort during the early stages of an LSD experience, but that is a psychological conversion of anxiety in the physical form. Peyote does, however, routinely produce intestinal upset and this is a very negative way of going into the experience, throwing up. I do not know how the Indians manage to do it. Somehow they have overcome the nausea.

Senator Burdick. You think that the experiences that the members have makes them compatible with society, makes them eligible for pursuits that the nonmembers follow?

Mr. Kleps. Sometimes yes and sometimes no. We have members in almost every walk of life. We have people who are successfully pursuing almost any career you can name.

On the other hand, some people who are of religious temperament perhaps to begin with, there are degrees of true religiosity in our church just as there are in other churches. I would say Tim is more religious than I am perhaps. These people, the people who are extremely religious, may want to withdraw from ordinary life for a period of time. I personally see nothing wrong with that. It is accepted in other traditions, the monasteries and so on. Why not in this?

Senator Burdick. If you will permit a personal question, do you participate yourself in these ceremonies, the use of this drug?

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir.

Senator Burdick. And part of your answer is based upon your own personal experience.

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir.

Senator Burdick. I have heard it said that these drugs produce a "color television effect."

Mr. Kleps. It can do that. It depends on the individual. There are a lot of people

who have had many, many psychedelic experiences and have never really had that kind of a vision. They come back with the same messages when they are all through. This is very strange. Other people will have extremely colorful and brilliant detailed three dimensional movie kind of things. I have had both. I have been in both situations.

Senator Burdick. I wonder if you would also tell us whether this practice is indulged in every time there is a church meeting.

Mr. Kleps. No. The church actually is more in the tradition of the mystery religions of ancient Greece. The key experience is not the weekly meeting as it is in the Christian tradition. The key experience is the big transcendental experience that comes to you maybe once or twice in a lifetime. But we center around this. The meetings are secondary. Now at the meetings perhaps a very tiny amount of LSD, 5 or 10 micrograms, will be distributed, just to increase the feeling of communion, to produce some of the effects. Or marihuana may be smoked for that matter. None of this is laid down in our regulations. It is up the individuals.

Senator Burdick. When this substance is distributed you say to the members, who pays for it? How is it acquired?

Mr. Kleps. Well, it is easily available. That is all I can really say. To discuss the details of the economics of the matter probably would not be proper for me.

Senator Burdick. Does it operate like a farm cooperative, which I am acquainted with?

Mr. Kleps. Well, I would say this. That it is not at all like the heroin world. The people in the psychedelic world are kind and loving people. It is almost like automatic affection. Oh, of course there are exceptions, but it is not this sick, greedy, vicious world of the addicts. Nothing could be more dissimilar.

Senator Burdick. The committee knows that it is acquired. We do not not know how it is acquired but it is paid for, is that right?

Mr. Kleps. That is right, sir.

Senator Burdick. And you cannot enlighten us any further.

Mr. Kleps. I really cannot.

Senator Burdick. But whether it is given to these members of the church or whether they buy it themselves, they do participate as a group in this.

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir.

Senator Burdick. You mentioned marihuana. Is that brought into religious services, too?

Mr. Kleps. Occasionally. We regard marihuana as being a very mild psychedelic. It is very similar to a very tiny, tiny amount of LSD. The effects are almost identical. One of the best things about marihuana is that it is very easy to control the amount ingested because you are smoking it. If you take something orally, you are leaving it more to chance. When you are smoking, there is very good control. I consider marihuana to be a completely benign substance.

Senator Burdick. You see no harmful effects.

Mr. Kleps. None at all.

Senator Burdick. Have you read or heard the testimony given before this committee?

Mr. Kleps. I have.

Senator Burdick. And you dispute that?

Mr. Kleps. Completely.

Senator Burdick. The results and findings?

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir.

Senator Burdick. Is it your intention to continue to personally experiment with and to advocate the use of LSD by the others?

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir.

Senator Burdick. Or similar drugs?

Mr. Kleps. Any drug—I do not even like to call them drugs.

Senator Burdick. Substance.

Mr. Kleps. Any of these substances that are psychedelic that are not narcotic I believe to be sacramental. I believe that they come under the protection of religious freedom, the right to practice one's religion as one sees fit, and I do not believe that there is any evidence to the contrary, no real evidence to the contrary.

Senator Burdick. You think there is no evidence to indicate that marihuana is habit forming or a narcotic?

Mr. Kleps. There is no evidence to indicate that marihuana is a narcotic. In fact even our most severe critics admit that. To say that the substance is habit forming is really to say nothing, because Rice Crispies are habit forming in the sense that if you like something you do it again. This is true with a lot of things.

Senator Burdick. You should not equate marihuana with Rice Crispies.

Mr. Kleps. It is even better.

Senator Burdick. What was your answer?

Mr. Kleps. I would, sir: I would say that marihuana is a very good thing. I believe in it very strongly. It is certainly better than alcohol.

Senator Burdick. Just for the record, are you aware of the testimony before this committee which indicates that the uncontrolled, unsuspected use of LSD can result in panic reactions, psychotic episodes, suicidal tendencies, and other bizarre reactions requiring hospitalization?

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir: and I do not dispute these things have happened, but it must be understood in the context of the broader picture. There are hundreds of thousands of people who are having these experiences and out of this tremendous number, there are going to be a few misfortunes. It is inevitable. If these people were taking LSD under religious circumstances, if they were allowed to, if they were given accurate information, if they were warned of the dangers, if they were asked to read the literature on the subject, they probably would not go through these things.

Senator Burdick. Have any of these effects that I have related to you here visited upon any of your church members?

Mr. Kleps. Not that I know of. I would like to say in this connection too that much is made of people being hospitalized after LSD, but this hospitalization in most cases is just a simple matter of someone having a panic reaction because they do not understand what is happening, and there is no one present who does, being taken to a hospital, given a shot of a tranquilizer, spending the night in the hospital and going home the next day. Sometimes they are kept for longer periods, but this is because the psychiatrist in charge says that the man is sick. And then if you ask him are these people sick, he will say, "Yes, they have been hospitalized so they must be sick."

Senator Burdick. In view of this conflict in testimony that has developed in this committee, would you agree that we should establish control over private and unsupervised use of LSD until we can make a scientific determination both of the potential harmful and useful properties of this drug or substance as you call it, either way?

Mr. Kleps. No, sir; I do not believe that you should.

Senator Burdick. Do you not think it would be safer for the community to find out scientifically what the effects are?

Mr. Kleps. I do not believe that there is any scientific relevance in this area. Science is not competent to deal with this. This is religion. It is philosophy. It is a philosophy that goes beyond the narrow confines of the kind of science that we accept in our society. Science will never accept the psychedelics. It may pretend to, but it will not.

One must understand how terribly threatening this kind of experience is to the average scientist, physician, psychiatrist, psychologist. Just to hear about it is an insult to his whole notion of the world and of what is real and what is not real and so on. So they go into it with a tremendous desire to destroy it, to bring about its downfall.

Senator Burdick. We referred to the fact that most of your members are located near college campuses.

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir.

Senator Burdick. I wonder if you could generalize and tell me in what area of the country are your churches most prevalent?

Mr. Kleps. In the Northeast and Florida.

Senator Burdick. The Northeast only?

Mr. Kleps. Northeast—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York State, and in the State of Florida. This may not be the eventual pattern. We have just started. It has only been in existence a year.

Senator Burdick. Do you think that this committee should recommend any legislation regarding the sale, distribution, or possession of LSD?

Mr. Kleps. I would have no objections at all, and perhaps it would be advisable to prohibit the giving of LSD to people unsuspectingly, a sneak attack of LSD.

Senator Burdick. The punchbowl type.

Mr. Kleps. Right, this is very cruel, very dangerous, I think.

Senator Burdick. Should any criminal charges be imposed on administering LSD to an unsuspecting person?

Mr. Kleps. No. Oh, well, perhaps so. I am not an expert in law enforcement. I do not know what would be the most effective thing. I am against this kind of practice. I think it is socially destructive. I would not recommend any penalty going further than that.

Senator Burdick. I do not think in your statement you gave me your personal education background.

Mr. Kleps. I have a master's degree from Syracuse University. I was a school psychologist in New York State for 10 years. I also worked as a clinical psychologist in a prison, Sing Sing, Dannemora, on a summer per diem basis.

Senator Burdick. Did you have any particular major?

Mr. Kleps. Psychology. I was a psychologist for 10 years.

Senator Burdick. And it is your purpose to dedicate your life to this church work rather than to follow the scientific areas.

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir.

Senator Burdick. Why?

Mr. Kleps. I feel it is more important. I think the profession of psychology is going around in circles.

Senator Burdick. First of all I ask you if your statement contains this language:

you threatened civil war by saying you would make the prison system inoperative. In a previous letter to this committee you stated you would contaminate the entire Nation's water supply. Did you make a statement like that?

Mr. Kleps. No, sir. I did—what I said was that in the event that our religion is persecuted, if our wives are sterilized as in this hideous example in California, people are imprisoned for a term of 30 years as in the case of Dr. Leary, a sentence anyway, if these laws are upheld by the courts, if our basic human rights are violated, then there is going to be some kind of conflict, and I would much rather, if the conflict does occur, I would much rather do it nonviolently, turning on prisons, to use the vernacular, which would do less harm than shooting people.

Senator Burdick. But you at no time threatened any uprising.

Mr. Kleps. I have not threatened; no, sir.

Senator Burdick. Violence.

Mr. Kleps. No.

Senator Burdick. Not having law and order.

Mr. Kleps. No, sir. I am speculating about a possible future which I would hate to see come about.

Senator Burdick. Apparently the basis of my question is as follows from your statement: "I would most certainly advise my people to use LSD to fight back to flood the prisons with LSD and make life impossible for the prison administrators rather than resort to actual violence."

Mr. Kleps. Yes, sir. If that was the choice, I would rather see the prison system made inoperative, and it would be if enormous amounts of LSD, in terms of LSD—an enormous amount is an ounce, for example—could just be delivered into a prison and distributed among the inmates, it would be impossible to locate it. The entire place would fall apart as a functioning operation very quickly. I know how absurd this sounds.

Senator Burdick. What would your mechanics be? How would you intend to flood the prisons?

Mr. Kleps. I do not intend to flood the prisons, sir. I am talking about a possible future. It could be done in hundreds, in thousands of ways. Smuggling things into prisons has always been very easy. The places are designed to keep people inside, not to prevent things from coming in from the outside. You could shoot it over the wall in a slingshot, with a slingshot.

Senator Burdick. Do you not consider this a breach of law?

Mr. Kleps. We would have to regard these places as concentration camps; if our people are being imprisoned because they are practicing religion, then it is a concentration camp. It is not a prison any more. It is outside the framework of decent law. We would have to think about it the same way the Jews in Hitler's Germany thought about it.

Senator Burdick. But this is a product of one of our institutions, a product of our country, the laws of our country.

Mr. Kleps. Well, we would maintain that it would be unconstitutional. That to persecute us would be a violation of the first amendment.

Senator Burdick. And to that extent you would take the law into your own hands?

Mr. Kleps. Rather than submit to the violation of my basic human rights, I would if I had to, I would resort to violence. I think free men have always done this. This is the way this country started.

Senator Burdick. But a free country does not maintain itself without law and order.

Mr. Kleps. I believe in law and order, but I also believe in basic human rights. Basic human rights I believe come first. This is the most important thing.

Senator Burdick. Is there anything further?

(No response.)

Senator Burdick. Well, I must say that your testimony has been forthright and most unusual.

Mr. Kleps. Thank you, sir.

Senator Burdick. I cannot agree with your conclusions, but it will all be considered with the rest of the testimony.

Mr. Kleps. Thank you very much.

(Whereupon, at 12:40 p.m., the committee was recessed, to reconvene subject to the call of the Chair.)

The cameras stayed on me during the entire period of my testimony, and, when the show was over, the reporters concentrated on me while Baird and Ballinger sulked in a corner. When I got back to the office, everyone was in a gleeful mood. There was only one fly in the ointment. Carl had just put in a call to someone he knew in Senator Kennedy's office. It was already clear, from local coverage, that we had deprived him of the space-time he expected more or less as a divine right. It was obvious that we would get all the national coverage too.

"He's foaming at the mouth, Art" Carl said. "My friend says you had better get out of town fast. I guess that party is off. I wouldn't put it past him to have you picked up. If you play against Bobby Kennedy and win you've made an enemy for life."

Delightful prospect.

"What about you?" I asked.

Carl grinned. "Oh, I'm not worried."

So I packed my bags and took the next train. On the way up the Hudson on a local, I sat in the back of a car and read all about myself in *The New York Daily News*. I thought my picture looked good. I could see a dozen or so other people reading the same paper. One girl turned around and looked at me. I found the sensations engendered by knowing that millions of people were having my image and words plugged into their computer banks very agreeable. *I loved it*. Now, I thought, is the time to get busy. I would concentrate on writing and trying to set up lecture appearances. Strike while the iron is hot.

"Ah, the conquering hero!" Tim said, when he saw me.

Millbrook, I found, was practically deserted. Dick, Ralph, Maynard, Hollingshead—all gone. Tim showed me a little shrine

with flowers and incense next to the front door at the center of which was a picture of a beautiful if somewhat vacant looking girl named Rosemary whom I had never heard of. She was confined to the Dutchess County jail for refusal to testify at a Grand Jury hearing about Tim. There had been a big raid at a time when the house was jammed with respectable visitors of all sorts and several reporters and photographers. On the basis of that raid, the Grand Jury hearings were being held.

Tim introduced me to a tall, saturnine fellow named Bob Ross. According to Tim, this guy, who seemed to want to turn the place into a cabbage patch with himself as a sort of chief manure spreader, was one of the leading lights of the psychedelic world. It was my first contact with a true know-nothing psychedelic primitivist, and I wasn't impressed. (Ross's motto, I learned later, was "Don't think!") But Tim and three or four other newcomers appeared to be following Bob's lead. The house looked like a deserted cattle barn, everyone was dressed in dirty, colorless clothes, and grunts and terse comments about the weather seemed to be the general order of conversation during the day. Once the sun had set, however, and we gathered in the kitchen to drink red wine and exchange gossip, I got the feeling that perhaps things at Millbrook hadn't changed so much after all.

I asked Tim about the old crew. Where was Dick, Ralph and good old whatshisname—Hollingshead?

Well, Dick was here, Ralph was there (I really don't remember) but the subject of Michael Hollingshead seemed to interest Tim a great deal more than the locations and activities of his former close associates and he proceeded to acquaint me with some of the facts of Hollingshead's checkered career which he later wrote about in *High Priest*.

"I keep getting reports on him that are hard to believe, Arthur. He's in England now and I hear he is doing all kinds of really diabolical things."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like turning people on to LSD and then turning them in to the police."

I whistled, and then mentioned that it probably had been Hollingshead who had bombed my morning brandy during my visit when Tim had been away in India, although I remembered a comment of Ralph's which suggested that he had at least known about it also.

Now it was Tim's turn to be astonished—nobody had ever said anything to him about it. I told him the whole story and it immediately became clear to me that it was to be a case like the exploded candle all over again. He didn't want to believe me, didn't want to hear about it, so I changed the subject.

Not until much later, when Tim wrote a review of the *Boo Hoo Bible*, however, did it finally dawn on me that the most probable explanation for Tim's refusal to believe I had been bombed, despite the presence in the house at the time of someone he knew to have the character and inclination to do it, was the quality of the trip I reported. I had to be lying about that, according to his scheme of things, so I probably was lying about everything else also. I had once pretended to have an "Enlightenment" experience, hadn't I, complete with some kind of trick candle explosion? Well—I had no doubt looked up the classic *kundalini* experience in a book and faked that also. Such things were not supposed to happen to Art Kleps, who was filed in Tim's highly compartmentalized mind under "Comedian, alcoholic, paranoid inclinations." I was not worthy of the honor. Such things were supposed to happen to Timothy Leary, and, I imagine, when they didn't happen to him, he decided that they were a crock of shit anyway, and gave up the Tantric kick he had been on and returned to his first loves: science fiction and mob politics.

"An Irishman's imagination never lets him alone, never convinces him, never satisfies him . . .," says George Bernard Shaw. That's Tim all over, I would now say—and it was also a much larger part of the character of G.B.S. than he cared to admit, I would add. I think Tim and Shaw had a lot in common: faddishness, Mephistophelean conceits, philosophical barbarism (the "Life Force" and the "Genetic Code") and great talent largely wasted on ingenious seductions of fashionable simpletons.

Tim wanted to know every detail of my adventures in Washington, and seemed particularly impressed by the good treatment accorded me by the Juvenile Delinquency Sub-Committee staff. When he had appeared, he hadn't even had a prepared statement, and he admitted to being very disappointed with his own performance on that occasion. To make matters worse, Ted Kennedy, who was a member of the Dodd sub-committee although he usually didn't show up for hearings, had walked in after things were underway, and, according to Tim, had barraged him with a series of hostile questions.

"I tried to be conciliatory" Tim said. "I can see now I shouldn't have done that."

I looked up the transcript in the *Congressional Record* later. Today, the little volume containing these drug hearings makes fascinating reading. Every important segment of opinion is represented, right down to Walter Bowart (who later married Peggy Hitchcock and moved to Tucson, where he publishes an occultist magazine devoted to holymotherish lollypopism of the lowest type) and a couple of street freaks from the East Village.

Tim had been conciliatory all right. Dig this:

. . . As, for example, in Mr. Tannenbaum's testimony, you notice that the LSD users are very eager to talk about their experiences. They weren't like junkies. They didn't feel like criminals. They wanted to have this committee and have Mr. Tannenbaum know why they were using these drugs.

Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts. Mr. Leary.

Dr. Leary. Yes.

Senator Kennedy. Mr. Chairman, I am trying to follow the best I possibly can some themes that must be coming out of your testimony here this morning, and I am completely unable to do so. You talked in the beginning about the communications problem which exists between different generations, and then you indicate and describe why that exists. Then we hear a description and analysis, as valuable as that might be, about the different reactions to different drugs. You talk about the statistics which are going to be larger next year. Then you say you are not alarmed by them because if they are in training, people have them, and there is a careful distribution, then this isn't really a problem. And then I hope we are going to have at least a discussion on who those trained people might be and what the regulations might be.

I am completely unable to follow any thing other than just sort of a general hyperbole of discussion here. Since your testimony isn't written, and this is a matter with which we are deeply concerned, I hope at least for those of us who are not inimitably as familiar as apparently you are with LSD, that you will try and see if you can analyze this somewhat more precisely. At least I would find that helpful. As I say, I haven't had the background or experience in this area as I am sure the other members of the committee have, but I think it would be extremely valuable to the members of the committee if you could at least outline to some extent what you are going to try and demonstrate here today, and then if you could somewhat more precisely and exactly come to those points.

Dr. Leary. I was, Senator Kennedy, just about to do that. I am pointing out the differences that exist among drugs, and I am going to suggest that special types of legislation are needed.

Senator Kennedy. Are you going to talk about the lack of communication between the generations before that or after that?

Dr. Leary. I finished doing that. I hope that that is clearly on the record. I feel that constructive legislation is obviously and badly needed, and I recommend respectfully to this committee that you consider legislation which will license responsible adults to use these drugs for serious purposes, such as spiritual growth,

pursuit of knowledge, or in their own personal development. To obtain such a license, the applicant, I think, should have to meet physical, intellectual, and emotional criteria.

I believe that the criteria for marihuana, which is the mildest of the psychedelic drugs, should be about those which we now use to license people to drive automobiles, whereas the criteria for the licensing of LSD, a much more powerful act, should be much more strict, perhaps the criteria now used for airplane pilots would be appropriate.

Of course, Tim went on to say that he was against criminal penalties for use, even if it was authorized use by non-holders of "pilot's licenses," but he had given Kennedy all the opening he needed to make Tim sound like an idiot:

Senator Kennedy. I could not agree with you more, that he mentioned in there about when it was used, particularly for terminal cases, administration in the case of intractable pain, mostly in patients with terminal cancer, we do not question that.

We do not have any dispute about that, Mr. Leary. But I think what you have testified to is indiscriminate possession of this, as well as use, that it is dangerous, and I think the question now is for legislators to determine whether it can be controlled by legislation or whether it cannot be.

I think that you have testified as well that you want to see the control over its being brought into the United States, its production, and you have also testified that you think the indiscriminate use of this is dangerous, and I think you have pointed out what you feel personally are some of the advantages of it. You feel as well that it is a matter which cannot be legislated over. I think that is a question for the Congress.

But it seems to me that your testimony has been extremely convincing about the dangers of this drug, as well as its opportunities. And I think for someone who has been associated as long as you have been, have been intimately involved in it as long as you have been, I think that is extremely weighty evidence which you have given to this committee this morning, and we want to thank you.

Dr. Leary. I cannot agree with that summary, respectfully. I must disagree, Senator Kennedy, with your statement.

Senator Kennedy. Let's take the various aspects of it.

You feel that there ought to be control over at least importation?

Dr. Leary. The sale, manufacture or distribution, yes.

Senator Kennedy. The sale and manufacturing?

Dr. Leary. Yes, sir.

Senator Kennedy. Why do you think that this should be?

Dr. Leary. Because these are matters of commerce and manufacture.

Senator Kennedy. And that is the only reason you think this because it is a matter of interstate and foreign commerce? Is that the only reason? I mean, we have things which are produced, textiles in Massachusetts, furniture in Massachusetts that are not restricted, Dr. Leary.

You have testified. Now why do you think they should be?

Dr. Leary. I feel that activity, particularly commercial activities involving the manufacture, sale, and distribution of these substances definitely should be controlled because you do not know about quality, you do not know about safety, you do not

know what you are buying. Obviously you have to have laws, just as you have laws about the amphetamines. I want the amphetamines and the barbiturates controlled.

Senator Kennedy. Let's go back.

Dr. Leary. I do not want people who use these, who have a handful, put in jail.

Senator Kennedy. You said you do not know about the quality. What is it about the quality that you are frightened about?

Dr. Leary. We do not want amateur or black-market sale or distribution of LSD.

Senator Kennedy. Why not?

Dr. Leary. Or the barbiturates or liquor. When you buy a bottle of liquor—

Senator Kennedy. This is not responsive. As to LSD, why do you not want it?

Dr. Leary. On possession?

Senator Kennedy. Why do you not want the indiscriminate manufacture and distribution? Why not? Is it because it is dangerous?

Dr. Leary. Because you do not know what you are getting.

Senator Kennedy. Is it because it is dangerous? Are you interested only in the consumer and whether, like truth in packaging, whether there are too many strawberries or not enough strawberries in the pie, or is it something more dangerous than that, Dr. Leary?

Dr. Leary. No, sir; I think LSD is much less dangerous than the amphetamines and barbiturates.

Senator Kennedy. I am not asking that.

The reason, as I would gather it; it is because this is a dangerous drug; is that right?

Dr. Leary. No, sir; LSD is not a dangerous drug.

Senator Kennedy. Why have you admitted then, why you have latched that onto the other questions of the control and distribution and manufacturing of drugs?

Dr. Leary. I feel the same as I do with alcohol, you want to know what you are getting. It has to be supervised by Government FDA standards of health and packaging.

Senator Kennedy. Do you not agree that alcohol can be dangerous?

Dr. Leary. I think that alcohol is probably the most dangerous drug around.

Senator Kennedy. All right, it can be dangerous, can it not?

Dr. Leary. Yes, sir; if it is used improperly.

Senator Kennedy. So we are going to train high school students? Are we going to have high school courses as well?

Dr. Leary. I would let research, scientific research answer the question as to at what age the nervous system is ready to use these new instruments.

Senator Kennedy. Then what are we going to do now for the boys that, say, go into the Army prior to the time they get to that age? Are we going to have the Army give training courses too on how to use it?

Dr. Leary. I should think that in the Army of the future, we all hope there won't be, but in the Army of the future LSD will be used to expand consciousness so that these men can do their duties more effectively.

Senator Kennedy. That is very responsive. Now you feel that anybody who distributes this ought to be carefully trained, is that correct?

Dr. Leary. Yes, sir.

Senator Kennedy. And you admit that it can leave an individual so that he does not know the difference between right and wrong in the socially acceptable terms, is that right?

Dr. Leary. Yes, sir.

Senator Kennedy. So that he is relatively unaccountable for his actions?

Dr. Leary. Well, I don't think anyone.

Senator Kennedy. Does he know the difference between right and wrong?

Dr. Leary. You are talking about hypothetical persons.

Senator Kennedy. I am not talking about hypotheticals.

Dr. Leary. What are we talking about, sir?

It was a good thing I hadn't known about this testimony before I made my statement, or I might not have been able to carry off a sincere defense of Tim as our religious leader. Instead, I might have devoted my time to attacking him as an insidious menace to the religious spirit and to human freedom in general. But that would just have rigidified Tim's position. As it was, he dropped his pilot's license horsehit soon after and came over to my side, maintaining that the psychedelic experience was religious and that no laws could interfere. Of course, the Neo-American Church wasn't good enough for him, and he proceeded to invent the League for Spiritual Discovery, the general spirit of which may be illustrated by an anecdote which Wendy told me later: Tim, during an early meeting after the Ashram moved into the Big House, had announced a plan to take the entire League to Europe in a couple weeks, where they would proceed to march across the continent towards the East, gathering adherents as they went. Everyone had thought this was a groovy idea, sort of, but Allan Marlowe had raised a crucial objection:

"But Tim," he said, looking dismayed, "my *robes* won't be ready by then."

I suppose it may surprise some people that Tim, the great "egalitarian," was at one time advocating that the psychedelics be denied to some people unless they passed multiple choice tests and demonstrated that they weren't color blind, or whatever it was he had in mind, while I, the "elitist," never for a moment believed that anyone had the right to tell anyone else what he could or couldn't do with his own body, mind, soul or whatever you want to call it. Exactly what kind of monstrous bureaucracy would have arisen if Tim had had his way I can't imagine, but I suppose supervised trips would have been part of it. Can you imagine coming down from a big one and hearing some paunchy bureaucrat with a clipboard telling you that you flunked your trip? Sorry, sir, by a ruling of the board last month, *purusha samkya* is out and *advaita vedanta* is in . . . and that remark you made about how the Lord High Commissioner of Dope reminded you of Donald

Duck showed an immature attitude towards it all. Come back next year, and study the manual next time.

Trying to control this kind of thing isn't elitism, but fascism. What I'm against is coercion, and it doesn't matter to me if the coercer is a representative of a mob or a clique. Nobody, no matter who he is, has the right to tell anyone, no matter how dumb he is, what to do and what not to do, except to keep his elbow out of your eye. Rant and rave, yes—order (on pain of punishment), no. Every law now on the books which forces people to do things for their own good is the work of the devil as far as I am concerned, and that includes compulsory education, whether it be in geometry or how to get stoned. What we demand is an *imprescriptible* right—one of those “written by sunbeams in the hearts of men.”

We do have a “Lord High Commissioner of Dope” in this country. His name is E.D. Coleman, Chief, Exempt Organizations Technical Branch, I.R.S. If you don't believe it, write him a letter and ask, under the Freedom of Information Act, to provide you with a list of the rules and principles which he uses to decide which religious organizations do get tax-exempt status (like the Native American Church of South Dakota) and which don't (like the Neo-American Church, Box 948, Montpelier, Vermont, 05602).

Tim looked tired. Not only was he pulling weeds and milking goats all day but he was taking every opportunity to speak at colleges that would have him and working on his next book. He was very explicit about his strategy: we had to take our lead from the kids from now on. If we had them with us, it didn't matter what the government did.

Could be. From that time on, whatever Tim had to say on any theoretical issue was strictly soothing syrup for the troops. If they wanted to pretend to be simple peasants, fine. If they wanted to dress up in robes on Saturday night and pretend they were weird monks, fine. Tim had made a fundamental decision about himself.

The whole scene left me cold. Never in a million years could I act that way. Yet, as head of the church, wasn't I the one who ought to be doing that kind of thing, while Tim, the spiritual leader, spoke only the truth without fear or favor? After all, I had just seen a demonstration in Washington of what the political game was all about: a mad scramble for media space-time. Tim was obviously better suited for playing that game than I was. Another fucking identity crisis? Not on your life. I was sick and

tired of identity crises. Let everyone do his own thing. I would go my way and Tim would go his way and we would see how everything turned out in the end.

## Chapter 16

# Morgan Le Fay

*If knights errant were to be believed, not all castles were desirable places to seek hospitality in.*

Back at Cranberry Lake, Charlie Merchant greeted me with great excitement. All hell had broken loose. I had been on the morning news and the evening news. The Watertown paper had put out a special edition with a full page devoted to the North Country's latest phenomenon, me. Some guy had come up to sell it at the Star Lake high school and had been thrown off the property by the school board president who had had me fired. The name of Art Kleps was on every lip. Charlie was delighted. Any publicity for Cranberry Lake was good publicity as far as he was concerned.

Naturally, I called Sally a day or two later and told her to get on the first plane she could manage. Things were looking up. With all the publicity we earned from the Senate hearings, it would be duck soup to fill MGL all summer with paying visitors. There would be a ready market for anything I wrote. The mailbox was stuffed with membership applications for the Church every morning. Obviously, all we had to do now was tend to business and in a short time all our troubles would be over. Very likely there would be enough money by fall to winterize the Lodge, or we could rent a house in Syracuse. Every prospect pleased. Good scenes coming up.

Well, Sally wasn't exactly seeing things in my terms. She liked Miami. She wasn't even sure she would come up during the summer. It wasn't that she had given up chemicals. Far from it. She was hanging around with the most lowdown druggies in Miami, the very speed freaks and paregoric heads whom I had done the most to discourage when I had been there. She described a fight she had witnessed between one of my Boo Hoos and a junkie who had burned him in an acid deal. It sounded like the old John O'Hara mystique converted from booze to drugs. Also, she was helping her mother look for a house in Sarasota. Good old Eustace Chartreuse,

the wife beater, who lived there with his mother, had suggested the area.

Jesus Christ!

Ramakrishna, whenever he was informed that a nice, “spiritually inclined” young man he had just met was married, characteristically responded as if he had been told that the fellow had a bad case of tuberculosis and wasn’t expected to live. If it turned out that the guy had children, Ramakrishna would, as oft as not, burst into tears. In terms of social control, it is no accident or trivial matter that the state virtually always gives the house and custody of the children to the mother. This simple threat has probably nipped more potential revolutionaries in the bud than all the armed might in Christendom. Social deviance is no less common in women than in men, but the form that deviance takes is almost always no threat to the state—either escape (primitivism, etc.) or mere criminalistic misbehavior (hanging out with the wrong crowd). No matter how radical her opinions or how intelligent and elevated her tastes and ideas, a woman with children will almost always behave according to *tamasic* values. The state can depend on her, as long as she has food and a roof over her head, not to give too much trouble. I have seen very few exceptions to this rule.

At a time when all the signs were up, I was getting the knockout punch. With all the assurance in the world that the law was on her side and there wasn’t a thing I could do about it, my wife was telling me that I would either do things her way or I could forget about my kids, whom, of course, I loved above anything else in the world . . . with one exception. At the time, I wasn’t sure there was an exception. My mental condition went directly from euphoria to black depression. I couldn’t write. I wasn’t interested in encouraging visitors. Cranberry Lake, glittering in the early summer sun, might as well have been a gigantic cesspool for all I cared. I started drinking like Prohibition was right around the corner.

I am not interested in contributing another draggy account of human emotional misery to the already swollen collection. All the great poets and writers have had their way with it, and God knows the modern novelists, both hacks and craftsmen, rarely write about anything else. I have always felt that when one is caught in one of these situations the best thing to do is fight like a cornered beast to rectify matters, and, if that proves to be impossible, crawl into a hole somewhere and pray for a speedy recovery—but I don’t have any respect for the condition itself and I didn’t then. This bummer

lasted from the time of which I am speaking, early summer of '66, to January of '67, when I moved into the Big House at Millbrook, divested of everything except the clothes on my back and my indomitable will, etc. I'm going to give a sort of telegraphic account of the high and low points just to keep the record straight, and resume a more discursive style when I'm on the train headed back to Millbrook from Birmingham.

Two kids came up from Miami to visit, flat broke. I gave them a cabin but told them they would have to scrounge their own food or leave and find jobs. The girl, Dorothy, was very pretty but I couldn't have cared less. They were classic Miami-style know-nothing druggies. I went to visit Bob Eddy for a few days. When I returned, I found my best boat half under water on the shore and most of my library gone, including all my letters from Tim (no doubt Charles Hamilton has them by now).

Sally flew up for a three-day visit on money I borrowed from Bob Eddy. O.K.—she would try to adjust. One would think I was asking her to move into a tenement in Harlem. She returned. She flew up again. Money which should have been used for house payments was being wasted.

Everyone was back. But only for a month. Demonstration of that old truism, you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him wash his armpits. We had some interesting visitors, went fishing every day, but there was no enthusiasm or real joy, because we both knew that there would be no happy ending. Sally intended to return to Miami. I didn't know what I would do, but, whatever it was, I knew I wouldn't like it. Sally's mother sent her a ticket. The next day she left with Yossarian, Chief Astrologer of the Church, and his girl friend, who gave her and the kids a ride to New York. I considered physical force but Sally is an Aries too. It wouldn't work. Somehow, my little paradise had been converted into a stupid soap opera, and because of the kids, I just couldn't say to hell with it and find another girl. I went to Syracuse a couple times and screwed around. I returned after one such excursion at 3 A.M., blind drunk and stoned on hash and, half way across the lake—I thought—cut the motor when a gigantic Sanskrit letter in glowing blue appeared in the pitch darkness in front of the boat. As my eyes refocused, I saw that I had taken a wrong bearing and was only a few seconds away from piling up on some rocks. The emotional effect was close to zero. To the question, "sink or swim" I would have answered "as you like it." The trips were no use. I

didn't have the heart for it. Celibacy? What good would that do? I already had two little children whom I adored. My sex life had no bearing on the issue whatever . . . although, if I could manage to fall madly in love with some delightful creature it might help. Where were they when I needed them?

I left for Millbrook—by bus. My car had been confiscated by one of my creditors. My plan was to compromise with Sally, if possible. J.D. Kuch, Bee Hee of Washington, D.C., and husband were to visit in a few days and give me a ride to Steve Newell's place in New Jersey. Steve was well connected. Perhaps he could get me a job for the winter.

## Chapter 17

# A Royal Banquet

*I will say this much for the nobility: that, tyrannical, murderous, rapacious, and morally rotten as they were, they were deeply and enthusiastically religious.*

I arrived one evening smashed out of my skull. The place was loaded with beautiful girls all wearing "ecstatic clothes," only one or two of whom I knew. Tim and his inner circle of the moment were away on a lecture, light-show date somewhere. In any event, the quality of the clothes, the new furniture and the spirit of the troops made it clear that another ideological corner had been turned. I had no trouble finding drinking companions. With hindsight I can see I should have concentrated on Betsy Ross, Bob's very sweet, sensible and beautiful sister, but when I woke up in the morning I was in bed with a girl named Karen Detweiler, who, although far from repellent, wasn't my type. A typical alcoholic misunderstanding. Oh, well—any port in a storm.

Karen, it turned out, wasn't a troop after all. She was just visiting from a yoga ashram across the Hudson. A complicated story unfolded. The ashram, Ananda, at Monroe, N.Y. was started by a Dr. Rammurti Mishra from India, who was both a psychiatrist and a yogi as well as, in Karen's opinion, a "beautiful person." Until the advent of the psychedelic age, the place potted quietly along supported by a gaggle of middle class, middle-aged fogies in search of a cheap miracle—the kind of people you could find at any corner seance, until, when the acid hit the fan, all kinds of

stoned-out kids started showing up who could not very well be turned away because they were perfectly willing, outwardly anyway, to follow all the rules (most of the older people just came up from the city on weekends). By the time the older crowd, who had firm control of the place administratively, discovered that all the kids were zonked, the kids had bombed Bill Haines, who was about my age and had been functioning as Mishra's right hand man. Panic! The Devil was within the gates! As things stood, Karen told me, all the young people and Haines were on thirty days notice to leave and an armed guard was patrolling the property. Mishra had fled, refusing to take sides. On one occasion, however, when asked his opinion of the drug movement by an older resident, he replied, "Drugs? I *love* drugs!" so there was reason to hope that he might return in the nick of time and save the day. Did I want to visit? I would love Bill Haines. He was just my type—a jovial Sagittarian gorilla with a checkered past.

At the Ashram, which turned out to be much more splendid than I expected, with a small lake at the center and several buildings, I was introduced to Haines, who was holding court in a small room jammed with Oriental objets d'art and people crammed into every chair and corner. In the center of the floor a small person with a shaved head whose sex I could not determine was squirming around and giggling every time anyone said anything. Aside from this creature, I really liked the looks of the kids. They were happy, open-faced types. The girls were all pretty, with one or two knockouts. I liked Haines, as Karen predicted. He had spent 9 years in India and was telling outrageous and hilarious stories about the private lives of the leading lights of modern Hinduism, although he himself, and most of the kids, were dressed in the proper robes, beads and sandals and were surrounded by authentic signs and symbols of the ancient tradition. A picture of Mishra, seated in the lotus on a rug near the lake, was on the wall, with fresh flowers under it. He looked dark, stern and well barbered.

After a pleasant hour or two during which I heard (for the first time since I entered the psychedelic world) someone who really knew what he was talking about discussing yoga, Haines invited me to join them in their evening meditation and tell everyone all about the Neo-American Church, which, he said, from what he had heard so far, sounded perfectly reasonable to him. On the way over to Mishra's residence where the meditation was to be held, Karen told me that it was obvious to her that I had already made a big

hit with Haines, because he was “the kind of guy who puts everything down, no matter what.” It was unheard of for him to say anything good about a visitor’s trip—instead, he almost always told everyone who showed up at the place that they were full of shit right off the bat. I would well believe it, and I could well understand it.

After my presentation, which was well received by one and all, Karen took me to her room in a sort of dormitory close to the lake, where we proceeded to get stoned on grass with a dozen kids. Haines, I was informed, didn’t smoke, but, ever since they had bombed him during a big weekend celebration of some kind, he had been taking acid in large doses once a week. I signed up Boo Hoos right and left, and met a couple of older guys; Tambimutto, a relic of the old Greenwich Village literary scene who conned me out of a six-pack, and a fellow who was recovering from six years in a Buddhist monastery, using that well known tranquilizer, lysergic acid diethylamide, to make a smooth adjustment to the outside world. I also met my future wife, Wendy Williams. She flitted in and out, but didn’t make much of an impression on me at the time.

The next morning, hearing I was in need of a bottle, Narad, the “man of iron,” offered to drive me to town. Narad (formerly famous as the young lover of a well known female teacher of Hatha Yoga described in a book by Jess Stearn called *Yoga, Youth and Reincarnation*), Karen had informed me, was quite a character. He spent all his spare time rolling huge stones around the property and making furniture out of iron and steel. A small coffee table, for example, might require three men to lift it. He was also incredibly horny but none of the girls would have him. His basic technique was to cast horoscopes which always came out showing that the girl in question must either submit to his embrace or (in consequence of her failure to obey the stars) miss out on her only crack at Nirvana.

“I used to live next door to him,” Karen said, “and he drove me crazy. You’ll see.”

Haines told me later that he once heard Karen, who claimed to have distinct memories of prior lives, including one tour as Queen of the Nile, or something, slamming a door behind her in the middle of the night and fleeing the building screaming, “No, never! I didn’t love you in the 16th century and I don’t love you now!”

Narad lived up to his reputation. During the trip to town and back, he didn’t stop talking for a second. I never heard such a stream of shit in my life. This kid, if there was any truth in what he said,

should have been ruling the universe (with an iron fist, no doubt) since he knew exactly how it was put together down to the last nut and bolt. Oddly enough, for someone who could tell you in exactly what "vibration zone" anything was located, Narad apparently had a lousy memory. He made at least three wrong turns in the short trip to town and back. One should not be too hasty in throwing characters like this out of communities. It is probably better to have one guy with a bad case who will serve as a bad example rather than six with mild cases. Enlightenment is impossible for anyone caught up in occultist structural speculations. Give me a naive realist any day.

Obviously, Bill Haines had to meet Timothy Leary. I got on the phone, after Bill said he would be delighted, and set it up. We were all invited over for dinner. Everyone was very excited. Sarasvati, the girl who had been rolling around on the floor, had to be locked in her room lest she throw herself in front of Haines' car as she had on a prior occasion when he left the property without her. Sarasvati, so called by her own election, had first appeared on the scene only a few weeks before at a wedding Haines attended in a big church in New York. She was a junkie hooker at the time, and obviously whacked out of her mind. She had taken one look at Haines, and, in full view of a distinguished multitude, had literally thrown herself at his feet calling him *guruji* and begging that he not abandon her to the cruel world . . . she would do anything he said. One attempt to get rid of her, after which she was found taking a bath in Mishra's apartment, which was sacred territory, resulted in her cutting all her hair off. Haines seemed more or less resigned to his fate; although he growled at her constantly he was at least provided with a housekeeper dirt cheap. Sarasvati, I later discovered, was the only person in the entire Ashram, aside from Haines, who had any clear understanding of the central question in what the Ashram called "the teachings." I would put both of them in the category of people who are enlightened when they are stoned but *doubt it* when they are not stoned. Sarasvati was always asking questions like, "Is this for real or am I going crazy?" or "Who's doing it, that's what I want to know?" or "If I'm God, how come you all aren't scared out of your wits?" and then giggling uncontrollably until someone told her to shut up. All very good questions, in my opinion.

Everyone got all dressed up, some of us took a little acid and Haines took a lot, and we drove over to Millbrook in two cars and

a truck. High drama, indeed, I thought, as we crossed the Hudson River in the evening light and wound our way through the narrow and rotting streets of the accursed city of Poughkeepsie.

In my opinion, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. should be razed to the ground and the inhabitants thereof payed large bonuses to emigrate to Transylvania or some other spot congenial to their inclinations—but not before samples of their blood are taken so that the scientists may determine if there is some identifiable genetic fault which would account for the presence in one place of so many examples of chronic somnambulism. The town is crooked, warped, dim, dirty, narrow, *cramped*—in every way that a thing or a view or a spirit or a personality can be cramped. It is evil and faintly insane like its name. No matter where you go in this Goblin-town, there is something disgusting right around the corner. The crowds on the streets look as though they have been stunned since birth by some noxious gas. The angles are all wrong. Things do not fit together the way they should. Any aesthete worthy of the name would be rendered *hors de combat* in Poughkeepsie in half an hour. Its slums, naturally, are built right along the river, but in such a way that the inhabitants cannot benefit from the view. It was here that Gordon Liddy first began his slither to national prominence. It is rumored that beneath the present city are the ruins of an ancient metropolis of semi-human rat people, who lived upon the flesh of Indians from surrounding tribes whom they caught in slimy nets, and that this race was finally almost destroyed in a horrible war, but that certain of their leaders escaped and bred, from human captives held in caves, the original ancestors of the present leading families of the Dutchess County ecclesiastical and business establishments. I find this fantasy consistent with my observations, and whenever any of us were obliged to visit or traverse the city (Otto cursed constantly and ingeniously from the time he entered until the moment he left) we would invariably heave vast sighs of relief when we escaped, and found ourselves once again in the innocent countryside.

At the Big House, which was all lit up and looked like a gigantic and fantastic ornament set in the unbroken darkness of the pines, Haines immediately demonstrated that capacity he has for which I have always loved him, since I consider it a sure sign of uncommon wisdom—hanging on to your sense of humor when your eyes seem as big as dishpans. When a little scrawny guy named Jean-Pierre got out of the truck under the porte-cochere, wearing some kind of

bedsheet, Haines, who had also alighted, boomed out, "Ah, Jean-Pierre! You look like Jesus Christ after a hard night!"

It was quite a scene. Everyone except me seemed to be dressed to kill in the best beads and batik money could buy. Flowers, candles, and incense galore. Great. I really love that shit as much as anyone else, although my role, or my budget, has rarely allowed me to play it that way. The scene was staged in the dining room, which had been cleared and decorated for the purpose. Tim's people on one side of a low table, Bill's on the other.

Bill and Tim bowed to each other with fingertips together at the forehead, as was then the fashion. Everyone sat down and I took a seat in an inconspicuous spot at the rear of the Ashram faction. Bill puffed on his pipe. Pleasantries were exchanged. Finally, Bill opened the serious part of the proceedings by announcing, "I often think, Dr. Leary, that if we could only get rid of the Holy Mothers we would solve all our problems, ho, ho, ho."

Tim refused to bite. Instead, he readily agreed to Bill's thesis. Meetings between established teachers are, in the ancient traditions of Indian gurumanship, highly stylized performances put on, presumably, for the benefit of the audience. There is supposed to be an argument which continues until one party admits he is wrong or drops from exhaustion. On later occasions, as we shall see, Bill and Tim had no difficulty finding things to argue about, but on their first meeting, everything was sweetness and light (even though Tim's group contained three or four women who probably regarded themselves as "Holy Mothers," one of whom actually knew what she was talking about and became rather close to Bill—Bhavani).

Tim, who, of course, was immediately aware of Bill's condition, asked some question about yoga and psychedelic drugs and Bill responded for fifteen minutes or so with a very earnest and sensible account of his feelings and attitudes on the subject. He stressed the idea that the whole purpose of yoga was to reach Enlightenment and that this could only be done through intense personal experience of the kind the psychedelic drugs provided.

Good show. Tim seemed satisfied that he was dealing with a fellow maniac, and suggested that everyone just do as they pleased and we would all have dinner together in a couple hours. Bali Ram led all the women from both groups into the kitchen, where, he said, he would show them how to prepare a vegetarian feast worthy of the King of Nepal. The boys started milling around checking

out the girls and the girls started milling around checking out the boys.

Dinner was delightful, as Bali had promised. Later, I found Bill in the library, staring moodily at the fire, and took a seat near him.

"Well, did I make an ass of myself, Kleps?" Bill asked, in a very childlike way. Among his other attractive characteristics, Bill always became very humane and emotionally vulnerable on trips. So, oddly enough, did Billy Hitchcock. Tim, in contrast, became cold, brilliant and decisive—as do I, most of the time, although sometimes I wish it were otherwise.

"Hell, no, Bill" I said. "You did beautifully. It was just right for the occasion."

"Well, it's hard to tell when you're on this stuff" Bill said. "Did the kids tell you how they bombed me the first time? The place was jammed with straight Ashram members from New York—all the Holy Mothers—and all kinds of visitors and it was up to me to organize everything and there I was on my first trip, and it was no baby dose either, let me tell you. I had only two thoughts, 'Who is high and who isn't?' and 'Who did it?—because I'm going to kill the son of a bitch!' " Bill laughed ruefully and shook his head, "What really got me was that these dumb little buggers had been doing it for years, some of them, and the whole time *I* was trying to tell *them* where it was at. Why did they listen to me?"

"Well, just because they take a lot of acid doesn't mean they have learned much from it, Bill" I said. "That was a mistake I made for a long time. Actually, I'm not sure I'm enlightened either. I'm sure I am sometimes, but then at other times I seem to forget, or at least I don't live up to it. I guess I'm enlightened in a half-assed way."

"You're enlightened, Kleps" Bill said. He seemed a little embarrassed at having made this pronouncement. "Well, I guess I had better go find the Mad Scientist, swallow my pride, and beg for sanctuary. You really think I did all right, huh?"

"You've got just the style that's needed around here" I said.

Bill went off to find Tim.

A couple days later, J.D. and her husband, whom she was to shed shortly thereafter, dropped me off at Steve Newell's house, a few miles from Princeton and Humphry Osmond's New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute. Before we take our leave of J.D., who, thank God (so to speak), will not reappear in this book, common decency impels me to mention that this person, who in appearance so much

resembled a moldy dumpling, had a character to match. Along with her close associates such as Donald Mead and Kevin Malone, she represented a kind of rat-person network in Boston and Washington, D.C. which ruined the image of the Neo-American Church in those crucial cities in the early years of the movement. When the tide of slime was at the full, in 1969, they almost ruined me also. They were our diabolical faction. Let us note the ominous synchronicity, which I did not fully appreciate at the time (if I had, I would not have been associating with J.D.) of this person delivering me to the house where I was to suffer the most traumatic blow of my psychedelic career.

Steve's setting was in perfect keeping with his set (magic spells, etc.)—a lonely old house in the country with a crumbling graveyard behind it and an old stone barn next door inhabited by an incommunicative “mad” inventor whose vast, incomprehensible constructions Steve had only glimpsed through briefly opened doors. But Steve seemed to be in fine fettle, and was pretty hopeful that he could find me a job for the winter. He introduced me to his boss and lover, who struck me as a nice, sensible woman who didn't have the slightest idea of what acid was all about (she was one of the few staff members at the place who didn't take it), and I filled out a questionnaire and submitted to an interview with another of his co-workers in the sociology department of the hospital. Sure enough, two days later I had a job at a nearby hospital. I noticed, however, that when Steve and I travelled back and forth to the place, we were constantly running into flocks of blackbirds on our left, which, according to Steve the Flea, was a very bad sign. The Thugees of India had a similar superstition. A sign of murder. The question was: whose murder?

## Chapter 18 In the Queen's Dungeons

*No, confound her, her intellect was good, she had brains enough, but her training made her an ass—that is, from a many-centuries later point of view.*

It was therefore not at all inconsistent with my set and setting, despite outward signs of progress, that, when I called Sally to tell her the good news and ask if she wanted a house on the hospital

grounds or off, my entire little fantasy of being able to maintain a normal domestic life under the changed conditions of my consciousness collapsed. She was in love with someone else. She wasn't coming up and I shouldn't come down (good advice, in more ways than one). Goodbye, kids. I will spare the reader, as I promised, an account of my emotions at that moment except to say that, if any of Steve's demons were lurking around and reading my mind, they were probably shocked. It was good old wife-beating Eustace, natch. I had the exquisite pleasure of envisioning my two little girls being brought up under the tutelage of one of the biggest ass-holes I had ever met. The first thing Steve did, when he got home and heard the news, was to mutter "that miserable bastard" and then hide his beautiful .38 Special which, although I hadn't mentioned it, was the only thing in the house in which I was interested.

I took a bus to my brother's house in Miami and called up a psychiatrist friend in Syracuse, Karl Newton, who had visited MGL a couple of times and obviously loved it. \$2000 for my equity? Fine. The money came by Western Union. I bought an old panel truck for \$600 and went to collect Sally and the kids. It was night. I was smashed, naturally. A cop started following me. There was every probability that a warrant was out for me in Florida because of the old seizure of the sugar cubes. Delightful. I stepped on the gas and careened around Miami's checkerboard of look-alike blocks until I lost the cop, then abandoned the truck. The next day we all took a plane for Syracuse.

What with airplane fares, incidentals and a month's rent and month's security on an apartment in Syracuse a couple blocks away from Sally's old sorority house, the two grand quickly disappeared. I remembered that a visitor to MGL had written me about marijuana growing next to the highway between Star Lake and Cranberry, which he had spotted while hitchhiking home. My Syracuse Boo Hoo and I went up to collect it. Sure enough. To celebrate, we got drunk, got picked up for P.I., and spent the night in jail. But we returned with the goods. Sally wasn't pleased with these developments. The next day, when I returned from shopping, she and the kids were gone. Two days later, divorce papers arrived. There was no way I could return to Florida without going to jail. I had sold Morning Glory Lodge for nothing.

Karl gave me his old Volkswagen convertible and I drove down to Millbrook. Tim wanted to know what I wanted to do. I told him

that it looked to me as though I had two choices. I could either stay at Millbrook or go to Alabama. An admirer from Birmingham had offered cash for the trip, but the letters he had written were almost illiterate, so I had grave doubts about the wisdom of taking him up on his offer, although he had also said he owned land in the region, some of which he might give to the church.

"Listen, Art" Tim said, "you're no more fucked up than I have been several times in the past, and don't think I haven't considered committing myself. I may yet, if it's the only way to avoid prison. But I have decided that if I do, I will pick some nice quiet V.A. hospital in the South. I can't stand this place in the winter . . . I think you ought to go down there and let this character pay your bills while you work on *Divine Toad Sweat*."

Yeah, well . . . I don't know . . . maybe . . . (my only real interest at that point was making sure I had enough whiskey on hand). During a slide show in a darkened room that evening, Billy Hitchcock appeared and asked me what I was up to. I told him.

"My wife left me, I lost the lodge, and I'm a complete fucking drunken mess."

"There's no room in the house" Tim said, from the other side of the projector, which was producing the usual squiggly forms on the wall.

"Well, what about the grey building in back?" asked charming Billy, and may the heavenly hosts forever praise his name—for that one, anyway.

"I think we could fix up a room," Billy said.

The "grey buildings" were the farmhouse-garage-stables-carriage house combination the Ashram moved into much later. One of the farmhands, Hurdle, and his family lived in the house section but there was plenty of empty space at the other end which I could have easily fixed up.

"No" said Tim, flatly, from behind a cloud of cigarette smoke in the gloom. "I think Art ought to go down to Alabama for the winter."

I looked at Billy and shrugged.

## Chapter 19

# Knight-Errantry as a Trade

*And, moreover, when you come right down to the bedrock, knight-errantry is worse than pork; for whatever happens, the*

*pork's left, and so somebody's benefited anyway; but when the market breaks, in the knight-errantry whirl, and every knight in the pool passes in his checks, what have you got for assets?*

On the way to my parents' house above Utica, where I intended to dry out, I was picked up for having an expired registration (one day over) and spent the night in jail. The alcoholic withdrawal symptoms I then had included the D.T.'s hallucinations I had often heard about but never before experienced. The content was essentially the same as the psychedelic variety, and I have discovered since that the pink elephants and snakes of the fabled D.T.'s are really quite rare—most alcoholics going through withdrawal see the same beautiful and elaborate spectacles witnessed by peyote eaters and acid-heads. It is the mind that moves, as they say, not the flag.

With my eyes open, I was in a tiny cathedral—the spaces between the bars were stained glass windows. With my eyes closed, I was in Southeast Asia moving through an enormous multi-chambered tent in which sat ancient men with long white beards silently meditating on piles of cushions and elaborately figured rugs with hookahs and objets d'art at their sides. One of them, apparently, had a pet tarantula, but it didn't scare me a bit. Of course, while I was seeing all this I was in physical agony and quite sure I was going to hemorrhage any moment from the continuous retching, and die, and a phantom spider under those conditions didn't mean a thing.

My father drove down and paid the fine, and I dried out in their guest bedroom. My parents, as usual, were very kind, but not understanding. Kind is good enough.

Understanding is something we should not expect to get for free, without great effort and difficulty, from anyone, even our parents.

## Chapter 20

# The Ogre's Castle

*This was not the sort of experience for a statesman to encounter who was planning out a peaceful revolution in his mind.*

Jesus Christ! Because of my guru's judicious counsel I now found myself at the mercy of a degraded Sagittarian bootlegger—or, rather, rentier to bootleggers (Jim didn't have enough sense to fry an egg properly, much less administer anything as complicated as a White Lightning run). His house, in one of the nicest sections of

Birmingham, was a pig pen within, strewn about with cheap occultist literature and every kind of garbage. In the basement, carefully tended by two "good old country boys," an enormous galvanized tank poured out a steady stream of that substance with which I was least competent to cope. A short walk down the cellar stairs and I was in the presence of a fountain of forgetfulness. In a way, one might say, my "prayers" had been answered, damn it.

The country place, by contrast, wasn't so bad, but my depression was so deep that I couldn't write a word. Naturally, legal problems Jim had neglected to mention in his letters prevented Jim from giving the church any property. He was the black sheep of a "good" family, and everything he had was tied up in trusts. I called up a charming little 17-year-old I had converted to the faith in Miami who was attending an exclusive girl's school in the city and was official Bee Hee of Birmingham. She did her best, but I couldn't even get it up. Through a private detective friend of Jim's I found that there was, no surprise, a warrant out for me in Florida, and I got Sally's address in Sarasota, also the home of her mother and Eustace. One more try, I told myself.

I took the bus. Sally wouldn't budge an inch. She was staying in Florida, the kids were staying with her, and, if I wanted to visit them, I would have to take my chances with the police. Waiting in the train station in Sarasota to return to Alabama, I had a little too much of Jim's 190 proof first run stuff. White Lightning is very deceptive. I O.D.'d, and passed out on a bench. City jail. The next morning I was transferred to the county jail. The old warrant had turned up. The Sarasota County jail was the worst dungeon I have ever been in before or since. No daylight. Twelve men, on the average, in a tank with six beds. The inmate in charge was a deranged gorilla, ordinarily good-natured but given to sudden bursts of mindless violence. He had been in the same dungeon for nine months for lack of bail. There were two 17-year-old boys who had been there for six months for the same reason. The gorilla usually picked on them. When he got overactive, the custom was to smile at him and thereby put the whole thing in the context of playful roughhousing. When he looked at me, I didn't smile. Instead, I said, (meanwhile breaking out in a cold sweat) "George, if you lay a hand on me, I'll bang a ball point pen through your ear with a shoe in the middle of the night." After that, he behaved with utmost politeness.

After a week I was transferred to a new jail in Ocala and bail of \$1000 was set on a charge of possession of a dangerous drug. Things

weren't so bad there but it was a month before Lisa Bieberman succeeded in raising the money I needed from various psychedelic people around the country.

Spending a few weeks in a typical American jail is no longer an unusual experience for white, middle class youth in this country, and there are many who either do time or are in jail for months because they can't raise bail. The experience is not a trivial one, nor does it typically result in nothing more than resentment and cynicism. It makes people who might otherwise be neutral into enemies of the State. One sees very clearly what the game is all about—money and coercion by armed force. "Law is another word for Power." For that reason, it doesn't make me particularly unhappy when I hear that a friend of mine has been busted for the first time, so long as he isn't likely to do much time. He's getting a cheap lesson in the realities of power which will stand him in good stead in the future. For the rest of his life, he will understand exactly how precious and fragile are those individual rights and liberties which he formerly took for granted. All governments are fascist at heart and are only restrained by fear of the people.

Of course, for a solipsist, there is another side to it. One must also wonder why one has brought this kind of nightmare on oneself—and nothing in my experience has led me to believe that the answer to that question is hard to find if you are willing to look for it. I do not make this comment to excuse cruelty (if you are attacked by a monster in a nightmare, by all means shoot the creature) but neither do I believe that nightmares can be banished by deploring them. They are banished only by honest analysis. Within the nightmare it is possible to speak of justice, in fact, it is necessary to speak of justice—if you want to be a "good" person rather than a "bad" one—but if you want life, in general, to be better, something more is required and that something is very difficult to accept because it corresponds so well to the formal structure of the drama in which you are trapped, and in which no one, victims, jailers, police or judges, any longer believes—yet there it is: *guilt and redemption*. Somehow, one has "gone wrong"—and very often the reason for it was "bad habits" or "hanging out with the wrong crowd." I will not defend this proposition for the generality—it has nothing to do with the generality, but I will defend it, and I have defended it, to any poor bastard *in particular* who finds himself in the can.

Back in Alabama I found the house deserted. Checks for several hundred dollars which I had been expecting in the mail were

nowhere to be found. All signs of bootlegging in the basement were gone. The phone rang. It was Jim. The gang had gotten word of a raid only a few hours before it was supposed to take place. Jim had taken my checks to a bank and tried to cash them, but the teller had gotten suspicious, so he had stepped outside and thrown them all down a sewer. He was now in Florida, hiding out at a girlfriend's house. No, I had better not sell his furniture. The "boys" suspected me of being the rat. I had better get out of town before I got killed. Delightful. I called Millbrook, and Bill Haines answered. Tim was in California. The Ashram had moved in and Bill was in charge. They were broke, but he would try to scrape up \$75 to get me back up. The next day, the money was at the Western Union office. Bali Ram, Haines' old boyfriend from India, came up with the cash. He had had a vision that I would pull them out of their difficulties. You're as good a man as I am, Bali Ram.

Well, that was that. As I write, the prisoners' song from *Fidelio* is on the stereo, and my mood on the train going north was exactly similar. The rotten wastelands of New Jersey looked like the abode of heavenly beings and the snow covered landscape of the Hudson Valley like a fantastic Elysium dreamed up by God in a moment of euphoria. My depression was no longer total: I could distinguish between good places and bad places. Compared to my life at MGL, I was still in sad shape, but in contrast to my consciousness in Alabama and the Sarasota County jail, I was fully sensible of the relative blessedness of my condition and prospects. I had friends and I had a place to which I could go. Only suffering and loss will teach us how important those simple requirements are to a happy life.

I took a cab from Poughkeepsie. The driver got a lot of kidding from his dispatcher when he reported his destination over the radio.

There were two changes in the outward appearance of the Big House: the outlines of a giant face, called "the universal man" had been painted on the facade and a formidable metal monstrosity of vaguely telescopic appearance squatted on the roof of the porch. It had been built by Narad, the Man of Iron, of course, who left without explaining what it was for or how he had gotten it up on the porch roof without a derrick. Nobody ever went near it, nor was "the universal man" much admired: he looked more like a leering gigolo than a saint or a philosopher, but the visiting artist who had painted him had known well what he was about—he had

left his Mark upon us, and there was no way to stash it in the kids' room with all the other bizarre productions left behind by other generous donors. Most of us became secretly fond of the old boy, I think. I know I did.

## Chapter 21

# The Pilgrims

*It was a pleasant, friendly, sociable herd; pious, happy, merry and full of unconscious coarsenesses and innocent indecencies.*

Although Bill Haines was nominally in charge, the house, I swiftly discovered, was split right down the middle between Ashramites and Leaguers, although there had been a few crossovers for purposes of getting laid. Although the place wasn't as jammed as it had been during my last (alcoholic) visit, when there had always been six or seven visitors sleeping on the floors of the dining room and music room, every nook and cranny was nevertheless taken, including the wine cellar, where Otto slept, and the attic, where Jean-Pierre had hollowed out a little nest. I will list everyone here, and try to pin them down momentarily in terms of place and role, although, as we shall see, nothing remained stable for very long:

*Bill Haines* had taken a small but beautiful parquet-floored, bay-windowed room center front, second floor, opening on the landing and also by a sliding door to a big room with a fireplace that served as the Ashram's common and meeting room. Bill's little captain's cabin contained all his Oriental bric-a-brac and had two framed photographs on the wall over his desk—one of Tim Leary and the other of W.C. Fields looking crafty over a hand of cards. One of the stories circulating about Haines was that he had been, for a couple of years, an ordained Dutch Reform minister, fired, like Horatio Alger, Jr., for groping a choir boy. Haines refused to discuss his pre-yoga past, but little hints would drop here and there. As near as I can figure, it went something like this:

Well-to-do parents in New York. Strict upbringing. Joined the Army at 17 at the tail end of World War II, just in time to be present as the concentration camps were opened. Stationed at Berchtesgaden, of all places. Struck an officer. Two years in stockades. Theological school? The Christian (Dutch Reformed) ministry? Nine years in

India. Back to the U.S. as some kind of show business impressario (the Ashram had a film in which Bill introduced the acts at a U.N. gala, in a slightly British accented voice). Accepts Mishra as his guru. The Ananda Ashram at Monroe, N.Y.

Haines, it must be said, never pretended to have a full complement of fully tightened screws, never advanced himself as a model—a well-integrated personality. He didn't double-bind himself over his own failings, which gave his nasty traits and occasional outbursts of total irrationality an open and even frivolous air, which seemed to most of us, most of the time, reason enough to excuse them in favor of the appreciation, which was general, of his humor, candor and vitality.

*Sarasvati*. Already described. She and her little daughter, supposedly the offspring of a union with a Chinese cook who visited occasionally bringing presents, had a little room in the back of the house but Sarasvati spent most of her time in Bill's presence, or, if banished, with Susan Shoenfeld and Bhavani. She was banished regularly. One morning, noting that Bill seemed to be in a particularly black humor, I asked him what was wrong. Sarasvati was slumped in a corner, head down. It was impossible to tell whether she was giggling or crying. Bill pointed an accusing finger at her. "She *smiled* at me!" he growled. That little offense got her three days in outer darkness. As we shall see, this primal struggle between Bill and Sarasvati continued throughout Bill's reign at Millbrook, and, years later when I visited the Ashram in Arizona, it was still going on.

*Tambimutto*. Tambi had the room next to Bill's on the other side from the common room. Through the wall, Bill could hear Tambi chanting and retching during his bouts with the bottle. As Tambi had remarked with imperious Anglo-Indian dignity when the officials of the Monroe Ashram descended on the place with their armed guard, "I am not a pot-head—I am an alcoholic!" True. Tambi at this point in time, was edging away from Bill and identifying with Tim, who had flattered him outrageously because of his supposed excellent connections in the literary world. Tambi was greying and toothless and always looked at least slightly angry and/or malicious, even when he was unconscious.

Later that winter, Tambi's hostility towards Bill became deep and metaphysical, and during one long period when Sarasvati was banished, Bill maintained he could hear the two of them through the wall plotting his destruction, with Tambi egging Sarasvati on

to take decisive action against the “evil one.” When she finally did, her action was dramatic but ineffectual: she put her fist through a stained glass window between Bill’s room and the landing. Typically of Millbrook, the whole business thereupon vanished into thin air, and Sarasvati was once again permitted to clean up Bill’s room and to be present during discussions so long as she kept her mouth shut. Tambi stayed with Tim when the Ashram moved out of the Big House, but did not remain in Tim’s orbit after the general collapse.

*Howie Druck and Betsy Ross.* Betsy was a cross-over from the League. They had a little room in back on the second floor off the landing. Because of Thorin, Betsy’s little son by a former alliance, whom Bill loved dearly, and because Betsy’s family was well-off, and, I hope, because Betsy was a very sweet, unpretentious girl, Haines was not at all displeased to see one of his most devoted followers given this subsidiary domestication. Betsy had successfully run a jewelry shop in Greenwich Village before coming to Millbrook to join her goat-loving brother, and it was Haines’ hope that the Ashram, once it had a little capital, could partially support itself with some similar operation. It never came to anything. Howie was at that time in charge of the Ashram’s finances, and, as is traditional for those who play this role in spiritual communities, was regarded with suspicion and envy by the rest of the boys, including his brother. He never seemed to do any useful work but was always well provided for and rarely subjected to the kind of abuse meted out daily by Haines to the rest of his followers. I suspect he reminded Haines of the concentration camp victims he had helped to liberate in the war. No matter how well fed and well dressed, Howie always looked somehow beaten and helpless. When you met his big, brown suffering eyes, your first impulse was to offer him a candy bar. It was the only thing that kept me from making a play for Betsy, who turned me on in a big way.

*Jean-Pierre.* A wispy little fellow who was always dressed outrageously in various nondescript garments of vaguely Levantine classification, Jean-Pierre was definitely in the background figure category, at least as far as I was concerned. He had a famous father of whom I had never heard, a French Dadaist poet or something from Tambi’s old circle. Looking back, I’m fairly sure that Jean-Pierre, who moved out completely at the time of the great split, rather than make a decision between factions, was an occultist who was simply hanging around waiting for “something

to happen'' of a general and spectacular nature—mass levitations or balls of fire from outer space. He wasn't the only one. I hear it all the time now. People say, "but nothing happened—in those days we all expected that *something would happen*." I heard that from a philosophy professor at Bennington just the other year.

Well, it all depends on how you look at it. *I* happened—and, from my point of view, as a spectacular event, that makes mass levitations and balls of fire seem pale by comparison.

*Marshall and Pat McNeil.* Leaguers to the end. Marshall was a sturdy yeoman type, big, good-natured and earnest, who always looked a little dazed by all the insanity going on around him, while his wife, Pat, was the image of the cute little Irish tough-girl one could always find in the 50's at the corner bar on Saturday night swapping dirty stories with the boys. They had two little girls and also lived on the second floor, in two small rooms across from Tambimutto.

*John and Vinnie.* Ashramite couple. A pair of clean-cut American kids who never seemed to think of anything except how best to enjoy themselves. Vinnie was one of the sexiest little creatures I have ever met in my life, an opinion universally shared. She moved in a sort of continuous wriggle and her mouth was always open. When she discovered I was a writer, she suggested I collaborate with her on the story of her life. It would be a masterpiece of pornography, she assured me. John didn't approve. He thought we should sell her as a *Playboy* centerfold instead. John and the Drucks had visited Israel together, before their Ashram lives began.

*Wendy Williams.* Ashramite. Wendy had a room in the servants' wing. Pretty, intelligent, rich family, and somewhat reserved in manner.

*Lou Friedlander.* Ashramite. Lou was about my age and was the very quintessence of Semitic intellectual agony, profoundly troubled by questions so dark and profound that their mere utterance would shrivel souls for miles around. Although he had a room in the servants' wing, he also spent a lot of time in a closet, where he would be given his meals on a tray.

*Michael Green.* Leaguer. A commercial artist of almost arcane facility, Michael (who did the cover for the *Boo Hoo Bible*) had abandoned Mad Ave. at the age of 23 to devote himself to getting stoned, painting elaborate mandalas and such, and learning how to go barefoot, even in the snow. He had a room in the servants' wing and a little studio, converted from a bathroom, off the music room.

A nice boy with a good sense of humor despite it all, he was Wendy's favorite at the time I arrived.

I still see reproductions of Michael's posters occasionally in head shops. One shows a series of Jesus Christs jetting out of a central maelstrom of forms, and another Timothy Leary's face composed of hundreds of tiny figures and designs.

*Ted Druck.* Howie's older brother. An ex-teacher of Hebrew recently divorced. Tall, gaunt, sad-eyed, and unimaginative, Ted usually slept in the common room.

*Fred Blacker.* A dealer, thief, and small time con man, Fred was later killed by the police (or committed suicide) when he locked himself in a bathroom in New York. Fred slept in the common house at that time, but later moved out to the bowling alley with his girl, *Alexandra*, a super-cutie who always dressed like a Cecil B. DeMille harem dancer.

Only recently have I learned that Fred, who seemed harmless enough on the surface, was crazy and violent in private—beat up darling little Alexandra, and so forth, and it was suicide, not the cops. I don't know if he was that way while at Millbrook. I hope not.

*Susan Shoenfeld.* Susan, a tough little "bi" of about 30, was Bill's hope for a big bundle in the future, since her family was loaded and Susan was due for a big trust fund in a year or so. She had a room in the servants' wing. Originally Ashramite, her allegiances, if any, were divided.

*Bhavani.* League. Nobody ever called her by her outside name and I don't even know what it is. About my age or a little older, Bhavani looked like everyone's ideal of serene American motherhood and was one of the very few people in the place who could discuss philosophic and occult subjects with any degree of knowledgeability or rationality. Lesbian. She occupied Tim's room during his absence, and was in charge of the acid. All you did was knock on her door, say how much you wanted, and there it was. This is undoubtedly the best arrangement in a community subject to raids. One person should be responsible for all the illegal drugs.

*Bob and Carol Ross.* Bob has already been introduced. He and Carol, a tall, grey-eyed blonde who swept around in pastel gowns and put up signs in the kitchen addressed to "Loved Ones" and otherwise behaved like the mistress of a Sunday school class, had taken over the tower where sessions were held in the early days. Bob was the leader of the anti-Haines forces. From his tower he

controlled the music being heard from various speakers throughout the house, and could survey the progress being made by his filthy goats in covering the house's environs with a sprinkling of turds.

*Susie Blue.* A little black girl who had been a maid during the early days and was now just one of the kids. A bundle of weird superstitions and paranoid fears, she had retreated to the animism of her ancestors and worshipped various trees and rocks in the woods.

*Arthur Frelinghausen.* Arthur, a bright but unsophisticated kid type, was under orders from Tim to produce a magazine or newsletter for the League, but his kick was to say that we were all just searchers lost in the maze, none of us were enlightened, etc., etc. This didn't cut any ice with Tim, naturally, and Haines and I informed him that he could leave us out of that little generalization also, so the whole thing never got off the ground. The only publication being put out in those days, actually, was a mimeographed sheet cranked out irregularly by the McCready boys called the "Daily Blah." It was read avidly by everyone in the house as soon as it appeared, and frequently contained highly embarrassing quotes of comments people made when they thought they were speaking privately to their respective cliques. They also kept track of the game of musical beds, and, as far as I know, were never wrong.

Arthur lived in a room on the third floor with

*Jill Henry.* The relationship was an uneasy one, since Jill, a transfer from Vassar so to speak, was still a bit in love with her ex-roommate from school. Very cool, smooth, delicate and intelligent. League, naturally, but not fanatical and well liked by one and all. She gave me a cute, awkward, heavy, solid gold three-eyed toad pendant which I wore for a couple years until I gave it to another beauty who still has it, I bet.

Much later, Jill married a West Coast dealer and associate of Billy's: Nicky Sands.

*Jean McCready.* League. Recently divorced, in her early thirties, with two small boys, Jean was the archetypal Learyite. Her selfless devotion to Tim was total, as witness the fact that she still did all the typing for him although Rosemary was the one in his bed. I'm certain Jean would have jumped off the roof if Tim had told her to. Bill, who treated people like Bob and Carol with the utmost contempt, was always wryly respectful to Jean. She was a lady, and her goody-goodyness had no hidden malice behind it. Indeed, she was usually

serenely oblivious to whatever malice seethed around her, however much it occupied the attention of her fellow residents.

Jean's most recent ex-husband (not the father of the children), Walter Schneider, a Navy pilot, showed up every now and then during the winter to visit, and eventually took a trip, quit the Navy, and joined the League in the woods, where he became a kind of super flower-child, and, later, after the place broke up, one of the leaders of "The Brotherhood of Eternal Love" in California and, occasionally, Billy Hitchcock's co-pilot. He also wrote an interminable blank verse epic about our struggle with the Dutchess County rat-people called "Millbrook Thanksgiving" which, in a much condensed version, eventually appeared in print. (I unreservedly recommend this work to those historians who may feel that I have not adequately conveyed in these pages the full aromatic force of the flower-power mystique, and have crushed those tender blooms and tendrils of fantasy and loving-kindness under the record of observable behavior and philosophic ideas.)

Two rooms on the third floor.

*Allan Marlowe.* Already introduced. Allan lived with his consort Dianne DiPrima in the bowling alley, along with two daughters of Dianne's by former alliances, a 9-year-old and a little brown charmer, the child, reputedly, of some well-known spade literary figure. One time I ran across this little doll in the hall early in the morning and asked her if she had had "good dreams" the night before. She thought about it for a moment and then replied, "They're not on my diet." Haines made a point of sneaking candy to Dianne's kids whenever he could. League. Allan and Dianne were constant thorns in Haines' side but had brought with them treasures which Haines coveted and later acquired (through a series of devious transfers which I don't understand to this day): a letterpress and photo-offset and all the necessary equipment to go with them. Dianne has some reputation as a writer in certain circles, but her stuff always struck me as being fraudulent, uneasy and lifeless . . . just like her husband. The kids were adorable, however.

After Marlowe and DiPrima moved out in the spring to find more congenial pasturage, *Allan Atwell* and his new girlfriend, *Susan Firestone* who looked like his twin sister, took over their old quarters in the bowling alley, and stayed until mid-summer, spending all of their time with the League (although Allan would sometimes prostrate himself on the road when he saw me coming, which would lead to a pantomime Chinese-style modesty contest

of extravagant gestures which would invariably amuse our respective companions, not to mention passing motorists, if we happened to be outside the gates at the time). I liked Allan, but I disliked his psychedelic paintings, which always had the appearance of internal organs of doubtful vintage, and I couldn't bring myself to pretend otherwise. (The only psychedelic painter who conveys the approximate force of visionary experience as I have known it is Mati Klarwine.) After Atwell left, we half expected Alan Watts or Allen Ginsberg to show up to claim the family homestead, but it just remained vacant for a while and then Fred Blacker and Alexandra moved in. Far out.

*Len and Teresa.* A couple of noncommunicative Leaguers from Las Vegas who always seemed to me to be just passing through, they were so impassive, but stayed for a long time. Len, a former dealer, always looked like he had some business on his mind, while Teresa, a former showgirl, always looked like she had no mind, only an intense consciousness of her body, which richly deserved the attention she paid it. One time I patted her on the ass while passing through the pantry and got slapped for my pains, a rare example of brutal and unjustified violence rearing its ugly head on the premises. I can think of only two other examples (unless Fred was another); once Clum hit Jackie for moving a log Clum had placed across the road to block traffic, and once I had a small scuffle with an uninvited and hostile visitor who wouldn't leave. An astonishing record, considering. No deaths, either. No fires. No serious illnesses.

*Otto H. Baron von Albenesius.* Otto lived in a small wine cellar room in the basement with his German shepherd, Winnie. I hesitate to attempt a capsule description of this sublime individualist who is one of the most pure and holy (the word "unreal" comes to mind automatically) persons it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Perhaps it will be best if Otto is introduced gradually as the story unfolds. Too much Otto at one time might cause the reader to conclude that this noble effort to maintain historical accuracy was being distorted by the addition of a complete fiction in which no reasonable person could believe.

*Bill Sheatsley.* Sheatsley, the rugged, hard working, sandy-haired son of a Midwestern Sunday school superintendent, had been Haines' roommate during the Ananda ("bliss"—the name of the Ashram in Monroe) period, and he was having difficulty adjusting to the elevation of his filthy-mouthed, drug-soaked former buddy to the

status of guru. Sheatsley never took psychedelics and put in at least sixteen hours a day of hard work, half of them in a local hospital doing alternative service as a conscientious objector and half at home. "Karma Yoga." Sheats (for short) was also celibate, like Haines, although later, at the Arizona Ashram, he took up with a local "hot tamale," as Haines called her, and then left to form his own group. At the time of this narrative, he had a room in the servants' wing.

*Ed Kalujuak.* Ed, a huge, slope-shouldered Canadian, usually hung around with Marshall. He never said much and was perpetually mild and good-natured. I have no idea where he slept—perhaps in a closet. League.

*Howie Klein.* Howie was the second banana of the Ashram, straight man to Haines. Prototypical funny Jewish boy from the Bronx with a big nose and an enormous bush of wiry red hair, he had developed the wry, self-deprecatory style to such perfection that he couldn't say "shit" without getting a laugh. Servants' wing.

*Zen.* League, but not really. Zen, a tiny, bearded man with a rural Southern style of speech who rarely appeared on the scene, even for lunch, lived in the cavernous depths of the bowling alley where he reputedly subsisted on a steady diet of 1000 mics every three days. Well liked.

*Paul Faggot.* League. Paul, a mournful little Jewish swish, was always attired in a dirty brown velvet robe, with hood, and possibly slept in the bowling alley. Whenever Haines spotted him gliding around a corner somewhere (he seemed to appear from and disappear into the woodwork like a rat) he would yell, "Would somebody please tell me who let that little faggot in here?" but the question was never answered. Later, we put Paul to work typing the *Boo Hoo Bible*, which task he performed with the greatest reluctance.

*Charlie Hitchings.* Charlie was just a dumb kid and never pretended to be anything else. Ashram. Slept in the common room most of the time.

*Victor.* A Puerto Rican boy in his early twenties, Victor was a good carpenter and highly thought of by Haines on that account. He was also a nice, open, unpretentious fellow, but seemed always to be suffering from the pangs of unrequited love. He later became paranoid on trips and thought Haines was out to kill him, or something.

*Bali Ram.* Former boy dancer to the King of Nepal, Bali was a

true child of the East and, rumor had it, Bill's ex-boyfriend. He was a bundle of crazy superstitions, many of which seemed to work, and was utterly devoid of the usual Western hang-ups, although he had plenty of his own. He was proud of his omniverous sexual proclivities, which were the source of many close calls for Haines, both at Ananda and at Millbrook, since Bali made no discriminations based on age, sex or condition of servitude. Naturally, Bali and Sarasvati were constantly hissing and spitting at each other like a couple of cats. Bali had a large room (Maynard's former room) at the west end of the second floor where he could practice his dancing free of distractions. Nobody who had seen him in action begrudged him the space.

*Charles Ashmore.* Charlie didn't show up until April or May, but he then stayed with the Ashram for the move to Arizona, after which he disappeared into the University of Arizona fringe world in Tucson. Gay black, with the temperament of a pussycat. *Nothing* ever bothered Charlie, who seemed to grin and giggle from morning to night. For a while, Tim made a point of taking Charlie along on his lectures to function, as Haines put it, as his "stage nigger." I think he stopped this practice because Charlie, like my psychiatrist pal, Karl Newton, when asked about it, showed either no interest in the race issue at all or such a lackadaisical interest that it offended the black militants in the audience who had become, by that time, the official moral models of their race—so far as the media was concerned, anyway. For most genuinely stoned people, racial and ethnic conflicts (although not religious ones) become very quickly an abstract and boring way of looking at things and the old liberal wisdom about "treating everyone as an individual" takes on added lustre. Sure, I have certain Germanic characteristics, but I certainly don't care to *identify* with the supposed or actual virtues and vices of the typical German. Why should a bright black want to identify with his generally pretty stupid (mean I.Q. 86) race? It's tough enough to identify with the "damned human race," as Twain put it, without adding on extra and unnecessary burdens.

*Rudy and Jackie.* This couple, both subjects of Great Britain, whom I had met only briefly before, were former devotees of Tim's who had become disillusioned for reasons which always remained obscure no matter how much they talked about it. They had come in originally to put on light-shows for Tim's "Psychedelic Celebrations" in New York. Young, up-tight and in a limbo so far as group identification went, they lived in a room next to Howie and Betsy.

*Karen Detweiler*, by the way, had disappeared during my absence, but later returned. The lack of an immediate piece of ass didn't bother me since my interest in the opposite sex had dimmed down to a low, guttering flame along with all other interests and ambitions, and, during the first two or three weeks at Millbrook I was well content to just do housework and sprawl around the common room, where I slept on a couch, swapping stories with the boys. In other words, my behavior pattern and attitudinal set weren't much different than they had been in jail. My mind was firmly set on idle and I found it impossible to even write letters. I watched the people around me as if behind a glass wall . . . but they were so engaging that a breakthrough was inevitable.

## Chapter 22

# The Holy Fountain

*The pilgrims were human beings.*

It was unheard of at Millbrook in those days for anything of more consequence than passing the butter to happen in an unremarkable or regular way. When visitors, as they always did, would ask "What's happening?", a question we got pretty sick of hearing, the standard reply was, from Tim on down, "I haven't the slightest idea. If you ever find out, please let me know." Of course, this was essentially an evasive answer, and any one of us could have sat down and drawn a diagram, so to speak, which, if it were an actual drawing, would have looked like one of those children's games full of segmented paths in which you try to get to Brer Rabbit's house by following the instructions on cards turning over according to the throw of dice—or, more accurately, like a dozen such games, all with different rules, superimposed on each other. If you had attempted to progress in a straight line through this maze, getting involved with the people you met along the way, you would have found it very difficult to maintain an "overview." The chart, in other words, could have been "drawn," but it would have been, without the application of a profound talent for drawing such charts, a mess, full of scribbled notations, hidden corners, *culs-de-sac*, brave highways leading to nowhere, evanescent establishments, established evanescences, sanctified misunderstandings,

whims of iron, resolutions of sand, and every kind of masquerade and camouflage the human imagination can invent to promote feelings of self-worth or safety or both.

There was an ironical twist to almost everything also, kickers, which acid tends to promote, in my opinion, and which comprises one of the most incomprehensible stylistic aspects of the Neo-American Church to outsiders. It's an acquired taste, to be sure.

But, if discontinuous, everyday life in the Big House in those days was, in general, a pleasure—a continuous source of instruction and amusement. I have lived in most of the standard social institutions and I think the psychedelic community is the most agreeable kind of life . . . if there is no great anxiety about money for basics, no great fear of the police, and room enough so that factions can maintain a modest distance from each other. Three big ifs.

Working, for one thing, is more fun. Take kitchen duty, which everyone had to sign up for on a rotating schedule. Naturally, swabbing up after dinner for thirty people, which was about average, is no pleasure in itself, and, every night, two of us had to spend four hours washing pots and pans and mopping floors—but we were usually well entertained while doing so, since the kitchen was the forum of the community, and it was there that the issue of the day was often resolved. There was always an “issue of the day”—besides all the ordinary gossip. Should people be permitted to have private stashes? Should so and so, a visitor, be allowed to move in? Should we switch to vegetarianism? Did that prick Art Kleps have the right to close off the music room so he and Wendy and Michael Green could work on his book? Was Meher Baba full of shit? Who was fucking whom?

It was a very oral group. Almost everyone smoked two or three different substances, drank three or four different beverages, and cried, laughed, complained, bragged and told stories from morning to night. In fact, it was a rare night when, even at 3 A.M., one could not find an intense conversation going on somewhere in the house.

Although I was depressed during my first weeks in the Big House that winter of the Haines *Interregnum*, I was never bored, and I frequently found myself, to my astonishment, laughing out loud, such was the quality of the comedy. Much of our time was spent telling each other about our trips. One of the most popular was Howie Klein's account of his “big trip,” which I asked him to retell, and recorded, as he was going up on some S.T.P. in Arizona. It's in the *Boo Hoo Bible*, but I can't resist including it here because

it sums up so well the spirit of Millbrook “everyday life” that winter:

Howie: This is good music. Well let’s see. I don’t know, don’t know if I can do this. O.K., when I was on this trip, let’s see I was, well I wanted to walk in the woods to see if I was afraid and I knew I was going to be. So I started walking and all the trees looked really weird ungngngngngngggggggg all the branches were just out!

Kleps: You wanted to know why you were afraid?

Howie: No, I just wanted to see how I’d do it. How I’d get into these things. So I started walking, I said this is very weird—very weird . . . very weird. (Chuckle) I said go out a little further: you can always turn back. So I kept walking and I said why don’t you walk in the other direction and you’ll still be walking home! (Laughter) So I started walking and I said, don’t get into a thing where you’ll never get back to the house, you’ll fall in the snow here and you’ll be laying in the snow here, and all that. So I started to run and I got about 50 steps and I said SHSHSHSHSH look, you did it! So I was still pretty screwed up: so I thought I’d go and see Zen at the bowling alley; and I’d sit down; and he was getting high. He didn’t know I was on a trip, so I sat down, and, Oh, I don’t know, Ahhhhh, I don’t know. I always get into this thing! (Laughter) Then I got pissed off: you know, “What do I do this for?” So he says, he said, something that really turned me on, you know, “It’s all God, or something like that.” So I said, yah, I was reading this book that said when you ride on the train you carry all these suitcases and you really don’t carry them cause the train will carry them. (Chuckle) So that sounded good, you know, so I said, Yah, I don’t have to carry them, give them all up. So then I felt good. So I felt I made a discovery, so I went to the Big House and told Victor, and I said, I came to the conclusion that everything is God. So Victor said that God wasn’t found in a conclusion. (Laughter) So I didn’t really get too screwed up, but I started to think about it, so I went up to see Charlie, who was in the bathroom in Bill’s room, and I said, Victor said God isn’t found in a conclusion but since everything is God it has to be a conclusion too. So we drew a conclusion and it came like two cones coming together and it continued. And so from then I discovered it continued. So then I saw Lou cleaning the bathroom and I said, I discovered God, I found God. So he says now that you’ve found him don’t let him out of your sight. (Laughter)

Yes, life in general was charming and merry, however bitterly a particular contest of the moment was being fought. If the reader could have descended as an invisible man into a variety of scenes picked at random to hear A telling B something, you would have heard B respond with laughter, 9 times out of 10.

Of course, the invisible reader might not have laughed at any given story. Tastes differ, which is undoubtedly the crux of the matter. Lisa Bieberman thought the place was a "human zoo," but Lisa left, as did everyone else who found the place not to his liking. Those who remained, however much they differed in opinion, had the same general outlook on things, for as Goethe puts it, "Men are divided by their opinions but unified by their outlooks."

Nor, although it looked pretty heavenly to me, was Millbrook to everyone's taste in architecture and landscaping. The massive, rough-hewn stonework everywhere, the huge, extravagant buildings and the odd constructions of stone and wrought iron scattered along the crumbling roads (according to one story Dieterich had laid the place out according to Rosicrucian occult diagrams) did not suggest heavenly realms to everyone but, to many, only Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, gothic romances and tales of terror. The place was full of oddities: cavernous root cellars under one stretch of road between the Big House and the Bungalow, an abandoned kennel which must have housed fifty dogs at one time, beautiful and ingeniously constructed round barns scattered through the woods, ruined gardens creeping over elaborate walled enclosures and sunken stone chambers of forgotten purpose. Tim and Bill disparaged the architecture whenever they had an opportunity, and so did the troops. Actually, I would say that only Otto, Billy and I were really satisfied with the Andrew Jackson Downing Hudson River "picturesqueness" of it all. Everyone else professed to much higher standards.

I believe one of the reasons the League fled to the woods that summer was because the gothic and grotesque character of the place finally disturbed them more than it amused them. It didn't fit the image of ascetic simplicity which had come into fashion. It wasn't egalitarian, it wasn't primitive and it wasn't "nice" (harmless seeming). On the contrary, the whole place shouted to high heaven of vast disparities between classes, of grandiosity and extravagance, overweening ambition, pride and that species of romanticism that deals with kings and queens and noble deeds rather than with shepherds and shepherdesses.

When the League moved out, Otto stayed in the basement of the Big House and spent most of his time, including meal times, at the Ashram.

"I wasn't brought up to live out in the woods like a bunny rabbit," he said. (Neither was I. I would rather live in the woods than anywhere else commonly available, but only if certain primary conveniences are available. The Arabians have the right idea about the size and furnishing of tents. Those flimsy little nylon jobs which are so popular today are for the birds.)

Although Wendy and I took frequent strolls through "League Country" which comprised about a thousand acres of fields and woodland on the northern half of the estate, I never felt any desire to move in. There were two major hills: Lunacy, from which you could get a magnificent sweeping view of the Hudson Valley and around which most of the League was clustered in their tents, and Ecstasy, further back by a mile or two, where Tim and Rosemary lived in a little tent with a view of a sequestered bosky dell full of tall grass and wildflowers.

Any place where you have good trips becomes enchanted, of course. I recall the surprise I felt when, on my visit to Cambridge and IFIF, Lisa showed me her tiny, ordinary upstairs den in a frame building on Boylston Street and asked me if it wasn't the most beautiful room I had ever seen. For her, I now know, it was full of the presence of the Lord. I forget what I said, but, whatever it was, it probably made Lisa wonder if I was a dullard, as her question made me wonder if she was mad.

There was a tendency at Millbrook, also, to assume that everyone saw what we saw. Haines, in particular, assumed that everyone who visited automatically conceived a secret passion to move in at once, but he was sufficiently rational so that when I argued to the contrary to him one day he called a meeting of the Ashram to discuss it and quietly shifted over to my judgement, which had it that as many people were frightened and repelled as were attracted. Very powerful forces kept people in their stinking cities, which one or two acid trips did not necessarily dispel, in fact, if one kept the imprinting hypothesis in mind, the city, to them, might seem to be the psychedelic place and our medieval enclave an irrelevant and "counter-revolutionary" oddity in which one would no more think of living than in the Egyptian Rooms of the Metropolitan Museum.

Nevertheless, it didn't take very long before the evocation of the name "Millbrook," which had previously sounded no more exciting than "Elm Street" or "Riverdale" began to ring in the ears of the annointed like "Mecca" or "Jerusalem" or "Lhasa." When those of us who lived there happened to be somewhere else, I noticed that a kind of soft flicker of reverence invariably accompanied the pronunciation of those two syllables.

Behind the word, as delivered to us, are images both appropriate and beautiful; the effortless flow of the river does the work of the world, the jolly miller cannot be faulted in any way for what he does or what he has made here, and the pond behind his mossy dam is a nice place to fish and swim. It is difficult to think of a better symbol for the marriage of art and industry, or of nature and civilization.

Of course, we now have "Watergate" and "watershed" and all of that, which is neatly synchronistic, but I hope that these harder, political and historical associations will not entirely overwhelm the ancient visual echoes of bygone times when, in certain happy countries, a large part of what we had at Millbrook was the birthright and natural inheritance of almost everyone.

In some ways, it seems incredible that our little enclave wasn't completely swamped with people right from the beginning. Its existence was, after all, well known and it was certainly not difficult to enter, if you put your mind to it. Although our official policy was no admittance without an invitation, and, later, as keeper of the gate, it was my function to tell almost everyone who showed up to go away, I would most often also give uninvited guests the Big House pay phone number and the Ashrama number and tell them they could call if they liked and try to get an invitation. More often than not, however, these characters would simply go over the wall or around to a side gate rather than engage in any such disagreeable concession to the standard canons of polite conduct. They would then appear in the midst of a League or Ashram scene without saying anything at all to anyone about who they were, what they wanted or where they came from.

(The Ashram, by summer, had moved out of the Big House.)

The usual progression would go something like this: envision the Ashram going about its business. Pots are being made by Bali Ram and Bonk. Sheatsley, Howie and Ted Druck are cranking out some pamphlet or broadside on the presses. The girls are fixing lunch in the kitchen. Others are doing various household tasks.

Those who aren't busy at the moment are sitting out front on the patio shooting the shit with Haines. A pair of bearded, long haired fellows with huge, glowing eyes appear on the outskirts of the group and sit down on some rocks bordering the flower garden. They say absolutely nothing, except, possibly, "hi" to whoever is nearest them. If asked, they give their first names. "I'm Jerry, this is Flash."

Consider the disagreeable task confronting Haines under these circumstances. Simply asking these people wasn't enough, of course. Invariably, they would say, "oh, just looking around" or something similar, and volunteer no information about themselves of any kind. Finding out was like pulling teeth.

Haines reacted in various ways. If he was stoned, he would patiently ask questions until he was satisfied the visitor was harmless, and tell him he could stay for dinner but not overnight. If he wasn't stoned, he would say, "Just looking around, huh? Well, this isn't a zoo. You are on private property and unless you have been invited here by someone who lives here, I'm afraid you will have to leave."

Many would leave at this point and go to the Big House, where someone would direct them to the woods, where the same scene would be repeated, except the signals would be more scrambled and susceptible to misinterpretation. Some would simply ignore the whole problem and hang around until they realized that they would not be automatically accepted into any group on account of their sublime vibrations. Then they would go. When the egalitarian primitivists moved into the woods in force, of course, all this changed.

Every now and then, we would be visited by representatives of the various cults springing up in those days which drew their membership mostly from supposedly "disillusioned" ex-acid heads—the Jesus Freaks, Scientologists, the Meher Baba group, Oshawa's "Macrobiotics" people, Transcendental Meditators, "Hare Krishnas" and so forth. They always *crept* in, like lizards, and one would suddenly awaken to the fact that, over there in the corner of the room, introduced to the group by some fast shuffle or other ("Uh, Bill, this is a friend of those guys who were here last week. O.K. if he stays for dinner?") was a wierdo who *just didn't fit in* and who was fixedly *staring at someone*. That was, and still is, I understand, the basic recruitment technique of these groups. Stare the victim in the eye and hope he will recognize the flame within, or

something. See how convinced and happy I am? How tranquil and composed? Doth not my very countenance shine forth the glorious radiance of the \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in blank with the name of the spook)?

When they tried it on Bill, he would, when he noticed it, invariably ask, "Who let this fruitcake in here, anyway? Didn't your mother teach you it was impolite to stare at people, young man? What group of con artists do you represent anyway?" or something similar.

Nobody at Millbrook ever got converted, as far as I know. It is my belief that these groups, of which Moon's Unification Church is the present best example, are all squabbling over a potential market of about 20% of the human race at the outside, which is composed almost entirely of *born hypnotic subjects* with top I.Q.'s of about 116 or so, with the curve sharply skewed to the left, down to about 75. I believe this group has always been the flock of sheep upon which the wolves have fed.

To gather together a core group of this kind, all you need is a forceful manner, balls of brass, and no compunctions of any kind. Being crazy helps, if it is the right type of craziness, namely, grandiose paranoia. If you can get 100 people together, or hit 100 people in succession, and you have mastered the right line of patter, you can *automatically and by the laws of probability* expect to convince around 20 or so to see what you want them to see and feel what you want them to feel. Any stage magician-hypnotist knows this. There are simple tests by which these "good subjects" can be culled out before the show starts for presentation on stage. The more public the proceedings, the brighter the lights, the louder the voices—the easier it is.

Once you have a core group, all you have to do is teach them, or some of them, how to do the same thing to others, and encourage everyone to believe that every example of synchronicity they encounter is a demonstration of the power of \_\_\_\_\_. It also helps to create guilt by making impossible demands ("pure thoughts," for example) in order to provide a defense against rebellions in the ranks.

Nothing to it, if you have the conscience of a worm and don't mind being surrounded at all times by a bunch of zombies. I recommend this racket to anyone who feels he is cut out for it, since I think both the public in general and the victims in general are in the least danger when there is the most competition. When one horde

manages to overcome all the others, the results, as all history attests, can be unfortunate in the extreme. The Neo-American Church, of course, is not in this market at all. How could we be? It is a market composed of people afraid to get stoned.

But very few of our stoned young visitors approached the scene in an honest and reasonable way, either. They did not seek out someone in authority and politely ask to be permitted to visit for a while. Those few who did were given every consideration and treated with the same respect they had shown us. We were not swamped with new residents—until Tim threw the place open—because few of the psychedelic people who came to look the place over were willing to make even the most elementary adjustments of their behavior in order to make themselves agreeable to us. Thanks to the underground press, a doctrine of primitive communism had swept over the kid culture, and even the “Third World” and “Group Image” gangs, Tord told me later, eventually rejected most of the poeple who simple wandered into their scenes (“Teepee Town” back in the woods and the round barn near the duck pond), although they became very embarrassed and upset at the necessity for doing so.

A moralistic rigidity set in very early in the psychedelic world, and what we had going at Millbrook, after the first couple years, simply didn't fit the popular image of how “liberated” people were supposed to live. The typical visiting kid arrived with certain fixed notions and did not see himself at all as a searcher or student, but as a refugee from Hell, who, if he could only find a heaven or haven, had every right to demand entrance—like the “Levellers” of Cromwell's time. First, these people wanted to preserve their pride and their preconceptions. Only secondarily, if those conditions could be satisfied, did they want to live at Millbrook. Like the babies they psychologically wished to be, only instant, effortless and total gratification could satisfy them, and so they went away and formed their various hobo jungles where, if instant, total and effortless gratification is not obtainable, at least nothing ever changes, daddy is absent, and even if the field for domination may not be very great, one may at least be absolutely tyrannical over the women and children. Mother's milk and the masturbation fantasy, not the search for Enlightenment.

Never the twain shall meet.

Millbrook, in contrast to the various rigid and essentially moralistic conceptions of how people *ought* to live which Lisa B. and

most of our disappointed and frightened visitors thought to be the function or point of it all, provided something else entirely. If you made any effort at all to accept Millbrook in terms of Millbrook, it gave up instructive stores, fantastic scenes and beautiful images in abundance, lessons on human nature.

As an extreme but classic example of the kind of pressure Millbrook put on visitors' pre-conceptions, I have always liked a story Tim and Rosemary told of one uninvited visitor who screamed in terror and fled the grounds the instant he laid eyes on them. This seems unlikely until you have all the facts: the kid undoubtedly took LSD after crawling over the fence, it was a glorious spring morning in Pan's garden; he came upon the posh, temple-like Bungalow first, instead of some structure of a more familiar aspect; Tim and Rosemary, just returned from an all night drive after a lecture, were still wearing their "ecstatic clothes," and they were getting their slides and film back in order, which job, at the time the kid entered the room, involved unreeling a Hitchcock family home movie in the projector—so the tennis players, dancers and swimmers depicted were, naturally, *moving backwards* on the little screen, there in the sun-shot living room, with the temple dogs and everything, and not a single familiar sign or symbol in sight. Even so, a scream seems a little excessive, although the hasty retreat was commonplace.

## Chapter 23

# The Restoration of the Fountain

*They had pack-mules along, and had brought everything I needed—tools, pump, lead pipe, Greek fire, sheaves of big rockets, roman candles, colored fire sprays, electric apparatus, and a lot of sundries—everything necessary for the stateliest kind of a miracle.*

My first job that winter, which I think was symbolic, was to pen up the goats. These miserable beasts, which are in the *I Ching* representative of hardness without and weakness within, spent most of their time on the front porch, which had in consequence become slippery with shit. Ross, who had acquired the monsters in the first place, apparently thought that this gave the place the proper bucolic atmosphere. As an Aries, I was also infuriated to note that the goats were picking on a poor little sheep which had been

placed among them and had ripped off several patches of wool and skin—a circumstance which Ross, who looked like a goat himself, seemed to regard with callous indifference.

After hearing Haines complain about the situation for the second or third time, I had gone out, taken one look at the sheep, and returned to announce that I would personally build the pen if given materials and personally hit Ross over the head with a pole if necessary to protect it. (Ross had already announced he would not permit the penning of his goats.) Since the Ashram was non-violent in principle—a rule occasionally broken *in extremis*—they were at something of a disadvantage in these little disagreements with other members of the community. Otto, who was sitting in the common room when I made this announcement, lit up immediately and volunteered to help.

“It’s about time someone showed that miserable swine where to get off,” Otto growled through clenched teeth, sounding like Peter Lorre plotting some kind of diabolical move against Shirley Temple. “I’ll go down to the wine cellar and get my banana knife.” He left the room, followed by his faithful Winnie.

“What the fuck?” I asked. “Is he serious?”

“You just made a friend for life, Kleps,” Haines said.

“Ross can’t stand Otto,” Ted Druck volunteered. “Well, who can . . . but the rest of us like Otto anyway. Ross really hates him.”

That didn’t make much sense. I asked more questions and everyone told Otto stories, all of them incredible. A coherent picture did not emerge.

Leaving aside the facts of his life, Otto, in mere appearance, looked like the degenerate offspring of a long line of degenerates. Of medium height and build, his dark hair hung down in disorderly ringlets over a perpetually creased forehead. His face twitched all the time, and his mouth was usually twisted into a sneer, a leer or a snarl. He was always dressed in dirty black clothes and love beads. Black boots with black tassles on them. Often, his favorite “banana knife” hung at his side. Just the kind of person you would hope not to meet in a dark alley? Wrong. That was what was so incredible about Otto. In appearance, conversation and preoccupations, he seemed to be a dangerous paranoid character, but, in spirit, he was as gentle, trusting, and helpless as a child. A lamb in wolf’s clothing. Yet there was nothing fraudulent or contrived about his persona, either. When Otto called someone a “miserable

swine” he was expressing emotions sincerely felt—but *they were weightless*. Nothing about Otto had any gravity, yet everything about him had all the outward characteristics of solid lead. The whole production was therefore somehow miraculous and unbelievable and left people who didn’t know him dazed and uneasy, as if they had just been distracted by some passing image bubbling up from the unconscious which could in no way be related to events in the “real” world. Like everyone else, it took me a while to get used to Otto. While we worked together building the pens, all I could think was, “Now how in God’s name do I get rid of this character?”

The custom at Millbrook in those days was to have someone on acid in the little tennis house or “meditation house” as we renamed it, at all times. Every evening the big bell on the porch was rung at the changing of the guard, so to speak, and a list of “meditators” for the week ahead was kept next to the front door in the hall. You could sign up anytime you felt like it. Naturally, after so many months of un-stoned anguish, I was looking forward to breaking my set, which no longer suited my setting, but I had unfortunately mentioned that I would probably like two or three people to come down in the morning (the custom was to “drop” at the rising of the sun) to share the wealth. Otto, naturally, wanted to be one of them. Over my dead body, I thought to myself. I put off setting a date until I could figure out a way of keeping Otto out of it.

The Meditation House was a charming little one room affair made of stone and carved beams with panelled walls and diamond paned gothic windows which could be kept quite snug with only a small fire in the fireplace. There was a covered mattress on the floor and a low bench-closet ran around the wall facing the front lawn and fountain. You couldn’t see the Big House from inside because pine trees were clustered deeply around, and next to it a steep stone staircase led down to the sunken gardens where Ross planned to produce a giant crop (we never got much, of course, while up at the Bungalow, Jack, Billy’s butler, produced enormous quantities of perfect vegetables in his spare time). Crossed metal tennis rackets adorned the peak of the Meditation House roof . . . as good a “mystical” symbol as any, I would say, and I recommend that this device be placed over every Neo-American dwelling used for a similar purpose.

Of course, there was almost no conventional or formal yoga exercise or meditation at Millbrook. Such terms were used as covers

for getting stoned. Turn off the chatter of your everyday mind, say the yogis and meditators. Good advice, if all you have is chatter. If, on the other hand, you characteristically enjoy a grand and breezy procession of thoughts of infinite variety, the formation of which provide both art and sport, their contemplation amusement, and their expression affection, applause and profit, you might be satisfied to take a nap every now and then. To start such a parade of happy and interesting thoughts, it is often true that all that is necessary is a puff of pot. To add elephants, giant balloons, exotic dancing girls, and the higher nobility in golden carriages—add a little acid.

Bill Haines and I, I just remembered, had visited Tim in the Meditation House just before I left for New Jersey the previous year. I think it may have been the only time in the history of Millbrook that the three of us got together without any of our various adherents also being present. It had been a very pleasant meeting with no disagreements whatever. Tim had said that his vision of the eventual destiny of the place was a loose confederation of various spiritual communities devoted to different but not antagonistic “paths.” Since that was exactly what I wanted (in those days) and what Haines wanted, we had left the meeting well pleased with Tim and with ourselves. Later, the spirit of that meeting came to seem like some unattainable fantasy to me, instead of something that actually happened, which is probably the reason I almost forgot it. Well, it did happen—once.

## Chapter 24

# A Rival Magician

*These people had seen me do the very showiest bit of magic in history, and the only one within their memory that had a positive value, and yet here they were, ready to take up with an adventurer who could offer no evidence of his powers but his mere unproven word.*

The Neo-American Church, by this time, had grown to a not inconsiderable size—perhaps a thousand members or so, and about half of the people at Millbrook, League and Ashram, were signed up, despite the fact that we had nothing to offer in those days except very sporadic bulletins and a membership card. Strange things

were happening on the West Coast, however, and, after Otto and I finished the goat pen project, I found that enough of my energy had returned to that I could think about the future of the church again. When I had started the thing, I had decided that, since I couldn't afford a phone, much less tours of inspection, it would probably be a good idea to appoint a Patriarch of the West who would look after things west of the Mississippi and issue membership cards and ordain Boo Hoos on his own, although I would continue to keep the central records and send out the literature. While my first Patriarch of the West was functioning everything went well, but when Jim Boudreau resigned after a bust (brought on, he said, by the same kind of invasion of his little farm in Oregon by nitwit hordes as we resisted, a little longer, in the East) and I appointed a dentist named William Shyne to the position, all communication ceased. Shyne simply took my literature, replaced my name with his own, reprinted it, and kept all the records to himself. Thousands of kids on the West Coast joined under those circumstances, and can't be blamed for getting a very distorted picture of the nature and function of the church.

Later, I was told on good authority (Mike Duncan) that Shyne was a raving paranoid speed freak who generally travelled with a submachine gun under the front seat of his car and by no means limited his dealing activities to the psychedelic sacraments. But I didn't suspect that at the time, having grown up with a different image of dentists. I wrote Shyne a couple letters requesting records, but got no answers.

"What should I do about this son of a bitch?" I asked Haines, after telling him the whole story.

"We have a mimeograph machine here, Kleps. Write a bulletin and excommunicate the bastard."

"I'm flat broke, Bill" I said. This was true. Of course, one of the reasons it was true was that I hadn't put out a bulletin, which always drew new members, and, of course, Shyne was copping all the initiation fees (\$5) from the West.

"I pay for it" said Bali Ram, who had been listening to the conversation.

Well, I was still in no shape to write a bulletin, but I resolved to do it after my first trip, and immediately went downstairs and signed up for meditation duty.

Ross blustered a bit but never offered any real resistance to our penning up the goats. It was too popular a move, and they looked

perfectly comfortable, with a little shed to sleep under. A heavy snow fell and covered over the evidence of their occupancy of the porch. We took the sheep to the vet, who found a home for it, he said.

Just before my trip was due, Bob invited me up to his tower. The great goat controversy was apparently to be forgotten. He and Carol were now concerned for the salvation of my soul, or something.

"Listen, Art" Bob said, "Carol and I would be happy to take a trip with you. I have had a lot of experience as a guide."

Bob went on to describe his career. Never lost a patient, etc.

I said I would think it over.

Before I went down to the Meditation House in the evening, I told Bill and Marshall I would be delighted to have them join me in the morning. I told Otto that I would prefer it if we tripped together some other time—after all, this was my first trip at Millbrook since moving in and I wanted to watch my imprints, so to speak. Otto looked wounded to the quick, and I felt like a heartless monster. Better heartless than headless, I thought to myself . . .

In the Meditation House, I found two books—an *I Ching* and a large, bound, blank-book, in which previous "meditators" had written their hexagrams and whatever other comments they thought appropriate to the occasion. Contrary to what one might think, this book made very boring reading, since almost every comment was of the "we are all one" variety, which has always struck me as being a generalization in the "war is hell" category in thought-provoking capacity. After all, as a solipsist, anyone who tells me "we are all one" is a dream-figure just like "I" am, and I can readily agree that, in a sense, we certainly are one all right. So, now what? Whose dream do you think it is? Or do you think it isn't a dream, but a machine? How do you define your terms? What do you mean by "war"—I mean "we," or by "hell"—I mean "one." Plurality implies space-time, space-time implies mechanisms, unless the plurality is an illusion . . . so are you saying that your "oneness" consists in our being parts in a mechanical monster of some kind? If so, sorry, but I don't see it that way despite the fact that we are both, in a sense, "monists."

When I dream at night I dream of being myself in strange places. That's how I dreamt that night.

The next morning, Haines and Marshall showed up and we all partook, washing the little white pills down with some white wine

which Haines had thoughtfully provided. Then minutes later, Otto appeared and cheerfully sat down, having already dropped his acid . . . which seemed like the most inevitable thing in the world just like everything else that was happening including the fact that it seemed to take me about 7 eons to get outside, take a piss over the wall, button up, and return, all without getting more than 70 or 80 drops of urine on my shoes . . . which I wiped off, much to the amusement of the 15 or 20 people jamming the little room, along with trays of food, bottles of wine, pipes loaded with hashish . . . more firewood, nice touch . . . dogs and cats. I kicked out the dogs and all but one cat.

A spirit of hilarity prevailed. I had brought the Ashram and the League together, made them one, as it were . . . one *party*. "All the world's a cabaret,"—that's my ontology, or it would be if I had any.

Well, people came and went all day but Otto just stayed right there telling me all about his adventures at Numerich Arms' submachine-gun factory where he had worked as a mechanical genius for two years . . . and then further back into the dim past of Otto's life . . . but no, not dim . . . no, *vivid*. I could see the world the way Otto saw it and yet live! All you need is a vivid imagination, after all, and I've got that. True, this was putting it to the test, so to speak. I could not help exclaiming with astonishment at certain inherently incredible elements . . . there was a distinct tendency to, shall we say *overdevelop* certain thematic variables, but what the hell, this man was obviously an archetype with a long and distinguished career behind it for screwing up the world . . . it would be interesting to see the effect getting stoned was having on this archetype . . . or what was left of it. An only child, he had grown up on the Jersey shore in a gothic mansion presided over by his father, a Nazi spy, and his alcoholic mother. His father, Otto thought, signalled to U. Boats during W.W.II. He was descended from the Germanic Knights of the Holy Roman Empire. His father was presently engaged in robbing him of a sizeable trust fund, all that remained of a fortune founded by the Emperor Caligula . . . so it was certainly necessary for Otto to get into the "love bead racket" as soon as possible or he would soon be out "picking shit with the crows." It was the phraseology that got to you, after a while, what cracked people up about Otto when he was in top form. His homely figures of speech belied the paranoid

character of his constructions of events, almost all of which I assumed to be misconstructions.

I took it all as a timely lesson in the danger presented by Otto's style of paranoia in a stoned context or a stoned world . . . and it didn't come to much. In a stoned world, one would not have to worry very much about the militaristic spirit. We had then, we have now, and we will have for some time in the future a different kind of paranoia to contend with in stoned society—but there is no way of making efficient *gun-men* out of us!

Just what I needed to know, considering the ideological choices which had to be made at that time by the Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church.

It has been my experience that what we might call the social inventiveness of acid is just as fantastic as the more commonly described visionary effects.

Beyond a certain point, there is no use complaining about the kind of company you get on an acid trip, because, if it is "time" for certain revelations, you (B) will get them no matter what you (C) do to prevent it because you (A) think it's a good idea, so to speak. Acid-heads are always telling stories about how, ten minutes after dropping, alone and friendless in some strange place, the phone starts ringing and people start knocking on the door. In my opinion, making yourself inaccessible just results in an increase in the "entity count" of visionary experience. If you won't accept regular type people, you get the demons and angels and what not. Or some mountain climber's head pokes over the ledge in front of your cave in Tibet and says, "I say, old boy, could you direct me to the nearest trail to Lhasa?"

To think along these lines is not superstition, if you deny the externality of relations, along with all the other undemonstrable hypotheses which serve no useful purpose. Of course, most non-acid-taking pot-heads try desperately to hang on to externality, in which case, an observation such as, "strange people always show up when I take acid," leads straight to some kind of occultist paranoia. It doesn't have to. You can so apprehend the nature of existence that such a pattern seems as natural and inevitable as Hamlet getting the shaft. It's just an organizing principle of the dream, with different principles for tragedies and comedies, and so forth.

Neither the concept of randomness nor the concept of physical causality explains why, in a dream, one apple falls and another

does not. There is no actual “force of gravity” in a dream, merely the appearance of it, no actual mechanical necessity of any kind, no statistical probability, no chance. The dream is *all meaning* and so is the life of a solipsist, and such is the nature of the psychedelic experience. One may dream of losing at craps in Las Vegas, but the dream will not be understood by learning that the house has a 1.2 advantage, that is just description; for the understanding one must examine one’s repressed wishes and fears, one’s role, and so on. The laws of chance may be in the dream, but they are not necessary to it, no more than the dice are, or the people, or the city. The author of the dream is the dreamer. But it’s hell to be alone—one must be nothing or several.

I didn’t mention that Otto’s major occupation at Millbrook was searching for “the Kaiser’s gold.” There was a story at Millbrook that the Kaiser had visited the man who built the place, Dieterich (who was also, reputedly, one of the founders of the Rosicrucianist movement in the U.S., and had laid out the place according to certain arcane diagrams). The Kaiser had supposedly hidden a treasure somewhere on the property. Otto drilled exploratory holes all over the labyrinthine cellar floors looking for it, and also discussed the subject with the shade of Dieterich, whose presence he felt most strongly when he wandered about the house and grounds in the dead of night, stoned on acid, grass, ether, or “I.P.” (India Pale Ale) which Otto claimed was the strongest of all, which wasn’t surprising since he usually drank the stuff after sampling everything else on hand.

Despite all of Otto’s prowlings, however, only the cats found the secret passageway between the Big House and the Bowling Alley. But who knows? Today it may house one of the biggest underground cocaine factories in Dutchess County . . . but that is neither here nor there. It did “exist.” The cats supported that thesis, time and time again.

When I typed up my new bulletin (Bloated House Organ of the Church), I naturally gave Otto a big play and announced his appointment as Director General and Chief Inquisitor of S.P.I.N. I also condemned any “prominent display of goats” around Neo-A property as being “a sure sign that the inhabitants are diseased, depraved and given over entirely to all kinds of hideous lusts and perversions.” The response to the new bulletin was very gratifying. The difference between \$5 or \$10 a day and nothing a day is a profound and highly meaningful difference. It liberates

the imagination, particularly if you are a heavy smoker. I found that a variety of plots and schemes were appearing in my consciousness again, and I could, just barely, envision a happy future without Morning Glory Lodge or my family.

Such are the mysterious ways of the wondrous chemical discovered by accident in Switzerland almost thirty years ago. It loosens the chains—any kind of chains. Where you move is up to you, but you are free to move. In Otto's case, I envision an enormous black and heavy chain leading back over the centuries from father to son into the dark recesses of grim and terrible history—with the final link here in the present corroded into a mere strand of bent coat hanger by acid. Nothing else could have done it. That whole trip ends in a winecellar at Millbrook, reduced to a few empty symbols without the power to injure or degrade anyone, a collection of old history books, (I remember in particular one drawing of a soldier hauling down the Imperial flag as rolling black clouds swept over his defeated city), some old medals and swords, and the last man in the chain, the survivor in the new, psychedelic world, wearing "love beads" and talking about "flower power."

## Chapter 25

# A Competitive Examination

*Verily, in the all-wise and unknowable providence of God, who moveth in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, have I never heard the fellow to this question for confusion of the mind and congestion of the ducts of thought.*

It wasn't long after my trip with Otto that I got a room of my own—Rudy and Jackie's.

During one of Bill's telephone conversations with Tim on the Coast, Tim had surprised Bill and everyone else by announcing that he wanted to return. Since he had made a deal with the Dutchess County authorities to leave and never return if all the charges stemming from the big raid (which had cost Rosemary thirty days in jail for refusal to testify) were dropped, his decision was greeted with mixed emotions in the Big House. On the one hand, it would be a hell of a lot easier to pay fuel bills since Tim could always raise money from lecturing, not to mention his inspirational and/or

entertainment value, but on the other hand, it seemed likely that Sheriff Quinlan would be a bit ticked, to put it mildly. In any event, Tim wanted Rudy and Jackie out of the house before he entered it. Their presence, he said, was obnoxious to him. Rudy and Jackie maintained that Bill had accepted them into the Ashram and that therefore Tim had nothing to say about it. Bill said nothing. Bob Ross was up in arms. The house seethed with accusations, rumors and intrigue.

Ross called a house meeting, and everyone gathered in the music room after dinner, including Rudy and Jackie. After two or three people had made the usual pretty little speeches meaning that they personally would not take sides because *karma* would take care of everything, someone accused Rudy of having a private stash in the woods. He had followed him one day and seen him digging around at the base of a rock. It was then revealed that this person—I think it was Tambimutto—was then followed by Otto, who had hoped that Tambi was looking for a stashed bottle of booze. This revelation was greeted with general hilarity, but Ross interrupted and launched on a general exposition of his view of the situation.

He, Ross, took what was happening in the house very seriously even if some people were only there for a place to flop. He had a private income and could live anywhere he pleased. Rudy and Jackie, as far as he was concerned, were “viruses” which had entered his home. He had no compunctions about eliminating viruses which had gotten into his sinus cavity, etc., etc.

At the conclusion of this tirade, during which Ross became extremely agitated and looked like he was about to hemorrhage internally, Rudy defended himself and Jackie by saying that he had no idea why Tim hated them—they had done nothing against him—and that, anyway, they considered themselves members of the Ashram. If Bill said they had to go they would, but not under any other circumstances. None of this struck me as being to the point, so I spoke up. Was this meeting supposed to be a trial? If so, who were the judges, what were the accusations, and what were the rules of evidence? It seemed to me that the whole affair was a simple matter of decent and honorable behavior. If someone who had invited you into his house decided he didn’t want you there, then you left. Personally I had nothing against Rudy and Jackie, but it didn’t seem to me that Tim’s reasons for not wanting them were any of my business. If, when Tim returned, he asked me

to leave, which was a possibility, I would go—I certainly wouldn't hang around and argue about it.

My comments were received in dead silence, but they broke up the meeting, which is what usually happens at these little affairs if you simply tell the truth instead of playing along with whatever fantasy prevails. Not even Tim's greatest admirers such as Ross wanted to admit that they were there on his sufferance, but, if they weren't, then exactly what were the rules? Nobody could answer that question. I have been to many meetings, straight and head, and they all seem to proceed along the same lines unless everything important is defined ahead of time. Very few people ever follow an argument to its logical conclusions, either in public or in private. Their "arguments" therefore, ought to be taken as mere expressions of feeling like "ouch" or "yum yum" rather than as attempts to define or reason. A good politician will take this for granted and not make everyone uncomfortable by treating what people say as if they really meant it.

Today, as the absolute ruler of a doctrinaire and monarchical church, I must say that I do not shrink to define the terms at every meeting I attend, and that this opportunity, along with the freedom to excommunicate heretical and unruly persons at will, greatly relieves the burdens of office.

## Chapter 26

# The First Newspaper

*It was good Arkansas journalism, but this was not Arkansas.*

Haines' first reaction to Rudy and Jackie's claim to membership in the Ashram was, in contrast to his usual straightforward style, guarded and contradictory. Although the Drucks reported that he had definitely told them their application had been accepted, he refused to give a clear answer to the question himself, saying things like, "Rudy and Jackie will have to figure it out for themselves." Finally, they left, and I moved into their room, which was right across the landing from Bill's and next to Howie and Betsy's room. Nice view of the bowling alley—perhaps the only nice view of a bowling alley in the U.S.A.

Shortly thereafter, an event occurred which any depressed neurotic will recognize as a mark of great progress in the private

struggle one must wage at times of such affliction against the temptations of lassitude and defeatism—I actually managed to write something of an imaginative character. The bulletin, which, with Bali's help, I had sent out, didn't count as a major advance, according to my standards, because it was just factional journalism, and pretty low-class factional journalism at that, but the little article was sort of cute, in my opinion. Here is what I wrote:

### THE BOMBARDMENT AND ANNIHILATION OF THE PLANET SATURN

Since all competent bullshitters specializing in astrological matters are agreed on the singularly gruesome and wretched nature of the planet Saturn, competence being determined, of course, by agreement with this very definition, since any just or rational judgment is bound to fail, due to the influence of the planet Saturn, it is apparent that the only solution is to blow the big fat greasy son-of-a-bitch to smithereens.

This is the ultimate objective of the Neo-American Church: *nothing less than the bombardment and annihilation of the planet Saturn*. Upon the successful completion of the task, with the dispersal of the malefic energy of this gloomy orb into the cosmos (which, if too seriously affected, will be our next objective), the Millenium, or golden age of mankind, will commence without further ado, and it will be possible to dismantle not only the apparatus of the church but all the instrumentalities of The Divine Will; to permit Peter Rabbit free access to the garden of Farmer Brown.

The entire technical resources of the planet Earth must be marshalled in the service of The Holy War; enormous rockets designed, built and placed in orbit; fusion bombs of hitherto undreamed of power prepared; a special corps of dedicated men and women recruited and trained, all Capricornians identified and watched by a secret service, and all those born with Saturn risings rounded up and interned (in opulent luxury on tropic isles, of course) for the duration.

It may be asked (by certain mealy-mouthed phonies), "Won't this upset the delicate balance of the forces in the *Mysterium Tremendum* with all sorts of dire results, such as trains not running on time, fucked-up calendars, etc?" Or, by certain poetic souls of delicate sensibility, "How can such crude means effect good ends?—rather, let us pray unceasingly for deliverance from this dreadful visitation, which we must nevertheless richly deserve

for some unknown reason.” Our reply to all such crappy nit-picking, hair-splitting, insecure and neurotic rubbish must be polemical—even sloganeering. When grave issues are at stake, a political approach is necessary, and the engagement of the most powerful emotions capable of elicitation, however grotesque.

Nevertheless, we may outline here the major arguments and rebuttals favorable to our doctrine (although refusing to admit for an instant that any argument is necessary; our proposition being self-evident *to anyone of good will and sound mind*):

(1) Time is the prison of mankind; the spell that binds us. As men manage space to confine each other, so do the gods use time. To proclaim that one lives in eternity under these circumstances is a waste of breath, merely true, only a scientific observation. Our spatial coordinates (our spatial projections) serve and define us, delight us, take out the garbage. Time is too hard; it concedes now only to a few magicians, all others are enslaved. We must storm the Bastille.

(2) The destruction of Saturn will not *eliminate* time (it says here), but merely drop it down a few notches to a manageable level, at least I certainly hope so. As for things getting even worse, let’s not think about it. To do so would be to fall under the influence of the Planet Saturn.

(3) Taking LSD is no substitute for blowing up planets. I am morally certain that Dr. Hoffman never, in his wildest dream, envisioned anyone putting his discovery to such a chicken use as employing it as a substitute for blowing up planets. If God wanted us to have synthetics he would have invented them.

(4) There are many trivial secondary benefits inherent in the project, such as the unification of mankind and what not, and God knows what serendipitious benefits. With the advent of the psychedelic age, many heavy people and machines will be left unemployed, for example, and the project will keep them busy; provide them, indeed with a rationale. The great symbolical benefits engendered by shooting enormous steel projectiles loaded with explosives into a big mushy egg up in the sky are so obvious as to need no explanation, especially for Catholics.

(5) Novices require a teleology related to history. Although our actual objectives are the improvement of that time which, in the words of Thoreau, “is neither past, present nor future,” it is certainly convenient to have an “ultimate objective” ready-made, so to speak. One may envision the Boo Hoo, often merely a

con-man, temporarily satisfying the questions of the novice, or at least obtaining his conditional allegiance, by enlisting his energies in The Holy War; then should this "answer" prove inadequate upon further soul searching or study, the guru, (who might be janitor of the lodge, or the novice's 11-year-old kid brother) coming up with the Great Mystical Equations at the right moment. In any event, by having something understandable to offer right off the bat, we are at least in a position to deal the joker to the poor fish when he is off balance on our side of the court, without resorting to dirty pool.

In reference to the actual proven nature of the planet Saturn, I refer the reader to an excellent rundown in Henry Miller's *The Colossus of Maroussi*; New Direction Paperback, pages 104-106.

Very peculiar stuff—but certainly not the work of a depressed personality. I had astonished myself, which is what every artist likes best to do. Haines loved it and, I think, understood very well what I was getting at. He read it aloud to anyone who would listen, and it quickly became apparent that I had fashioned one more instrument for distinguishing between the people who felt themselves to be in Tim's "true believer" camp and those who sided with cynical Bill. Tambimutto seemed vastly irritated and thereafter avoided me, but most of the Leaguers just didn't respond at all, while most of the Ashramites seemed greatly amused, asked questions, and generally "got into it." To the Leaguers who believed in astrology, or wanted to believe in it, in a simple, physical, cause and effect way, my attitude, which combined a grasp of the subject and a kind of acceptance of it, along with a flippant dismissal of the whole business as just another metaphorical construct to be kicked around at will, simply failed to make any sense. The Ashramites, on the other hand, in consequence of being constantly reminded by Haines, who read to them daily a selection from the "teachings" of such as Krishnamurti, that the external world was to be regarded as an illusion, were quite capable, despite the moderate intelligence of most of them, of grasping the idea: sure, astrology, the *I Ching* and such helped to define the characters and the plot in the illusion, but all such models and methods, as they had been rightly instructed, were philosophically useless. Having been properly brought up, as it were, these kids knew that the answer to the question *who?* was one's own self, not "God", or the "Cosmic Mind", or even, and this is where they failed when

they failed, "we." They knew that the answer to the question, *where?* was "in one's own mind," and not "in the universe" or on any particular planet or solar system or "level" or "vibrational frequency" or "alternative reality." They knew that the answer to the question *what?* was "nothing" also, and the answer to the question *why?* "attachment" and the answer to the question *when?* "here and now" but they did not know any of these things very well, which was why they were students rather than teachers and needed both sermons and weekly trips to stay on the straight and narrow path.

At that time I still harbored the delusion that Tim was an enlightened teacher, and I ascribed the occultist tendencies of his followers to his present absence rather than to his former presence. I was wrong. Tim really was a cosmic-mind "Hindu" (or Brahmanist, or Roman Catholic turned inside out) just as he had said in his trial in Texas. What prevented me from recognizing this obvious fact was his ability, wit, grace and devious borrowings of the truisms of genuine mystical philosophy which truisms, subtly perverted, he then turned to the usages of the opportunist politician.

Tim, a Libran, and I, an Arian, had all the classic virtues and vices associated with our houses of birth which are opposite each other in the Zodiac: Tim excelled in sensing what it was that his audience wanted to hear, and giving it to them, while my talents lay in the direction of figuring out what was wrong with the bastards and then telling them exactly what they didn't want to hear the most. Tim, a truly "other directed" personality, and a "master of disguise," appeared and disappeared all over the place as he adjusted his image to the varying demands of the kid culture, while I bored ahead like a ram, even when brick walls intervened or nobody was paying any attention and my target had gone home for lunch.

Astrology can tell you what games are being played and something about the style of the players, but little or nothing about the outcome of any particular game or the fate of any particular player, but it seems appropriate that, if the outcome be positive, Libra should be popular and Aries first, or if negative, Libra scorned and Aries a runnerup. It was therefore a source of great confusion to me that my games with Tim had started off with my false assumption that he was enlightened, for it meant that I had thrown the "who's first" game before it had even started, and thinking that that was the only game in town, as most Arians do, it seemed to me that Tim would have no reason for further competi-

tion, at least not for intense competition. In comparison to the infinite glory attached to being first, what else mattered? By granting Tim that honor I had transcended my sign and had somehow managed to see things in a way completely alien to my character, and the result had been so dazzling that I was naturally disposed to reject any evidence that my original assumption had been false, and, indeed, it wasn't until Tim produced his *Starseed Transmissions* and *Neurologic* that the last vestiges of this original error evaporated . . . to add another joke, another paradox to my collection. I think it's just as well it worked out the way it did, for an easy, early success tends to fix us in our errors, and during the years when I accepted my relatively obscure role in the psychedelic movement I had the freedom which only privacy and simplicity can support, to think things out.

Haines, who did not believe he owed his Enlightenment to Tim, had none of my hang ups, and one of the reasons Haines distrusted me was that I did not, in his judgement, sufficiently distrust Tim. As far as Haines was concerned, Tim was a "mad scientist" and that was that—when you got right down to it, not much different from Narad, the man of iron.

The bulletin and the article, which was reprinted here and there in the underground press, brought the Neo-American Church back to life. In no time at all, it seemed, \$5 bills began to appear in box 694 Millbrook, with sufficient regularity so that I could buy my own cigarettes, replace worn out socks, and buy an occasional pint of wine. I offered a share of my cash flow to the Ashram but Bill refused it. "Don't even tell anyone how much you get," Bill advised. "We have enough rich pricks around here to tap without asking for assistance from economic basket-cases like you and me."

As for my old bulletins, well—they are available to the serious historian. The style of the church has changed a great deal since those days, and so has my literary style. The expressive power is liberated after the Enlightenment, as the self-confidence which only solipsism (not subjectivism) can produce gradually obliterates the social, tribal image and raises in its stead the glorious consciousness of one eternal oyster, so to speak—as John Jay Chapman, one of the sanest men who ever lived when he wasn't crazy (his works should be revived), pointed out in a brilliant *Atlantic Monthly* article long ago, when it was generally assumed that smart folks were familiar with the vast literature on the subject, as they were, before the Sanhedrin in New York and other clods started defining Eng. Lit. as ancillary to Ab. Psych., Ed., Anthro., and Soc.

## Chapter 27

# The Yankee and the King Travel Incognito

*If you have ever seen an active, heedless, enterprising child going diligently out of one mischief and into another all day long, and an anxious mother at its heels all the while, and just saving it by a hair from drowning itself or breaking its neck with each new experiment, you've seen the king and me.*

Haines had a repertoire of Tim stories drawn from the period when I had been traversing the lower regions, almost all of which were guaranteed to get a laugh. It had evidently been a very silly season for Tim, who, for one period of three or four days, had made a practice of lying around the house on the floor, arms outstretched, as if he were being crucified. One morning the mood struck him at the foot of the stairs in the entrance hall, and down he went, although a couple carloads of visitors were due to arrive at any moment.

"I just ignored him," Haines said. "When I showed the visitors around the house, I just stepped over the body and said, 'and this is Dr. Leary,' and they all nodded solemnly and sort of tiptoed over him one by one and followed me up the stairs . . . and nobody ever asked him for an explanation . . . maybe I should have asked one of them to explain it to me."

When the J.C. mania passed, Haines (who, I presume, actually understood very well what Tim was trying to pull) had been invited, with all his followers, to attend a special League group trip in Tim's room on the third floor. Everyone sat in a circle, with Tim at one end and Bill at the other, and this time the implication was that Bill and/or the Ashram in general desperately required some kind of aesthetic uplift and/or tranquilization. Tim kept droning "find your calm center, find your calm center" every few seconds and Carol Ross, who was seated next to him in a diaphanous blue gown, chanted when he didn't.

"I can still hear it," Haines said. "It was unbelievable."

He widened his eyes, made his mouth into a little "o," fluttered his hands, and assumed a warbling falsetto:

"Skies of *bloooooooo*, skies of *blooooooooooooo* . . . she just kept saying that, over and over. If it wasn't 'find your calm center' it was 'skies of *blooooooo*, skies of *bloooo*' . . . I mean,

I don't think I freak out easily, Art, but five more minutes of that and I think I might have gone out the window."

"How long did it last?" I asked.

"I don't know. I guess I took it for about 15 minutes and then I just stood up, excused myself, and walked out the door."

The entire Ashram had followed, and Tim left Millbrook shortly thereafter for California, but not before he said, to League and Ashram alike, that Bill would be "in charge" during his absence. Bill was surprised, but not, like the Leaguers, confused.

"The old rope trick," Bill said, and I'm sure he was quite right now. At the time, I thought he was being overly cynical.

But most of the talk in the common room was about money. The idea of conserving what we had on hand never entered Haines' mind, apparently, although it is possible to live on very little income once you have a roof over your head, if you are prepared to give up all luxuries, smoke Bugler, and adopt a vegetarian diet. As a matter of fact, at Ananda, the Ashram had been totally vegetarian, and I had found the meals to be surprisingly good. For some reason, this practice had been dropped and, except for brief interludes, our selections in the supermarket in Millbrook were about the same as anyone else's or, if anything, above average. There was also lots of ice cream and candy for the children—in fact, Haines, when money was particularly low, would make a point of blowing the Ashram's last \$20 on a big bash for the kids, and, inevitably, some cash would turn up from some surprising source or other immediately thereafter.

Nevertheless, through constant propaganda, Bill usually had everyone convinced that we wouldn't last another week, and, although the food problem was largely mythical, the fuel bills weren't. Heating a fifty room house for a winter in New York is no joke, as Tim had pointed out to me when he urged me to go to Alabama. Every visitor with any loose cash in his pocket had to be tapped, and, on several occasions, all we had going for us were the fireplaces, which barely gave off enough heat to keep the pipes from freezing.

There were several things, we considered, that we could do. For one thing, a guy named Al Bonk had been visiting from Woodstock and bringing along examples of his pottery work—very charming and fanciful stuff, which, he said, sold to stores with no trouble at all. I have met several potters since then and I haven't run across one yet who couldn't make a living. The ideal craft for pot-heads

of moderate intelligence, synchronistically, seems to be making pots. Once you get your hands in that gunk, you never get them out, or so they say. Bonk, by the way, was responsible for originally introducing Otto to the Ashrama and he later became Bali Ram's boyfriend. Then there was jewelry making, the printing presses . . . and the Neo-American Church. Naturally, to get all of these things going would require some capital. Haines and I got our heads together and worked up the following proposal to present to the millionaires when they appeared on the scene (at this time the Bungalow was deserted—Billy, Tommy and Peggy all being in New York, Europe and the Caribbean):

## THE SRI RAM ASHRAMA AND THE NEO-AMERICAN CHURCH FINANCIAL POLICY AND PROBLEMS

### *Nature of the Relationship*

At present Mr. Kleps is living at the Ashrama, where Sri Sankara is the Guru, and has no plans for establishing an independent community, since the Neo-American Church is primarily concerned with householders and with the economic and political *defense* of the psychedelic religious movement rather than Yoga life per se of the Ashrama. This does not, by any means, exclude the possibility of the Neo-American Church acquiring a permanent headquarters on the estate or elsewhere (see section on Cranberry Lake below), but the matter is not at all essential to the continued efficient operation of the Church.

Sri Sankara and Mr. Kleps find themselves in very happy agreement on most of the great issues which exist within the psychedelic movement; they seem to share the same tastes and prejudices and to favor highly complementary styles of expression and teacher-student game playing. On all levels, the combination seems most happy and fortuitous.

Both Sri Sankara and Mr. Kleps regard Timothy Leary with the greatest respect and admiration, and consider him to be a master teacher in the great tradition. Both men, however, have grave reservations about the League for Spiritual Discovery and the capacity of the Leary household to function as an efficient organization headquarters. Both men are willing to be members of the League; that is, to assent to the principles for which it stands, but neither are willing to center their creative or managerial energies within the organizational framework of the League.

The opinion of both is that Timothy Leary's great energies and unique talents are wasted in managerial and organizational activities. It may be that no teacher of his stature can be efficient in ordinary practical terms since everything is seen in terms of its instructive possibilities and discriminations between individuals simply cannot be made by ordinary standards.

Whatever the case may be, however, it has clearly become necessary for the Ashrama to occupy separate quarters, and this move, to the complex of buildings behind the Main House occupied by the Leary household, is already underway.

On the level of practicality and self-support, Sri Sankara and Mr. Kleps envision

the Ashrama directly managing and operating the press facilities which have been acquired through the generosity of Mr. Hitchcock and Dr. Leary, with the Neo-American Church and the Sri Ram Ashrama using these facilities to publish books, pamphlets, catalogues, and so on; the income from which will be used for the support of the entire community.

The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook, including a catalogue of items which will be sold by mail order, is now in final stages for printing. Many of the items offered in the catalogue will be designed, made and manufactured by members of the community on the estate. Mr. Kleps intends this book to go through constant revision and expansion. A detailed and complete catalogue will probably be offered separately, in time, with only the major standard items, such as rings, decorative objects, meditation tapes, and posters and prints listed in the handbook.

The book itself will sell for three dollars, and, if properly distributed, advertised and promoted, may be expected to return a large amount of working capital to the Church within the next few months. Application blanks for membership in the Church are included, and since an initial contribution to headquarters from new members of five dollars is requested, a considerable income from this source may also be reasonably anticipated.

### *Other Projects*

1. The Kriya Press has already brought in \$375 from the publication of poetry broadsides. There is no reason why the press should not make a very decent income from ordinary contracted printing jobs, and through our publication, leaving the income from Neo-American work aside.

2. The Neo-American Church plans a two week seminar for Boo Hoos and the Ashrama plans a two week seminar for the study of Yoga on the Millbrook estate this summer. Students will live in tents and provide their own food and other needs. Fifty students times \$100 fee equals \$5,000.

3. The Sri Ram Ashrama, a Yoga community, may develop an intensive program for weekend visitors, for which a not inconsiderable contribution will be expected. In any event, the entire problem of visitors will be treated in a reasonable and consistent manner.

4. Members of the Ashrama will either work hard or pay their own way, or both. Idlers will not be tolerated. Yoga is a life of action.

5. Ashrama craft and art shops of various kinds are being set up—jewelry, pottery, art (silk screen and photo offset) printing, weaving and textiles—with the products of these shops sold through the Neo-American catalogue and possibly through a community store on the grounds.

6. Morning Glory Lodge. MGL is presently in the hands of Carl Newton, a very turned-on and tuned-in young psychiatrist friend of Kleps. This property could probably be bought back for \$2,000 to \$3,000 leaving \$100 a month payments to be made. Birch Island, a small but scenically ideal property directly across from MGL might be purchased by the Church or Ashrama for \$16,000 to \$18,000. The combination of MGL and Birch Island would make a "mythic" property of incomparable value for initial psychedelic experience. A cadre of three or four common-sensical people could manage the place all summer and produce enough income from visitors to, at the very least, make the mortgage payments and pay the bills.

*Long Range Needs* • All long range needs can be met out of income provided by the projects outlined above.

### *Immediate Needs*

(1) Working capital for paper, binding, advertising, distribution, and so on of the Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook. \$1,000.

(2) Working capital for Ashrama shops: Jewelry, \$300; Pottery, \$200; Silk screen, \$200; Weaving, \$100; Sandals, \$100.

(3) Equipment: (a good used Ampex costs \$500 or so), and working capital for the production and sale of meditation tapes, records, and eventually films.

(4) Appliances, office furniture, typewriters, mimeograph machine, and so on for the Ashrama are needed.

Our experience in centralizing the editorial work in one room of the main house has been very instructive. People like to work around other people who are working. By having the press room, the editorial room and probably most of the shops all in one building and properly integrated and furnished, production WILL take place, without coercion or even much external reward. The production and creativity problems which have existed in the Main House have not been due to a lack of talent and willing hands but to a refusal to organize things along these lines. Any donation would be helpful—please specify the department you wish to assist.

(5) The Neo-American Church is already incorporated pro forma in California as a non-profit religious organization. We can put anyone we like on the Board of Directors. Mr. Kleps would like to have the Board made up of one California resident (already on the pro forma board), Sri Sankara (he has agreed), Timothy Leary (he has agreed), Dr. Newton, Mr. Hitchcock, and any two persons nominated by Mr. Hitchcock. This will insure Mr. Hitchcock against any possible misuse of property purchased with his capital or on his credit or leased or rented from him. If Mr. Hitchcock agrees, we can proceed to make the necessary arrangements.

### *A Word About The Spirit of the Ashrama and The Church*

It is *not* impractical to approach the problem of giving direction and organization to the psychedelic religious movement in a humorous and entertaining manner. We are not “selling ourselves” to the “holy mothers” of former times, but to young, vital, educated, sophisticated people. It is not gaeity and laughter which are mistrusted today, but solemnity and sanctity. The ancient forms and rituals have their place, but it is no longer a crucial place. We must develop our own forms, and, as one might have suspected, those forms which seem to have survival value are the ones least calculated to have that result, those springing from spontaneous invention or accident.

Jokes pass the acid test, as sermons never will.

None of these schemes ever amounted to much because none of them were ever adequately financed. The only resident of Millbrook who held down a regular outside job was Sheatsley, and Sheatsley never took acid or even smoked grass (at parties, he would have a few beers). According to Wendy, he had been bombed once at Ananda, and had fought it all the way.

Later, in Arizona, Haines forced some people to take outside jobs in Tucson, but they either failed to hold their jobs or, if they held them, failed to contribute their earnings to the Ashram and either left voluntarily or were driven away. The world of paid labor is difficult, if not impossible, to inhabit without the adoption of certain emotional and intellectual strategies of defense (not the least of which is the feeling of moral superiority over drones and idlers) which make one's captivity seem normal if not noble. This set, taken as a whole, conflicts at many points with psychedelic consciousness and with the tempo and tenor of community life among stoned people. It isn't work itself that causes the problems. Intra-mural projects, even those involving considerable drudgery, get done if the leader of the gang wants them done badly enough to spend his authority. This, Haines was willing to do. Tim was not. All Tim cared about was his P.R. image, and the role of taskmaster didn't fit the picture of himself he was trying to project on public consciousness.

The voluntarily poor and the idle rich, of course, have a lot in common. Both groups are unemployed and have the same sense of life as a kind of endless holiday with an unwritten future, of large, blank spaces waiting to be filled, of freedom and self-determination, but both the rich and the voluntarily poor have a something-to-do problem—which is not necessarily more acute for the poor than the rich, because the poor must devote more time and trouble to finding food and shelter, transportation and entertainment. There were times when I thought Billy Hitchcock was jealous of the poverty of his ragged companions—our occasional desperation had a compelling, romantic quality which contrasted favorably, at times, with his own boring capacity to solve almost anything with a little cash on the barrelhead. Nevertheless, there was more emotional distance between Billy and, say, the editor of his newspaper, than there was between Billy and Charlie Hitchings from the Ashram, who occasionally helped Jack and Mary houseclean the Bungalow to pick up a couple bucks.

Charlie was just a dumb kid, but he nevertheless saw everyday life through a similar lens: "What am I going to do today?" he would ask himself when he woke up in the morning, or, perhaps, "what is going to *happen* today?" Billy asked the same questions.

The role of the artist or craftsman or writer in this world of the unemployed is envied and respected, and looks entirely different than it does in the world of paid labor, where everything is measured by money, because the artist is, if he is any good, free of guilt for

his idleness. He “should” be unemployed. This can also cause various subterranean resentments and reactions, which the fortunate artist, concerned as he generally is with the various trials and tribulations of his craft and the business of keeping the rain off his head and food in his belly, tends to overlook. He shouldn’t. Finding one’s voice or metier is, in the world of the unemployed, a lucky stroke comparable, in the world of the employed, to finding oneself, as one of my old friends did, at the age of 19, after being drafted into the Navy, put in charge of the “pro station” which governed the red-light district of San Juan, Puerto Rico during World War II. One’s less fortunate companions are likely, under such circumstances, to regard one’s blithe spirits and untroubled affability with mixed feelings. And if you do have any complaints to offer—*they won’t take you seriously*.

As mentioned in the paper, we had already started work on the Catechism. The I.B.M. variable-space typewriter necessary for preparing copy with justified right hand margins for photo-offset had been moved into the music room along with a drafting table and some desks. The presses had been moved from the basement of the bowling alley to the unused garage space in the grey buildings on the little hill behind the Big House. Wendy, Michael and, a little later, Paul Faggot (whenever he came out of the woodwork) and I spent most of the day in the music room working on layout and typing. The view from that room was lovely when snow was falling, a hushed surround both brilliant and subdued, which, for all its detail, gave little hint of what century or country we were in.

When the Hitchcocks returned from their various watering holes a short time later, we were in a position to actually show them that, for a change, something constructive was happening in the Big House that wasn’t a strictly Timothy Leary production.

The visit of our lords and ladies (let’s be realistic!) was brief, but it was my first look at Billy’s twin brother Tommy, who seemed to be a darker and handsomer version of his brother, and Aurora, Billy’s wife, and Suzanne, Tommy’s wife. Aurora was a neat little Spanish package, to be sure, and Suzanne, an ectomorphic blonde who seemed up-tight in contrast to Aurora’s ebullience, was hardly an aesthetic disaster area either. They looked the way they should have looked, as did everyone at Millbrook, now that I think of it.

Of course, these preliminary maneuvers were designed to present Haines and me as cuddly little burros, suitable for useful labor or entertainment, when, if “actuality” is measured by one’s own

impression of one's capacities and ambitions, we were actually as egomaniacal a pair of ravening desperadoes, intent on extending our influence and improving our dominion, as could be found in that neighborhood. Haines considered himself, as his chosen name indicated, the natural successor of Samkara, and, in his private dreams, envisioned himself as the ruler of a chain of new and improved yogic ashrams which would girdle this sorry sphere, providing a safe refuge for one and all, a nice dream, and no more vain than any other dream—just more ambitious than most. As for me, even my subdued condition at that time had not changed my feeling that nothing much had been happening in Western philosophy since David Hume and that I was just the fellow to put the show back on the road, originate happier religious customs to go along with it, and generally reform society from top to bottom. I still think so. Haines and I, in our different visions of the future, could find room for each other, I thought, until I found out that Samkara was a covert materialist, as was Haines, when unstoned.

It is one of the great failings of pop culture (worldwide) to confuse materialism with logic and rationality.

I certainly do not have anything against genuine empirical reasoning or the "scientific method."

A consensus of reports may have as much value to a solipsist within the context of his dream or "hallucination" as such consensus has for the naive realist who believes that there is a real history to be found out or objective facts to be discovered; for experience teaches the solipsist, as it does everyone, that in this world of error and falsehood, the assumption of the actuality of occurrences attested to by the majority of observers can be better relied on than the reports of the minority, even if *he himself is that minority*. If I see a pink elephant on the lawn and my companions all assert that they see nothing, I will assume that there will be no tracks and no elephant shit on the daisies in the morning, and if (after a restless night) there is, and nobody sees the evidence but me, I will assume I am in serious trouble. It may be that it is my companions who are in serious trouble, but experience has shown me the nature of the probabilities. The existence or non-existence of a world of external relations and objects has nothing to do with it. I merely assume that world; I do not believe in it, and I am aware that my assumption that the probabilities will continue to be as I remember them to have been is, as Hume showed, without any foundation in necessity.

In immediate, practical, and political terms, however, the one difficulty, which Haines saw clearly from the beginning although I did not, was that Timothy Leary saw our ups as his downs. To Haines, our insinuation of ourselves and our game-plans in the Hitchcocks' good graces was a race against time—the time of Timothy Leary's return.

"But he made a deal with the D.A. to stay out of Dutchess County," I would object, whenever Bill predicted that his return was imminent.

"Are you kidding?" Bill would growl. "He's sitting there in California sweating his balls off worrying that we'll get more out of the millionaires than he did. Why do you think he sent you down to Alabama? It's all right to have respect for your guru, Kleps, but you haven't learned one thing that I have—don't carry it too far."

The atmosphere of this period, when we all lived in the Big House under the benign tyranny of Haines (and Billy and the rest of the ruling class were close enough to be on friendly and even affectionate terms but not so close as to be embroiled in our daily lives, or we in theirs) was much more philosophical, romantic and humane than it was later, when we were all obliged to live with the media-ordained official philosopher and bleeding heart of the psychedelic movement and, to some extent at least, play his silly games. I honestly believe that without Tim the place might have made it through. I'm not saying that it wasn't still fun, and wasn't still meaningful with Tim around. It was, and in full measure—but with him, something undefinably fine and rare was always lost in the clangor of a cheap, freakish excitement, hokey and talky like a cheap romantic opera instead of the thing itself. ". . . Another thing," I remember Billy saying to me one time when he was outlining Tim's deficiencies, "is that I don't get all this *love, love, love* crap. I mean, maybe some people need to hear that all the time but I was brought up that way, weren't you?"

All corruption in this country is commercial, as John Jay Chapman and analysts of lesser and following genius such as T.H. White have pointed out. We needed Tim not because he could do it but because he could sell it. The philosophy he preached, underneath all the blatherskite, was one that has always gone over quite well in our commercial civilization, twisted to fit the psychedelic form: pragmatism of the Royce and William James variety—try to believe what you want to believe and it will come true. This line,

the “mysticism” of vacuum cleaner salesmen and politicians, which seems strikingly original and daring to those who don’t read very much, accompanied by corny preachments on l-o-v-e, and a lot of science fiction images for cheap thrills along the way, poisoned the air, and added a hysterical, desperate, fraudulent, ruthless, selfish quality to the general tone of things. Tim had “wider horizons” than the rest of us. He had the “dreams” of the true salesman. Millbrook was merely his home office but his territory was out there and his people, the people he thought about in the middle of the night, the people he “cared” about (so to speak), were out there also, the Voters of Tomorrow. As far as the rest of us were concerned, the Voters of Tomorrow could go piss up a rope. We were in business. The gate was open. Let them come to us, and learn by example. My church fit that picture: I do not believe that any church has ever been described by its founder in terms less calculated to seduce the ignorant, and Haines was also an honest man . . . and *therefore* we couldn’t make it, even with the free rent. Maybe. (If so, I sure as hell hope it isn’t a universal and eternal rule.)

“We’re a bunch of amateurs, Kleps,” Haines said to me one evening after a call to Tim on the coast to beg for money to pay the fuel bill. “I can’t help it. I know what happens to a neighborhood once you let the Irish in, but the simple fact is that nobody around here can do what he does. We’ve got to lower the moral tone of this place, or we will all freeze our balls off. So unless you have any more bright ideas, I’m going to have to tell him I think he should come back here. If he kicks us out, I think we can get those grey buildings out back.”

I didn’t have any more “bright ideas,” if one means by that, as we meant by it in those days, ways of making money without capital or obnoxious labor or without breaking the law or telling everyone what they wanted to hear or frightening the shit out of them or . . . the list goes on and on.

## Chapter 28

# Drilling the King

*Intellectual “work” is misnamed; it is a pleasure, a dissipation, and is its own highest reward. The poorest paid architect, engineer, general, author, sculptor, painter, lecturer, advocate, legislator,*

*actor, preacher, singer is constructively in heaven when he is at work; and as for the musician with the fiddlebow in his hand who sits in the midst of a great orchestra with the ebbing and flowing tides of divine sound washing over him—why, certainly, he is at work, if you wish to call it that, but lord, it's a sarcasm just the same.*

"Well, Kleps," Haines announced with great satisfaction one morning, "we are invited to the Bungalow this afternoon for drinks and to make our pitch. I think he's out of his mind, but Billy, particularly, seems to like your style. I think we are very fortunate to get this chance before the Mad Scientist gets back."

I could not but agree. On the basis of my own experience with Tim, and judging from what I had been told by even his most resolute admirers, there was every reason to expect that Tim would do everything in his power to kill our projects once he returned. Furthermore, I could understand why—it was, after all, local energy lost to him—and, as I had said in the "viruses meeting," as long as I was Tim's guest I would do what he said, or leave. On the other hand, if I, or the Ashram with me in it, had a private arrangement with the landlords, all bets were off. We could go our own way without worrying about the shifting sands of Timothy Leary's priorities.

My first look at the Bungalow left me stunned. Although the Big House was larger, and provided me with plenty of *deja vu* sensations and mythic associations, it didn't really arouse any feelings of covetousness in my breast—if I had the money I certainly wouldn't build a replica of the Big House to live in. The Bungalow, on the other hand, was not a house so much as it was a stage setting, and it stood for a whole class of things which had somehow eluded both my vision and my grasp in my "present incarnation" and which, now that I had a clear example before my eyes seemed most precious and desirable. The trouble with reading English literature in one's youth is that one becomes familiar, mentally, with life in grand country houses; yet, without the cash, one is obliged to live in quite a different way. I suppose the same thing applies to slum kids watching television shows set in suburbia. If you allow yourself to dwell on the subject, it can produce some pretty fierce emotions.

The marble-walled, copper-roofed Bungalow faced Millbrook over a vista of gently descending fields and woods, but one

entered on the other side, from a circular drive set in the pine trees. Passing through a marble-floored and glass-enclosed portico which stretched the length of the main building, one entered the living room, which was very big and had a bar at one end and a huge fireplace at the other. To the right of this room, as you entered, were the billiards room, which had a fountain set in one wall, the dining room, and, downstairs, the kitchen and servant's quarters. To the left was the library and a gently curving hall floored in black and white tiles which led to the five large bedrooms. The French doors from the main room to the terrace were guarded by two five-foot high Chinese temple dogs. Below the balustrade of the terrace was a swimming pool, and below that, off to the left, were the lawns and the tennis courts, by means of which Tommy, Suzanne and Aurora kept in excellent shape in contrast to Billy, who was physically lazy and a little overweight. A few turns in the pool were about the extent of his exertions—but he made up for it by being about ten times more mentally active than the rest of this golden *menage*.

Jack, the butler, let us in and showed us to the bar and the library, in that order. The Hitchcocks would join us shortly. I looked us over. A strange crew. Michael was barefoot (he had some kind of theory at the time about the desirability of remaining in physical contact with Mother Earth). Haines was in his full yellow-robed splendor. I was dressed in various odds and ends which Fred Blacker had stolen in New York.

"Christ," I said, and downed my drink. I got up to get another.

"Take it easy, Art" Haines said, "these people may have a hundred million between them, but they're just as crazy as we are."

"I suppose so," I replied, "but I can't help being impressed by so much power. I'd feel the same way if I was talking to a South American dictator with a whole army at his command . . . or Merlin the Magician . . . just think of what they could do with this kind of dough if they wanted to."

"I have" said Haines. "You don't run across *young* millionaires very often."

Everything went well. I read my article "How to Guide a Session" and everyone laughed at the right places. At one point Tommy said, "Yeah, just the opposite of what Leary says." Hmmmmmm. So Tommy wasn't too happy, apparently, with Tim's Orientalisms. Hmmmmmm. We spent a couple of hours in very pleasant conversation.

"HMMMMMM" I said in the car as we drove back to the Big House.

"Exactly my feelings also" said Michael Green, who had been very quiet during our visit, except when he had been asked by Suzanne to explain his bare feet. His explanation was simple: he wanted to stay in contact with Mother Earth.

"One might say," I said, "that they are just plain down home country folks like you or me."

"One might say that" said Haines "but one would be wrong. Let's not get carried away because we got a couple free drinks. We have one thing going for us, and that's that we know how to handle the acid. At least I do. Whether you can or not remains to be seen and frankly I have my doubts . . . Remember what Fitzgerald said about the rich?"

"Yeah" I said. " 'The rich are not like you or me'—then Hemingway said, 'That's right—they have more money' ."

"Well, I agree with Fitzgerald" said Haines. "They may act like children but they have hearts of stone, Kleps. Hearts of stone. But I've got to admit that this is the best lot I've seen yet."

A couple days later, it became apparent that we had made a reasonably good impression. Haines, Bali Ram and I were invited to the Bungalow for a trip. As Haines outlined the coming festivities to a hushed and excited Ashram after dinner, it appeared that I was in for an experience which would make my little excursion with Otto look like small potatoes indeed. Present, as Haines got the picture, would be, besides the three of us, Billy, Aurora, Tommy, Suzanne, a Eurasian fakir named (very appropriately according to Bill) *Sham* Dowley and a couple related to Aurora from Venezuela who would be having their first trip—Marco and Beatrice. Marco was Finance Minister of Venezuela, or something similar. In fact, he was next in line to become President or to be assassinated, depending on which faction got to him first. What was it I had said about South American dictators?

"Christ" I said.

"Take it easy, Kleps" said Haines. "After all, they are just plain down home country folks like you or me."

"What about Peggy?" I asked.

She had returned to her town house in New York, according to Bill's information. She had recently married a doctor who was said to be a clod and opposed to acid. The marriage was doomed, according to what Bill had heard.

I lifted my eyebrows.

"She's not your type, I'm sorry to say" Bill said. He was right. She wasn't. "Besides, from what I hear, she's ga ga about Timothy. She married the good doctor on the rebound when Tim latched on to Rosemary."

Bill would have gone far as a gossip columnist. He was always ready to jump to conclusions, a habit which didn't always pay off—as we shall see.

We were to have dinner at the Bungalow before the trip. I went to Bali's room and took a shower.

Bali put on his gold costume. Bill packed his trip bag, which contained everything necessary for minimal life support during periods of "ecstatic nongame experience" (as Tim would put it) including handfuls of fake jewels, paper, pencil and so on and I also made my preparations—three packs of Tareytons and plenty of matches.

As we drove up the white road through a nice, gentle fall of giant snowflakes, I had all kinds of "here I am doing this" thoughts of the "nostalgia for the present" type, which are always a pretty good sign that something important is about to happen.

I thought that I was certainly fortunate to be driving up that road, accompanied by the two strange but benevolent beings beside me, who were at once so close to me in spirit and yet so distant in experience, to such a wonderful and beautiful destination where I would almost certainly die and be reborn without pain, in comfort and in warmth, secure in a setting of established power and casual magnificence, and I thought that it was certainly better to live this way than to take the 6:45 every morning to go to work in a fertilizer factory in Birmingham, Alabama in order to earn my daily bread.

These thoughts, "materialistic" though they may have been, helped a great deal to erase from my mind the unworthy fears which naturally arise at such times over the impending loss of one's personality, life, mind, soul, or whatever you want to call it.

## Chapter 29

# The Smallpox Hut

*He carried my trespass to his betters; I was stubborn; wherefore, presently upon my head and upon all heads that were dear to me, fell the curse of Rome.*

Everything glittered and gleamed at the Bungalow. The place seemed stoned although it wasn't yet. I noted that a good fire was going and that there was plenty of wood. Music was coming from concealed speakers, controlled from a closet panel of great complexity off the library, and a tape machine had also been set up at the other end of the rug in front of the fire. The three women were wearing evening dresses—Aurora's a flaming red—but Tommy, Billy and Marco were informally attired. Sham, who looked pretty uptight to me, was in a Nehru style outfit.

I hardly tasted my dinner, which was served by Jack, his wife Mary, and a little jumpy Irishman named Jimmie, whom I hadn't seen before. Jack and Mary had Scotch accents as thick as soup, while Jimmy's Irish brogue was almost as heavy. More classic types. Central casting was on the job.

Marco looked like a tough customer all right. He entered into an intense discussion with Bill and it developed that he was very apprehensive about the trip because he had been responsible, as a magistrate, for the execution by firing squad of thirty or so of his political opponents in the last year, that being the way the game was played in his part of the world, but still not very nice, no matter how you look at it. In Venezuela he was always surrounded by armed guards and had a submachine gun at his side at all times . . . manufactured by Numerich Arms, no doubt. We would now find out what happened to a person of this type on a big trip. One of the great fantasies of psychedelic people, myself included, was to somehow "bomb" the politicians and thereby make them more aware of what they were doing and, presumably, more humane and decent on that account. How would Marco react?

After dinner, while Suzanne and Aurora went to a bedroom to prepare the drinks (*Suzanne* and *Aurora* are preparing the drinks??), Billy set up a movie screen to one side of the room and focused a light projector on it. Very pretty shifting pastel colors appeared. Good. Bill put on a raga. Good. The drinks were passed with much giggling, since, tee hee, the hypodermic used for measurement had leaked and neither waitress could tell for sure who was getting what. Unthinkable to object under the circumstances. In for a dime, in for a dollar. Down the hatch. Within ten minutes I knew it was at least 500 mics of Sandoz, the original and the best.

Marco and Beatrice took the bear rug. Bill, Bali and I settled

around the tape recorder on the floor. Aurora and Suzanne curled up in facing couches on either side of the fire. Tommy, who was the only person present not on acid, sat in a chair and smoked a joint.

Sham, naturally, sat on the floor in the lotus position, near the light-show screen. Next to him was a rolled up cloth of some kind, which I had not noticed before.

Bali rose, went over to another rug in front of the bar at the far end of the room, and started to dance.

## Chapter 30

# The Tragedy of the Manor-House

*At midnight all was over, and we sat in the presence of four corpses.*

Sham got up after Bali did, unrolled his cloth, and hung it up on the screen next to him. The pastel clouds were now passing over what looked to me like some kind of dumbbell standing on end, over which crawled a horde of ants. It was, I later discovered a “black tanka,” the most sacred of Tibetan Tantric religious flags representing time, death, and the progression of the generations.

Whatever it was, I didn’t care for it.

I got up, with considerable deliberation, and went to the bar for a drink. Bali, I noticed in passing, was now poised on one foot like a statue of gold and bronze. He wasn’t blinking and he didn’t seem to be breathing. As a matter of fact, he was the only thing in the room that wasn’t blinking and breathing, including the furniture. Take a piss? The curving, checkerboard tiled hall led the eye to no conclusion. I went into the only bedroom suite on the left, which was for common use. The room seemed pleased to see me. There was no longer any such thing as reflected light—every little glitter now had a life of its own, every gleam a distinguished place in the scheme of things. Ripples and swirls of Shaw’s “life force” were moving through my body. Gold, marble, glass, silk and running water. Mirrors everywhere. It was the ruling class of two continents out there, plus a couple of funny-boys from the mysterious East, Bill Haines, and me.

## Chapter 31

# Marco

*Well, there are times when one would like to hang the whole human race and finish the farce.*

I was O.K. I believe in moving around when you are going up. There is nothing to think about or to not think about, so you might as well just screw around, get a drink, take a piss, or whatever, until the transition is complete—*then* enter into the spirit of the thing. The faster you go up the better. The bigger the dose, the easier it is to go up, and the harder it is to come down.

Marco was standing a couple of feet away from Bali, the human statue, looking at him intently. Tommy had taken a chair facing away from the fire, and had his head in his hands, as if some tragedy too heavy to be borne had just occurred.

Marco motioned me over to him. I couldn't understand a word he was saying, because it was all in Spanish. He handed me a walkie-talkie, one of a pair he held in his hands, about the size of two packs of cigarettes, and motioned me over to the couch which contained kittenish little Aurora, cute ruler of two continents. Sure enough, Marco's voice was coming over the device I held in my hands, and I could see him where I had left him earnestly delivering into his machine, no doubt the very best distributed by the C.I.A., a stream of gibberish. I recognized a few key words like "police" and "arrest" and so on. "I don't speak Spanish" I said, turned my radio off, and put it down on the table next to me. I was standing behind Aurora's couch. Billy Hitchcock, sprawled out on the floor, was looking up at me through a gigantic fake emerald which he had picked up from the hundreds of stones Haines had scattered before him. The entire scene boomed with arcane energy. Decor is not philosophy.

Which is not a bad *mantra* at this point on big trips, when many freak-outs occur, due to premature categorizations and speculations as to the meanings of events. One is tempted to exclaim "My God, this can't be happening. I must be out of my mind. What are these people *really* doing? Are they deliberately trying to drive me crazy?"

To which the voice of experience and the advice given in hundreds of ancient and wise manuals should reply, "Shut up, you jerk. Internal and external are false distinctions. Everyone here is

acting out his archetypal role using the means at hand. Those roles are, and these people are, the eternal elements in the psyche—your psyche.”

When you see this clearly and fully accept it, you are “dead.” The introductory part of the trip is over. You are now “in the realm” of universal archetypes, where it is perfectly natural for people to say and do all kinds of things you wouldn’t expect to see or hear at the corner bar on Saturday night. This state may be thought of as being “at the cellular level,” and everything takes on a certain golden liquidity. One does not see events as occurring in a regular cause and effect or linear way but rather as being contained in some kind of “eternity capsule” outside of space-time. Bali, frozen into his classic pose in his shining costume, represented this condition very well . . . in a manner sanctified by art and tradition, but Marco was just as accurate a representation of his way of looking at things . . . and so was everyone else.

Of course, “time casules” and “cellular levels” are as bad philosophy as “arcane energy.” These philosophically shoddy terms tend to degrade the experience, but suggest the flavor.

My own little act, which no doubt seemed pretty bizarre to anyone watching me, was to go to the bar, make a drink, take perhaps one little sip, set the glass down somewhere, forget where I had put it, go to the bar, make another, set it down, go to the bar . . . After a half hour of this, I realized what I was doing. Generous highballs were standing all over the place. Well, I thought, at least anyone who wants a drink can get one without exerting himself. Another classic was being enacted: the tape machine was screwed up, and Billy and Bill were untangling reels of tape which had spilled out on the floor, or at least trying to. Bill finally dumped the whole tangle in his bag and put on another tape. He got behind the machine, put his arms around it, and announced with mock solemnity and relish, “He who controls the tape recorder controls the world!”

Could be, in a sense. Suddenly, everything, although still just as fantastic as it had been, looked pretty funny also. The mood of the room changed, except for the Tommy and Sham regions, which seemed to stiffen as people began to talk and laugh. The constructions I am obliged to use in describing this are driving me crazy. A *region of mood* is something one might identify spatially in a painting, right? A stage setting might have two regions of mood. I am not talking metaphysics.

Sham had his eyes closed and began rapidly mumbling some mantra or other to himself. I could now identify my proper place in the room which was with Bill and/or Billy, so I settled down near the tape recorder myself. Bali joined us. Bill was drawing an *Om* symbol with his finger in a thick field of tiny garnets on the carpet. Bali added a flourish to it, a sweeping line coming up from the intersection of the lesser and greater curves, but Bill shook his head impatiently and erased it. Great symbolism in there. I felt there was a hole in the top of my head and pure light was streaming in and out of it.

## Chapter 32

# Dowley's Humiliation

*Yes, Dowley was a good deal wilted, and shrunk up and collapsed; he had the aspect of a bladder-balloon that's been stepped on by a cow.*

The only thing in the room I didn't want to look at was the damned Black Tanka. What the hell—I was already dead, wasn't I? This was a heavenly room with beautiful people in it. No grim and terrible symbols were required. Unfortunately, the Black Tanka is regarded with superstitious awe by the lower class of Tantric Buddhists (feelings carefully fostered by the higher class of Tantric Buddhists). You have to carry it in a special container, go through a special ritual whenever you cross water. Curses for mishandling, and so on.

To hell with that. I interrupted Haines at his *Om* drawing and directed his attention to the *tanka*. "Doooo yooooou waaaant that thiiiing up there?" I asked. My voice sounded like it was coming from the bottom of a barrel.

"Nooo. It's just one of Sham's little tricks," Haines moored.

I turned to Billy, who was watching Bali draw another fancy *Om* in the garnets, and asked him the same question.

"Whooooo, me?" Billy asked, startled. "Nooooo."

Billy was a little bit out of it, to be sure . . . at that point. Bill later told me that he had asked him, early in the trip, if he was indeed really Billy Hitchcock, who owned "this place." "Boy, was I tempted," Bill laughed when he told me about it, "but I patted him on the shoulder and told him of course he was."

Bill heard Billy's reply. "Do you want that *tanka* up there, Bali?" he asked.

"Are you kidding?" Bali asked, flashing a look of great disdain at both the *tanka* and Sham.

"Come on" Bill said. Bali and Bill both got up and made it over to the screen, where, with what seemed unnecessary violence, they literally tore the *tanka* off its moorings and tossed it in a corner.

The look on Sham's face, as he witnessed this act, was one of utter disbelief, but the mood of the room immediately went up another notch, as the screen regained its original clarity and lightness. Decorations and music are the closest thing on a trip to "control board" functions. Every little variation has an enormous and immediate effect. Art is magic.

The next act was put on by Marco, who, I noticed, had abandoned his walkie-talkie game after trying to play it with a couple other people, and Beatrice, who started rolling around on the bear-skin rug, growling and pawing at each other like a couple of bear cubs. Kind of cute. This went on for some time. Billy and Aurora were talking to each other. Haines was telling one of his hilarious anecdotes to me, Bali, and Suzanne, who had joined us on the floor. Tommy and Sham remained in place.

I heard a car door slam outside, and went out in the falling snow to see what was up. A pretty young girl was lost in the maze. She was looking for someone I didn't know, whom she thought was staying at the Gatehouse. Tommy came out, and gave her directions. I went back in.

Haines was in full form. He was making comments on everyone else's trips. Naturally, Marco and Beatrice were getting most of the heat.

"Go get her, Marco. Atta boy. Claw her eyes out" and so forth.

Aurora, who seemed lost in the music most of the time, and perfectly content to be there, would occasionally say, "Relax, Haines, reelax" to which he would reply, with mock ferocity, "Don't tell me to relax. I don't like to relax. *You* relax."

Tommy, Haines noticed suddenly, had disappeared.

"Where's Tommy?" he asked.

"I don't know" I said. "The last time I saw him he was outside talking to the girl who wanted to go to the Gatehouse."

"Aha!" Haines had missed the whole incident. The situation, however, was instantly clear to him. Tommy was down at the

Gatehouse fucking merrily away with the girl, while poor Suzanne was abandoned to her fate. He insisted that she move in closer.

"Don't worry, Suzanne" he said. "These Mellons are all alike. We'll take care of you."

"What do you mean?" Suzanne asked. She looked frightened.

"I mean you shouldn't worry about Tommy being down at the Gatehouse with that girl."

"Oh." A few minutes later, Suzanne got up and went to her room. When she returned, she said nothing, but listened attentively to Haine's line of chatter with a drawn face and haunted eyes. The next day we found out why. Tommy hadn't gone anywhere with the lost girl. After giving her directions, he had gone to bed. When Suzanne looked in their room and saw him lying down with his eyes closed, she thought he was a dummy placed there by Haines to test her faith, or something. This had not made for a very enjoyable trip from Suzanne's point of view, to put it mildly.

Every big-dose group session will produce one person who will make most of the definitions and generalizations, whether you plan it that way or not. I have always thought that Haines did very well in this role, despite occasional slips. As it was, it took some pretty inventive paranoia on Suzanne's part to convert Bill's error into a full-scale bummer. The field for misunderstandings is always very wide when the trip's participants have only recently been introduced to one another, and it is important to avoid literal mindedness and to remember that many words and expressions have more than one meaning, and that many things are said in a joking and ironical spirit or on the supposition that you know something that you don't. A simple thing like having a person present with a meaningful name can cause endless complications: "How old is Hope?" "Where is Charity?" "Have Faith." "Do it on Tuesday." (Never agree or disagree with anything unless you are sure you understand what is being suggested. If someone wants to know if it is O.K. to "let go," for example, find out before you say "Sure," exactly what it is they intend letting go of!) When a true paranoiac is himself doing most of the generalizing and defining, the number of covert operations one begins to imagine all around reach critical mass very quickly, and the whole scene degenerates into a tangled web of bizarre intrigues. Unfortunately, the experience of the "guide" doesn't necessarily prevent this kind of thing. Anyone fixated at the occultist level will inevitably put the people he "guides" on paranoid bummer. Marco, a strong personality,

would have done exactly that with his walkie-talkie and growling animal acts if he had been tripping with a bunch of inexperienced kids instead of hard-bitten veterans of the psychedelic wars such as ourselves.

Suzanne, actually, was the only "kid" in the room. Everyone else there, even the novice, Marco, was a full-blown "character," and not about to change at anyone else's convenience, acid or no acid.

As dawn was breaking, I took a stroll around the house and was joined by Marco. When we came to an open door leading into the cavernous depths of the cellars under the house, Marco, assuming the look of a grade B T.V. villain complete with sinister chuckle, suggested we "go in there." I just laughed, shook my head, and we moved on in the crisp snow.

The conversations I had with Billy during the trip were all most pleasant and instructive. His line amused me and my line amused him. Everything seemed to be out front. At one point, Billy asked me to come over and look at a large painting which hung on the wall next to the French doors to the patio. It showed Henry the VIII on his throne, ordering Sir Thomas More, who had dogs yapping at his heels, out of the royal presence. The painter's name was Pott.

"I want you to remember that, Art" Billy said with a big grin.

"I should think we could improve on some of these old routines, Billy" I replied, in the same spirit.

His favorite stories were of the glorious fuckups of the past two years at Millbrook.

" . . . yeah, we have had some pretty incredible con artists around here" he concluded, after one particularly outrageous story involving a guy with a diamond making machine who had been briefly installed in the basement of the Bungalow to do his stuff. Then a sudden realization seemed to hit Billy hard.

" . . . but I have a feeling that maybe we haven't seen anything yet."

"I certainly hope not" I replied, and so it was to be.

Aurora danced up to me and said, "Arthur, I understand you. It's all a dreeeeem—" she flung her arms wide to include the whole room.

"Right," I said. It seemed to stick, too. Aurora was, and probably still is, enlightened. I wish I could say the same for every beautiful woman on earth.

The night's anti-climax was provided by Sham, who, when he saw that everyone was going to ignore him unless he spoke up first, became quite a hail-fellow-well-met in the early morning hours. He went out in the hall and brought in a roll of little carpets which he unrolled for Billy's inspection. Billy was polite. Haines, however, was offended.

"What do you think this is, Sham? The Calcutta bazaar?"

Sham chose to interpret this as a joke, and laughed nervously. Then he invited Billy and me to come back to a bedroom and see something "really rare—for men only." (Bill and Marco had gone into the library.)

What Sham had to offer next were several prototypical "Little Dirty Comix" in the lowest aboriginal shamanic tradition. All the women were butterballs. My favorite showed one of them being lowered in a basket, with her elephantine rump bulging out of a hole in the bottom, over a grinning fool lounging below. We were by no means completely down at this point, and the contrast between this part of Sham's act and his former imitation of a graven image was too much for me, and evidently for Billy also. It was impossible not to laugh in the poor bastard's face. Billy told me that he bought some of the stuff later. He hated to make anyone feel bad, and although he would sometimes lie his head off, I have never seen him behave with other than the utmost politeness to any sincere beggar or pitchman who got within range. In fact, the more polite Billy got, the more certain it was that the interview pained him deeply. Unfortunately, the reverse was also true—one of the ways Billy defined a close personal friend was that with such a person he could express his genuine attitude towards money, which held that it was a sacred substance circulating in his veins instead of blood, the letting of which was, no matter how small the amount, a very serious and painful affair.

When, after a night like that, the sun comes up, one feels impelled to step outside and give it a proper greeting. We all did that, strolled around for a while, and then came back in and ate breakfast. Mary was busy vacuuming the living room, which certainly needed it. Bill's fake jewels were all neatly gathered together on a piece of paper on a coffee table.

On the way back home Bill said, "Well, you and Billy seemed to hit it off quite well, Kleps . . . and, naturally, I got stuck with dear old Marco."

I told Bill about Marco's suggestion that we go for a stroll in the gloomy cellars instead of enjoying the glories of this glorious earth, which Bill thought was pretty hilarious, a good example of the comic-book villainy Marco had projected on the trip.

"That's what gets me about him" Bill said. "I had to keep reminding myself—*this guy is for real*. But, he's really sort of a nice fellow, despite all the paranoia . . . what am I saying?"

"He like Otto" Bali said.

Yes, that was it. Marco was like Otto. We didn't see much of Marco thereafter, but later Billy told us about his further adventures. Marco had returned to Venezuela, but apparently never really came down from the trip—at least he wasn't able to play the political game the way he had before. A kind of *reductio ad absurdum* seemed to set in. After a frantic phone call from from Beatrice, who was convinced her husband was about to be assassinated, Billy flew down and brought him back to the States, where Marco had another trip and decided he didn't really want to be in politics after all. He went into business instead.

While walking down an ordinary suburban street with Billy one day in Venezuela, Billy reported, Marco had pulled out a .45 and, to illustrate some point he was making, shot a hole through the front door of a house they were passing. By going into business, Marco was moving up a notch to a more honorable life (perhaps a very honorable life, depending on the kind of commodities in which he traded).

Billy, mythically, didn't have anywhere to go on the up-side. He was already doing a fine job of being an aristocrat—creating around him as lively and fascinating a scene as possible without paying any attention to the customs, precedents or even laws which restrain the powerless. This is a high and creative function. Too bad more rich people don't have the guts or the imaginations to do it.

Back at the house, I went right to bed. When I woke up, in the early afternoon, I felt fine. No hangover, no fatigue, no nothing. The world in general looked like it had "taken a bath," as psychedelic people often remark the morning after.

The usual post-mortems were being held in Bill's room. First Bill would tell a story and then Bali. The kids were delighted.

"Well, Kleps, what now?" Bill asked.

"We're in" I said. "If we're not, I'll turn in my psychologist's badge. The key to the whole thing is not to think in terms of con-

ning Billy. He's no fool by any means, and he is just as whacked out as we are. I think we should be completely out front with him. If you ask me, Tim and the League people in general have screwed themselves up with Billy by trying to put moralistic pressure on him. They try to make him feel guilty for being rich. Just because they see things that way when they get stoned doesn't mean that Billy does. You heard some of those stories he was telling me?"

Bill nodded. He was very attentive. This was serious business.

"Well," I continued, "he's never really been conned by anyone, including Tim. He just plays along for the fun of it. If he likes us, and I think he does, and if we put on a good show, I think we are secure here for the foreseeable future, but appealing to his idealism or his conscience won't get us anywhere. He doesn't have any. He's just as cynical about human nature in general as we are, if not more so. As for big money . . . I don't know."

"Well, does he believe in psychedelics?" Wendy asked. Wendy, I noted was looking a hell of a lot better than she had the day before. Apparently, the trip had cut a few of the bonds I had woven around my libido.

"Yeah," Bill added. "What about that? I must confess that I couldn't figure out what any of them thought about it. Could you?"

I had to admit that I didn't know either. It seemed to me that Billy had a profound distrust for abstractions, and made his decisions on the basis of intuition and feeling, but it seemed incredible that anyone could take so much acid without having some kind of metaphysical theory about what was happening to him when he took it.

"Do you think he's enlightened, Kleps?" Howie Druck asked.

I couldn't answer that question then, and I can't answer it now. Billy occupies a most peculiar place in my private hierarchy of important people—sort of off to the left in a little box of his own. I can usually see the world very clearly as others see it, and, in Billy's case, I can do this very well up to a point, and then—nothing. In the space where other people have a philosophy, he seems to have a void. The same thing goes for Otto, by the way. This condition is extraordinarily rare, and has nothing at all to do with intelligence. All I can say is, since Enlightenment consists, grammatically, in a negation, it may be possible that some people are born . . . not un-enlightened? The circumstances of such a

life would be extraordinarily “magical”—which is certainly true in Billy’s and Otto’s lives.

Later, as I was sitting in the common room looking over some art Michael Green had handed me, Wendy came over and asked if I intended to work that evening.

“Yes,” I said, “as a matter of fact, I need someone to strip for me.” (“Stripping” in layout work consists of cutting out errors in the photo-ready copy and pasting in corrections.)

“Arthur, you know I will strip for you any time,” Wendy said, with a charming giggle, followed by a nice old-fashioned blush.

Well, here we go again, I thought to myself. That night Wendy moved in with me, and some lucky fellow got her room in the servants’ wing. Even in primitive societies, territorial pressures support domestic consolidations.

The synchronicity of losing a wife to a guy named Chartreuse and then appropriating a mistress from a guy named Green made me wonder if money wasn’t the key factor in both events. Could be.

Three months earlier I had been flat broke and friendless in a Florida jail. Now, thanks to acid, I was living on a 2,500 acre private estate in a 50 room mansion, with a beautiful and charming young girl (who had exactly the skills I needed in my work) and I was surrounded by jovial and fascinating friends and companions, some of them millionaires, who were eager to help me do exactly what I wanted to do—produce a book. I didn’t have a worry in the world.

## Chapter 33

# Sixth-Century Political Economy

*But no; you see I was an unknown person among a cruelly oppressed and suspicious people, a people always accustomed to having advantage taken of their helplessness, and never expecting just or kind treatment from any but their own families and very closest intimates.*

On the night Tim returned, I had an odd experience. I was stoned on grass and was sitting in the music room, in the dark, by myself, enjoying the moonlit snowscape. I heard a car coming and went to the French doors that led to the porte cochere to see who it might be. A car pulled up and moved through to the parking lot in back. Tim

was sitting next to the driver. I could see Susan in the back seat very clearly also. I went around back to greet them. Nobody was there. The people in the kitchen hadn't noticed anything either. Weird. I went back to the music room and watched more snow fall. An hour later, the big bell started ringing. Someone had been alerted from town by phone. I heard a car and went up to the French windows to the porte cochere just as I had before. Exactly the same scene I had witnessed an hour earlier was repeated. This time it was most assuredly Tim in the flesh—and Jackie, Susan and a couple other people. Joyful greetings.

“Timo!” I said.

“Arturo! I have been hearing all kinds of good things about you!” said our glorious leader. Susan was beaming, but Jackie looked a little uneasy.

“Well,” Wendy said to me that night, “I bet things get pretty heavy around here now.”

When Tim appeared in the music room the next day and found it converted into a place of industry instead of meditation, with Michael, Wendy and I busily picking away at our various tiny tasks over light tables and drawing boards, he seemed torn by a variety of conflicting emotions. Haines, naturally, had predicted instant disaster, which seemed reasonable since most of the League members regarded our sequestration of what I had to admit was one of the most beautiful rooms in the house as an act of piracy if not impiety. I had nailed the door to the back stairs closed to keep out the dogs, and there was a sign on the French doors to the library warning idlers and monologuists to keep their distance during working hours.

I showed Tim around. Ordination certificates. Membership cards. Completed “mechanicals” for *The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook*. Michael’s design for the great seal of the Church, showing a three-eyed toad with the motto “Victory over Horseshit” had just been completed, and Wendy was going over it, whiting out ink spots and smudges.

“I don’t like your motto, Art,” Tim said. “Victory? Over? Horseshit?”

(Recently, I have given a lot of thought to changing it to “It takes a heap o’ livin’ to make a house a home.”)

“What’s wrong with that?” I asked.

“It isn’t a gentle love message” Tim replied, with a perfectly straight face.

“Well, I’m going to add this explanation” I said, and pulled out a paragraph I had written describing the difference between horseshit and bullshit:

“Our victory is over horseshit rather than bullshit. Bullshit is a rare and valuable commodity. The great masters have all been bullshitters. Horseshit, on the other hand, in the common parlance, refers to downright crap. The free, playful entertaining flight of ideas is bullshit; and more often than not will be found afterwards to accord perfectly with universal truth. Horseshit is contrived; derivative, superstitious, ignorant. We might take Gurdjieff as an example of a master bullshitter and Meher Baba as an example of a master horseshitter.”

Tim liked it. Unlike many of his followers, Tim’s preference for corn extended only as far as his strategic interests. His private taste was another matter entirely, and if you showed him something good, he couldn’t help appreciating it.

“What *are* your objectives, Art?” Tim wanted to know.

“Money and power,” I unhesitatingly replied.

Tim laughed, threw up his hands, and walked out. There were no attempts to kill our projects. Instead, Tim gave us all the help he could, *so far as intramural matters were concerned*.

Of course, if Tim had asked me the same question when I had first visited Millbrook, I would have replied differently. At that time I was looking for Enlightenment, for the Truth with a capital T. But I had found it, as, I am persuaded, one always does if the search is an honest one. Now what? Was I filled with a burning desire to bring others to the same realization? I wouldn’t say so. If I hear that Joe Blow down the street has become enlightened after years of screwing around and is happy as a lark in consequence, I am pleased to hear it and wish him well, but I am also aware that he will now have an entirely new set of things to worry about, such as staying out of the looney bin, jail and the Department of Social Welfare applications office. True, assisting others to reach Enlightenment has been my profession since I first noticed that everything fit together, so to speak, but my feelings about my new profession are pretty much what they were in my school psychologist days. Most of the time, I feel I am wasting my breath, but every now and then I am immensely gratified by what I am able to accomplish. It all depends on who comes through the door.

In any case, it certainly isn’t my function in life to drag people into the woods, through the woods, and out the other side. In my

opinion, they can leap over the woods in one mighty bound, like Superman, if they try. I will help anyone out who wants out, however, particularly if they are young and innocent and have been tempted into the swamps and thickets (we speak here of a mean and nasty type of woods) by evil witches and magicians. But intent is crucial, as is communication. If you like it where you are, or are afraid to say you don't, stay there, and be damned to you! I'm a guide, not a sheep-dog.

My personal motto, by the way, and the inscription on the coat of arms which will someday be emblazoned on the doors to Toad Hall when the weasels and stoats have been driven out, is "Myths are Made to be Broken." What I wish for now is what I wished for then—a better setting, freedom from economic restraints, the power to organize my environment according to my own tastes—just like everyone else. Obviously, my *antakarana* has other priorities, but it would be dishonest and artificial to pretend that, as a personality, I am satisfied or ever have been satisfied with my circumstances . . . and I am very suspicious of anyone who claims otherwise. I could also have said that my objective was to become a "pillar of society," to "take over" the world, to drive everyone crazy, to look after "number one," to show off, to trick myself into taking bigger and better trips, to "jolt" the *antakarana* (or "tranquilize" it), to form a new super-ego by resolving my Oedipus complex, to beat Tim at his own game, to out-buddha Buddha, to "destroy" my enemies, to gain literary fame, to undermine the entire Judeo-Christian foundation of Western civilization, to advance my class and caste interests, and to make a better world into which to be reborn after my next death-rebirth experience and for my children to inherit, so to speak. It all depends on what interpretation one chooses to put on these neat little labels we conveniently attach to our wish systems. Like all cliches and stereotypes, a new context can make them over entirely. Blind reverence for the *antakarana* functions is absurd, every bit as absurd as the "love of God" which caused the anchorites to embrace filth and disease and later hypocrites to pass laws against abortion, opium, suicide and theatrical performances on Sunday. A man who has terrible nightmares should go into psychoanalysis and/or take a lot of LSD. He should not *model* himself on his nightmares. Likewise, if one sees in the circumstantial world certain nightmarish elements, one should do what one can to correct them, one should align oneself with the angels, one should fight the good fight, become an

acid pusher, a Boo Hoo, a revolutionary, and persuade others by example and exhortation. If wealth and power can be used to flood this world with light, and I see no reason why they should not be so used, then the struggle for wealth and power is a game I am not ashamed to play . . . and if I come to love my tools, how am I different from any other honest mechanic?

Despite Tim's bland attitude toward my activities, it swiftly became apparent that he wanted the Ashram out by spring.

"He says," Bill reported to a glum Ashram "that he made it very clear when he invited us here that it was just temporary. He doesn't want us to move into the grey buildings either. What he thinks we ought to do is move into Art's place up in the Adirondacks. How we are supposed to swing that sweet little deal escapes me."

"Hitchcock, I suppose" I said. "I'm sure Karl Newton would sell if the price was right."

"We're not going anywhere" Bill said, "I want to be here when this place falls apart to get my share of the kiss-off money . . . and so should you, Kleps, if you know what's good for you. I can see it all coming very clearly. The parties are going to start upstairs and you're going to have total insanity around here again very quickly."

"But we can't stay in the house . . . and the Hurdles are living in the grey buildings," Betsy said.

"The Hurdles can move," Bill said. "What about that stone house up by the barn?"

As it happened, we did get the Hurdles out and into the empty stone house which adjoined the barns, but only after painting the interior for them first, which was more fun than work. Wendy and I moved our office up to a small room on the first floor of the grey buildings next to the press room even before the Hurdles had moved out upstairs. We carried our completed work back and forth to my room in the Big House, where we slept with it. In a treacherously unpredictable social situation, it is those who do not make any effort to guard what they value who are often the most paranoid, being either so grandiose as to think themselves divinely protected or so efficiently persecuted as to make caution useless. "Heaven forbid that we should appear paranoid, Wendy" I said. "We shall therefore protect *The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook* as though it were the divinely inspired word of God, and assume that we are surrounded by perverse imps bent on

its destruction.” Wendy, who had suffered the loss of about \$600 worth of jewelry a couple weeks earlier, readily agreed.

The “soft-headedness” of many of our fellow Millbrookians was neatly summarized when a spectacular event took place at about that time: gigantic blossoms of glowing color appeared in the nighttime sky. Everyone ran out on the porch. Flying saucers! God! Shiva’s aura! Karen Detweiler cried out, “I’m ready! Come and get me!” Wendy and I, when the show seemed to be over, wound our way up the hill to our place of work, as usual. Hurdle and family were seated on lawn chairs, drinking beer, and the proved to be the only people around in possession of accurate information. It had been a NASA experiment, sodium bombs in the stratosphere or something, and they had read all about it in the *Daily News* that morning.

Haines managed the general migration very smoothly, including two public confrontations with Tim on the issue when both were on large doses of the Supreme Sacrament. During the second of these little tete-a-tetes, I was afraid the second floor landing would collapse from the weight of the audience, which was crowded around the door to Bill’s room cheering on their respective champions. Having already decided to make a play for the Gatehouse, I stayed in the background.

One of Bill’s ploys while the issue of the Ashram staying on the property at all was still in question, was to sneak into Tim’s room and find out what book he was reading that day. If it was, say, *The Magus*—which Tim found highly inspiring for a while—Haines would play the part of a solemn, moralistic and traditional Yogi. If, on the other hand, Tim was reading Krishnamurti, Haines would become jocular, irreverent and nonchalant. No matter how fanciful these debates became (at one point, Tim invited Bill to fly down to the Caribbean with him for a week to get a fresh slant on the situation) or how profound the philosophic depths, Bill would always terminate the exchange by pounding his cane on the floor and saying, “I want those grey buildings.” He got them.

Occasionally a voice would be raised in Tim’s defense within the Ashram—“after all, he did invite us here in the first place” or something along those lines.

“And what would this place be without us?” Haines would reply. “Why don’t you ask yourself that sometime? Besides, it’s my understanding that Hitchprick didn’t give the Big House to Timmy alone but to Timmy and Dickie and Ralphie all together,

right? What do you suppose happened to the other two members of that sweet little trio? Do you think for one moment that it wasn't the good doctor himself who eased them out of the picture? Well, I am not so easily conned."

Of course, the real battle took place at the Bungalow, where Tim and Bill went to plead their cases. I stayed out of that too. (Tim had already let me know that, if I wanted to stay in the Big House with Wendy, I was welcome.)

Bill's tirades of rhetorical questions were, I later became convinced, one of the main foundations of his authority. He knew how to make people feel they were morally in the right in situations which, without such support, would have made them feel guilty and therefore weak.

After one such morale boosting session, Haines and I were left alone for a few minutes. Bill winked at me, and said, "There's nothing like a little self-righteousness when you're trying to get your hands on someone else's real estate, Art."

Truer words have never been spoken.

Susan Leary, much to Haines' delight, enlisted in the Ashram shortly after the move (she stayed about three weeks) to get away from her foster mother Rosemary, whom she thought to be a witch, and not one of your white robed variety holding a dowel with a sparkling star on the end and attended by a gang of jolly dwarfs, either, but the kind you find inhabiting dark castles on the moors with dungeons full of male captives entrapped by her evil spells. Bill's analysis of Susan's condition was predictable. "She wants to get laid by her old man" he would confidently announce whenever the subject came up, and go on to express his confidence that in a few weeks of "healthy living" with "normal kids her own age"(!) she would be fully renovated and disinfected.

One day, while Susan was sitting in my office, having just completed an assignment from me to go out and round up Michael Green to do some illustrations for the book, I asked her what it was all about. Did she *really* think Rosemary was a witch? Susan's expression, which had been reasonably placid, abruptly altered to 50 degrees below zero, and she proceeded, in a strange, sing-song voice, to give me her considered opinion of Rosemary. She was an evil woman. She was trying to destroy "Timothy." She hated Susan and Jackie. She was frigid, barren, and did not even love Tim. Her one and only motive in life was to destroy everything

good she could lay her spells on. Well, if true, "witch" was not such a bad word for it, I had to admit.

I wasn't crazy about Rosemary myself. Her advent on the scene had signalled the end of the old intellectual atmosphere in the Big House and the beginning of the egalitarian-primitivist phase which didn't end until Tim left Algeria, where he dumped Rosemary and took up with a Capricorn occultist who may be even worse. I must admit that I have myself, on several occasions, as much as I hate to settle for an occultist explanation for anything, been driven to see certain people as witches or demons (although not denying for a moment that these people are manifestations of my own present consciousness). There are times when no other terminology will adequately describe what is going on.

As spring dawned, Wendy said she needed a vacation. We had been working pretty hard—16 hours a day wasn't unusual—and I could see her point. Her parents were willing to pay for it, so she flew off to visit a girlfriend in Florida for a couple weeks.

Shortly after she left, I got a little card in the mail. I was invited to a "Psychedelic Seder" at Peggy Hitchcock's house in New York as were Haines, Tim and a scattering of others from the League and Ashram. It further developed that Tim and I were to read the service. I had no idea of what a Seder was all about, but Ted Druck, naturally, was able to give me the whole picture. "Oh, *Passover*. Yeah, right." The kids of Jewish origin in the community were greatly amused by the whole thing . . . and thinking of, say, an Easter service in the same context, I can easily see why.

I went down in the Ashram car. These excursions to New York on the Taconic Parkway always put me in a special mood which nothing else seemed to set off. The dramatic, mythic quality of the whole business would become particularly poignant when I found myself on that beautiful parkway between the world's richest and most powerful city and our fantastic little private principality which I sincerely believed to be, as Tim never failed to remind everyone who lived there whenever he had the opportunity, "the most important place on earth."

In a historical sense, I believed then and I believe now, that I was assisting in the birth of a new age for mankind. The evidence was all around us. Every time I went to New York during those years, there would be visible evidence on the streets that our private convictions and style of life, privately developed as the result of private experience, were becoming public realities. There were

heads everywhere. Mini-Millbrooks. Mini-Tims . . . and a few mini-Art Klepses, I suppose. Every week we would hear about some new group, and there wasn't any doubt about it—the acknowledged guiding spirit of the new world was good old Tim, and its center was good old Millbrook where, if you were of any importance in this new world, you either lived, or to which you made pilgrimages.

On the West Coast, of course, other forces were at work, more democratic, egalitarian, political, less intellectual. The “band of brothers” versus our patriarchal family. Those forces, in the short run, prevailed—in fact, those forces were directly responsible for Millbrook's downfall—but have now, in their turn, collapsed, having first laid waste to the fundamental structure of American society.

To understand the whole process, I don't think you have to go any further than Norman O. Brown and *Love's Body*, one of the most profound (Fazsm) books extant. The *destructive* function of the brotherhood concept, for example, is something that requires some psychological depth of thought to recognize, and if you don't recognize it, you can't understand what's happening when a bunch of people get together and say they intend to live on the basis of perfect equality. For one thing, as soon as this happens, an enormous net of rights and wrongs descends upon the world; the concept of justice has replaced the (aristocratic) concepts of honor and responsibility. The ideal, at least the *spoken* ideal becomes universal brotherhood and peace—not the Enlightenment of the individual.

Well, underneath, things aren't quite so simple and sweet.

“Equals are rivals; and the dear love of comrades is made out of mutual jealousy and hate.” (Brown.)

“The fraternity, or club, or secret society strives to put asunder what is joined in the family—male and female, parent and child.” (Brown.)

Brown sees revolutionary politics as a form of juvenile delinquency. Leaving aside the ideology, which, of course, can be good, bad or indifferent, that's what's left. This phase which always involves some kind of return to nature movement as the sons move into the woods with the women, having knocked off Daddy, is now almost over. At the time of which I write, it was just starting.

I couldn't buy it. It was second nature for me to demand that individual freedom be expanded to its absolute limit, but I could not go around making speeches about the supposed glorious

brotherhood of man. Tim went along, but grudgingly, I think. Inevitably, he ended up, at least briefly, "armed and dangerous" and advocating the "disconnection" of certain people.

Naturally, my growing friendship with Billy was regarded as a form of moral treason by the small but growing egalitarian contingent on the property, who deeply resented Billy's ownership of the land on which they lived (for free) and compensated for that natural envy and resentment with the usual feelings of moral superiority which come so easily to those who only have the resources to commit small crimes. I was an elitist and a flunky. "I keep telling you people that I'm a libertarian socialist during the week and an anarchist on trips," I would say, whenever the subject came up. "I don't blame Billy for the crummy social system we have now. I blame all those stupid ass-holes out there who vote for the politicians who set it up and keep it going."

"Well, what would you do about it?" they would ask.

"A good start would be to disenfranchise everyone with an I.Q. under 116" I would say.

End of discussion. It is a waste of time, in my opinion, to discuss these issues with modern Americans, who have been so flim-flammed on certain points of scientific fact (the cruciality of I.Q. differences being only one of them) that no logical reasoning is possible. Ideas of moral superiority, which substitute for the distinctions that really matter, are the thin paste which holds together millions of cardboard lives. Without it we would have mass psychological distress and then . . . and then what? Who knows? It's never been tried. Even brotherly love might be possible, if we started being honest with each other.

My views on civil government are not part of church doctrine and members of the church are free to agree or disagree with those views without running the risk of either promotion or excommunication. My views on civil government are not an extension of the monarchical principles of organization which I consider appropriate to church government. A church, in my view, does not have as its primary function the representation of the opinions, interests or even rights of the membership. The primary function of a church is to represent the religious doctrines and practices for which it stands. The social context in which it does this should be one of free competition between rivals, with the role of government being that of the guardian of individual liberty and the free association

of individuals in groups to live as they please and to persuade, by any peaceful means, others to see things their way.

In civil affairs, it happens that I advocate the contraction of the franchise to the higher ranges of intelligence as measured by standard tests. In the U.S. this would mean the establishment of an elite ruling class or "natural" aristocracy which would replace the present system which I consider to be the actual rule of a plutocracy based on birth and wealth under the cover of a fraudulent shadow-play of egalitarian democracy designed to perpetuate injustice and greed. Elitism is an entirely different concept than absolute monarchy or dictatorship. A change to it could be made without disturbing the present structure of any parliamentary or republican government. It has nothing to do with the concept of individual rights—unless one considers the vote to be a natural right, which I do not. Nor do I consider property rights to be of the imprescriptible or sacred variety—I believe that the means of production should be in the hands of the ruling class, not as property, *but as a responsibility*.

In every other way, I favor the extension of personal liberty. I believe that surplus wealth should be used to support the poor even when they are unwilling to work. I do not believe in compulsory education. I believe that any conduct which does not directly endanger or injure another person should be allowed. I believe that force may be used to secure these rights, but only if care is taken not to injure innocents.

How these views, which I have consistently expressed in various places for some time, can be construed as being part of a diabolical scheme on my part to become "another Adolph Hitler" or anything similar escapes me. Yet there seem to be some people who darkly suspect that such is what I have in mind. This is ridiculous, since no class could be more hostile to the absolute rule of one man than an aristocracy of the intellect, nor is there any class which would more jealously protect individual liberty, if it had the means—or so I now believe, anyway.

If practical experience with a system such as I have outlined showed I was wrong, I would humbly beg the pardon of the society I had helped put on the skids, and try to think of something better. There are no adequate historical examples to go by, since I'm advocating a social system based on a recent technical advance, I.Q. testing, which governments have so far admitted was important only in times of extreme peril. The great sophistication, validity

and reliability of the techniques available are appreciated by only a tiny clique of specialists in the art. Nevertheless, I think it is only a matter of time before some governing and/or ruling class gets desperate enough to give it a whirl. Then we shall see what we shall see. Until then, I don't mind being called a "crank" on this issue. I do mind being called a "crank" on philosophic issues, since the essential position I take there is in a grand, ancient and noble tradition, damn it.

Anyway, I was on the wrong side for the nonce, a lone survivor of that other Millbrook which had passed away when Tim decided to get rid of the elite intellectual playmates and bring in Ross and Rosemary because, as was so precisely stated by that French radical politician explaining why he had taken to the barricades: "I had to follow them. I was their leader."

## Chapter 34

# The Yankee and the King Sold as Slaves

*The law is clear; it doth not require the claimant to prove ye are slaves, it requireth you to prove ye are not.*

To attend a Jewish ceremony at the beginning of the band of brothers phase of the psychedelic revolution was most appropriate, of course. Not only Big Daddy, but the whole "hermaphroditic figure in the tabernacle," was in for a hard time of it. "Go home and kill your parents" Jerry Rubin had said at one point—probably the nadir of the phase of which I speak. Such advice made the Neo-American Church look pretty old-fashioned. We weren't with it anymore. What was all this "Enlightenment" shit? An "elitist" fantasy, no doubt, invented to put down regular fellers.

Well, we still had Millbrook, so I wasn't worried. The gathering at Peggy's house—a four story, million dollar job just off 5th was certainly no meeting of the filthy rabble plotting pillage and rapine.

A bar had been set up on the second floor hall, at the top of a winding marble staircase, presided over by Peggy's butler, and a dozen people were milling around, most of them looking pretty up-tight. Within an hour or so there would be about a hundred, and nobody would look up-tight. Peggy led Bill and me up to the

third floor library where, in a little closet bar, she showed us a large punch bowl with the major sacrament standing next to it in a little bottle with a dropper, gave us the count, and returned to her guests. The bowl held forty-eight cups. Each drop of the solution held 250 micrograms.

"You do it, Bill" I said, handing him the bottle. "I know how much you enjoy this sort of thing."

I made myself a Hennessy and soda.

"Did you recognize anyone downstairs?" I asked, as Bill went about his work with many dramatic gestures and chortlings.

"Looked like a bunch of dead-heads to me" he said. "I didn't see anyone I knew, but there was one fellow in a round collar. That may be promising. Wait until you get a taste of this. I wonder if Peggy is telling everyone what's in it?"

"Oh, I think so," I said. "What the hell—it said 'Psychedelic Seder' right on the card."

Peggy's husband came in. He exchanged greetings with us pleasantly enough but then just sat behind his desk looking at us as if he had been turned to stone. Watching the demonic forces at work? Conveying disapproval? Letting us know that we had a witness? I couldn't figure it out.

I carried the brimming, cut glass punchbowl downstairs and set it down on the bar in front of the butler.

"This is the real stuff, huh?" he asked, in a harsh New York tough guy voice which didn't blend very well with his red-jacketed uniform.

"There ain't nothin' realer, pal" I replied. Bill had been conservative—about 50 mics per cup. "You can tell people that one cup of this should leave them standing but in the right frame of mind to appreciate the philosophic meaning of it all. Why don't you have a little yourself?"

"I think I'll stick to Scotch" he said.

I took a cup and went into the main salon. People were seated and standing all around the room talking in small groups. New guests were coming in all the time. Bill and I went around telling everyone that the sacraments were served. Dutifully, they went out to get their cups, but quite a few looked like they were going down to a pit to wrestle alligators against their better judgement. I saw Tim, talking animatedly to the young Episcopalian priest whom Bill had noticed earlier.

I went over and sat down next to Bill. I could feel the acid coming on and I wanted to get over the hump in the company of someone I knew. It was the first time I had ever taken it with strangers around.

"Don't worry about it" Bill said. "It's a party. You're supposed to act funny. By the way, I just got a new sidelight on dear old Timothy."

"What's that?"

"When he came in he came up to me right away and asked 'Where's the acid?' He really looked *nervous*. I never saw him act like that before. I think he really needs the stuff to do his stuff. He's an acidholic."

Could be. At that time, this seemed like a strange idea to me. It was the function of booze to ease social situations. To use acid that way seemed at odds with the set and setting rule. I have found out since that it depends on what game you're playing. Much later, at the Ashram at Benson, Arizona, I got in the habit of taking acid with Haines every Sunday morning, although Sunday was open house, and we had all kinds of visitors, including the local sheriff's deputies and completely square tourists who were there to see the weirdos and buy a little pottery. One time, on a pretty heavy trip, I had to get rid of three drunken cowboys who had come in a pickup truck full of guns. It's sort of an interesting way to do it, the main lesson being how god-awful straight consciousness is most of the time, but I don't recommend it to novices.

The actual ceremony, conducted in the dining room, went very smoothly, I thought. Tim and I, seated together, got up to read our respective parts from the service, which was printed in little booklets. Tim was daddy and I was the youngest son. Someone who might have been a rabbi, seated next to Peggy, said a few words. While we were having after dinner brandy, Haines, who had earlier left the room, came bustling in and stuck his head between me and Tim.

"Listen you guys," Haines said to us in a heavy whisper, "I want your advice."

Well, that was a switch. It developed that Haines had gone up to the library for a few moments of "quiet meditation." He had been sitting in a corner of the library in the dark when the priest had come in and called up his bishop.

"He kept saying things like, (Haines fluttered his hands), 'Oh, Bishop, it's so terrible, you have no *idea*. They are all drinking

LSD and everyone is talking in a perfectly *insane* way' . . . and stuff like that. I think it's an insult to Peggy that one of her guests should sneak behind her back to squeal on her like that.'

"Well, what can we do about it?" Tim asked.

"I think we should bomb him" Haines said, grinning mischievously. "He deserves it."

Haines was never reluctant to bomb anyone he thought "deserved" it. He did not mean politicians, cops and such, but only people who were "asking for it," so to speak.

A good example had occurred a week or two earlier when an English T.V. crew had been on the property making a documentary. The director had pissed us all off for three days by going around telling everyone that he was "naturally stoned." He wasn't afraid of it—heaven forbid—he just didn't require artificial means to see the inner mystery of it all. This line of shit is designed to drive any psychedelic person straight up the walls with rage. It is at the same time a colossal insult, and such blatant, stupid self-deception that it's unbearable to hear it. The spiritual four-flusher visiting a psychedelic community should avoid, if he wants to escape an abrupt transition, saying things like "the vibrations around here are terrible" or "I'm a witch, you know" or "oh sure, I talk to trees all the time myself," but, of all the comments likely to electrify first the attention of his hosts and then himself, "I don't *need* LSD" is certainly the winner. It's like saying, "the law can't touch me, baby" while drunk in a Chicago police station at 3 A.M. It's an insult to the honor of the group, and something has to be done about it. Haines let the director have it in his coffee one morning, and he went bounding and sprinting all over the woods and fields for about four hours while bellowing like a moose. When he came down, he admitted that he had been afraid of it all along, didn't understand anything about anything, packed up his stuff, and left. We never saw the documentary.

"That strikes me as a very happy idea" Tim said.

I liked it too. Haines went over to the priest's table and switched drinks. It became evident, an hour later, that the priest loved the stuff. Unless I miss my guess, he is a very high priest today, and no doubt has spread the good word among both his parishioners and his fellow gentlemen of the cloth. The transformation was abrupt. One moment he was grimly sitting in a corner sipping his gin and the next moment he was on the dance floor with Peggy, putting on an exhibition of pelvic-thrust, head-jerk dancing worthy

of the most primitive teenager. You can take the boy out of the country but you can't take the country out of the boy. Or, as Buddha said (*Guhyasamaja-tantra*), "the conduct of the passions and attachments is the same as the conduct of a *bodhisattva*, that being the best conduct."

The *philosophers* of the Tantric school are sometimes right on the button ("What use is meditation? Despite meditation, one dies in pain. Give up all complicated practices and hopes of attaining *siddhis*, and accept the void as your true nature." Lui-pa.) although the actual Yogic practices recommended seem to me to be merely a disguised return to the same old nonsense. The same contradictions can be found in the Zen tradition. The spirit of the masters is completely turned around in the rigid disciplines practiced in the schools they founded. It's an old story. As Sahara says, "The childish Yogins like the Tirhikas and others can never find their own nature . . . One has no need of Tantra or Mantra, or of the images of the Dharanis—all these are causes of confusion. In vain does one try to attain Moksa by meditation . . . All are hypnotized by the system of the Jhanas, but none cares to realize his own self."

How true. *None cares to realize his own self.* If they did, they wouldn't try to impose masochistic punishments on themselves, but instead do what is easy and obvious—like taking a lot of dope. All the rest is fraudulent conduct—at best, a mere hobby, at worst, a way of staving off the day of reckoning.

As the party was winding down, Billy invited me to stay over at his place in the city and go up to Millbrook in the morning with Fred Blacker, who had to drive one of Billy's cars up anyway. For some reason, all the Hitchcocks, a couple other people and I ended up sitting on the curving stairs in front of the bar, so that all the other guests had to weave between us to get downstairs as they departed. We probably would have stayed for some time, since everyone was in that hilarious mood which a combination of psychedelics and alcohol will sometimes produce, but Peggy's butler, who was sort of standing over us, started injecting comments into the conversation, all of which were put-downs of Billy—incredibly stupid ones, like those I remember exchanging regularly with my friends in junior high school. I couldn't believe my ears. Further, the butler dropped his New York accent and started sounding more and more like Jack back at Millbrook—another Scot, evidently.

Billy was getting nervous. The butler had him cornered. In company, if some jerk says, "You always were full of shit, Hitchcock" you just can't ignore it no matter how rich you are, if your name happens to be Hitchcock. He was obviously looking for a fight.

When the butler said, "You may be rich Hitchcock, but *I* have character," Billy seemed to be at a loss for a response but finally said "So's your old man." We got up and left.

What the Psychedelic Seder meant to me was obvious—it was an opportunity, in terms of the most conventional assumptions (the solipsistic interpretation of synchronicity), the meanings were also clear to me, demonstrating both the most intractable problems in my psyche, as manifest in the butler's childish resentment of Billy (sibling rivalry) and the most glorious possibilities for transformation, manifest in the behavior of the priest.

There is, however, another "level" of meaning which is, to use the idea of location metaphorically, somewhere between these other two—Carl Gustav Jung's level, the level of most of the "profound" thoughts expressed by critics writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, the level of historicity, sociology, myth, of conflicts and relations between mystiques and ideologies—the kind of thinking which can be expressed as the most superficial trendiness at one end and as the insights of genius at the other—as in the case of Norman O. Brown, Norman Mailer, Norman Podhoretz and Norman Rockwell.

I call the lowest (most erroneous) conceptual category "McPozzm"—which involves the assumption of multiplicity, space-time, and the externality of relations.

I call the second level "Fazzm"—which involves the assumption of multiplicity but *evades* all other McPozzm assumptions, with the result that things become psychic and abstract or "meta-historical" or "metapsychoanalytic" or whatever. That's when it's good. When it's bad, things become occultic, mechanistic, supernaturalistic. Good Fazzm is rare.

The genuinely solipsistic analysis of events I call "Snazzm," which involves only the assumption of the self, and denies multiplicity, externality and space-time as anything more than illusions.

When Peggy cooked up the idea for the party, she probably was thinking in terms of various "Fazzm" ideals, with *ecumenism*, *spirit thereof*, *potentiality of LSD to enhance*, at the head of the list. When the people who had been there thought it over later, or, better, *felt* it over later, it was undoubtedly in terms of self-

congratulatory ideas and emotions having as their object various images of "sympiotic relations," syncretistic blendings, tolerant understandings, and also the civilized and sophisticated appreciation of individual and ethnic differences as being merely different aspects of the great cosmic mind in which all of us, supposedly, are imbedded.

That's what people thought before and after the party. During the party, when they were awash in the Supreme Sacrament, I doubt if anyone thought of it in those terms, and, lest there be any mistake about it, I feel obliged to state here that I detest the dismal, brutal, barbaric religion of Abraham and Moses and all vestiges of it which survive in the religions of the so-called Christians also.

The Fazzm meaning of the party, as far as I was concerned, was to be found in the general spirit of hilarity and irreverence which LSD produced even in the face of one of the world's hoariest ritual celebrations of tribal vengefulness, primitive supernaturalism and cruelty to children. In terms of the world's great religious traditions, I do not see LSD as having a blending function at all. On the contrary, I see it as the means for administering the *coup de grace* to almost all of them.

At Millbrook the next day, I found Tim in a lousy mood. Up to that point, things had been going very well between us. During the period when people were choosing up sides, Tim had made it clear that he would be pleased to have me stay at the Big House instead of going with the Ashram. He even said, at one point, that our work on the book was "the only constructive thing that's ever been done around here" and that it was "a labor of love." One time, when I was having trouble getting Michael Green to complete some work he had started, Tim actually tracked him down, admonished him, and had him back at his drawing board in short order. Later, I used Susan Leary, who was famous for her blank stare, for the same purpose. She merely followed Michael around, staring at him, until he fled to work, a method the invention of which Haines, who always appreciated that sort of thing, seemed to consider one of my greatest contributions to managerial science.

But on this particular occasion, Tim showed undisguised irritation and hostility. I had bought him a small bottle of brandy in New York. He refused it. "You're drunk again, Art" Tim said. "I don't like drunks."

I doubt if that was the reason. Tim got drunk enough himself, God knows, and he always ignored Tambi's condition, which was

much sloppier than my own and perpetual rather than sporadic. No, something else was bugging the old boy.

I can see now that he was just jealous, but I had not at that time learned how spiteful and petty Tim could be. I still had an image of him as being above all that. As in the case of Billy and the butler, the junior-high-school-boys-on-the-playground set of social conventions applied. Tim either behaved with ageless wisdom and benignancy or he acted like a greedy twelve-year-old kid who had to run everything his own way, whether he was suited for the role or not. Class president. Captain of the baseball team. Best grades. First guy in school to get laid. Best friend of the richest boy (if he couldn't be the richest boy himself). First kid to discover Henry Miller. Tim brooked no competition in any area he considered important. Sure, the fat kid in the corner was allowed to have a better stamp collection, or that little runt over there could be lavishly praised for the talented way he cracked his knuckles, but that was about it—everything else was the special province of little Tim, super-kid.

We are all familiar with the type. Almost all my troubles with Tim were on this level, and a lot of my troubles with Haines were on this level. It is a sobering realization, when you come to it, and reminds me of Albert Speer's description of the goings on in Hitler's household during the years of the Third Reich, and of all the other abundant proofs of the invincible pettiness of great and idolized men in their relations with friends and associates. It may be that this very childishness is a source of power. The average man, always concerned that he appear mature and evenhanded, is at a great disadvantage when he attempts to oppose the will of someone who is not restrained by those considerations. To what do you appeal? I know that in my case, once I became aware of the fact that neither Bill nor Tim had any of the usual adult respect for those values usually collected under the head of "honor" or "maturity," I became somewhat demoralized in my dealings with them. True, I was advocating a style that seemed superficially similar, but it seemed to me that the distinction I had attempted to make in the Catechism, between psychopathic character and neo-psychopathic behavior, applied. Many attitudes foreign to our ancestors were correct in confronting a berserk society, but pathological when applied to one's circle of friends.

A day or so later, Noel Pepper, Tim's lawyer from Poughkeepsie, came over to my office in the Ashram with the incorporation papers

for the Church. Billy and Tommy were also on hand, and it seemed like a good moment to put in my bid for the Gatehouse. Billy and Tommy agreed to let me have it without hesitation and a pleasant sensation of achievement, which always comes when one cuts out a middleman, swept over me. Things were looking up. Otto attended this little gathering, and since Noel was present, I told Otto's story about how his father was supposedly robbing him of his trust fund. Otto went down to the Big House, where he still lived in the cellar, and returned with his papers. Noel looked them over. Sure enough, Otto's capital was diminishing rather than increasing, in a period of rapid economic growth. He had every right to be suspicious. Score another one for Otto? A little later, we happened to get confirmation on another Otto story. Otto had long claimed that his collection of little Oriental rugs, upon which he and Winnie slept in the basement, every one of them so dirty it was difficult to make out the designs, were unique examples of something or other that really belonged in a museum. An importer friend of Bill's, stopping by for a little visit took one look at them and said, "priceless." "Where does he get this stuff?" Haines, who already had his eye on the Black Buddha, asked in bewilderment. It wasn't any use asking Otto. If the circumstances of his life were incredible, the explanations he offered were even more so.

The next day, Otto and I went down to the Gatehouse to start cleaning the place up and to turn on the water and electricity. Otto wanted to fix up a cubbyhole next to the furnace in the cellar, naturally. I had my doubts about Wendy's reaction, but I told my troglodyte companion that it would be O.K. with me if it was O.K. with her. Until she returned, in any event, he was welcome.

The Gatehouse was a mess, but, after a couple days of hard work, we at least had running water and electricity and had repaired all the broken windows. There had been a fire in the top tower room which had either charred or covered with soot everything on the third floor. I decided to leave it as it was. Someone would probably come along who would be willing to clean it up if they could live there. Wendy and I would live on the second floor, which had a tower room with a fireplace, a bathroom, a small bedroom, a sort of pantry into which was jammed an enormous refrigerator, a living room with windows facing both ways, towards masses of green leaves, mostly, and a little porch which hung over the open sitting room for the grooms at ground level, next to the arch. These grooms, the story went, in Dieterich's day were instructed to

follow every carriage that went through and rake away all the tracks made in the white gravel roads to the Big House. On the other side, three steps above ground level, a heavy, arched, plank door (into which I immediately drove a new lock) led to the entrance hall, and, up a step, to a half-panelled, parquet-floored, circular room at the base of the tower, which I later furnished as an office.

All the walls were made of enormous stones, boulders, really, some of which must have required a steam crane or twenty horses to lift into place. The roof was of red tiles. Right behind the Gatehouse itself, two stone walls formed a large parking place and then became a bridge over the inlet between two small lakes. On the bridge, a fanciful little stone tower contained a winding staircase which led up to a little porch overlooking the lakes, and down, in two turns, to water level. If you went down this thing stoned, as everyone did at one time or another, the trip seemed interminable, and you would be convinced that you would come out under the lake rather than next to it.

Naturally, Otto and I spent as much time drinking and socializing as we did working (my excuse was self-defense) and it was during this period, when Wendy was away, the *Boo Hoo Bible* all wrapped up and being printed by Sheatsley and the Drucks (yes, even Howie lent a hand), and not much of anything else happening of a dramatic nature, that I got to know Billy and his "outside" friends, such as Charlie Rumsey and Sam Clapp, and an awareness, if not a full appreciation, of the *diplomatic* situation between Tim, Bill, Billy and me began to supplant what up to that time had been an essentially sentimental set of attitudes. By the time Wendy returned, I had as many problems and frustrations on my mind as the next guy. Wendy, without hesitation, gave Otto his walking papers and he moodily returned to his wine cellar in the Big House. I started sobering up, and Millbrook came back into focus. Yes, things had changed, and it wasn't just a matter of the good guys getting a house put up on Boardwalk instead of going directly to Jail, or that I was suddenly a boon companion of the guy who had almost all the funny money in the game. Making those, presumably positive, changes, had not left my former relations with Tim and Bill unchanged or improved, but had led instead to an uneasy and ambiguous something which I would unhesitatingly call a truce if there had ever been a war.

Easter came, and, although we were already fairly well dispersed, everyone got together again for a three-day party in and on (the sunny porch roofs of) the Big House. Every variety of fine dope was

available, brought by Owsley, the infamous California chemist and dealer who was also a Narad style paranoid, but with a more organic flavoring—he envisioned an ecological sausage-chain of cosmic gobblers, in which mankind was situated as one of the weakest links, and for that reason ate only meat, for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Tim held court, relaxed enough by the fine internal and external weather to swap funny stories with Bill and me instead of arguments and accusations. One, I remember, concerned his ex and her husband, the bald-headed Tantric. She was expecting, and Tim had offered congratulations when he ran into them on the streets of New York. “You know what the baby will be, don’t you?” asked the husband. “No” said Tim. “The messiah, of course” said the home-wrecker. Of course. (In the Neo-American Church, we call them archetykes.)

Even Dick Alpert showed up for a while. Owsley, a scrawny specimen, walked around naked, although his two dim and dusty-looking girl friends did not. One night, Wendy and I, driving back to the Gatehouse (her father had donated a little car), found him wandering along the road, clothed, toward the north gate. He was looking for “Hitchcock’s house.”

“I thought it was one of those houses over there” he said, after we picked him up, swung around, and headed up the road in the other direction. He pointed to the lights of a couple small houses which were located outside the sacred precincts, and just barely visible from the Big House. (Conclusion: This guy tends to jump to conclusions.)

“No, he has a little place up the road this way” Wendy said.

“He owns the whole scene, huh?” Owsley asked. He sounded much less confident than usual.

“50/50 with his twin brother,” I replied.

When we stopped at the entrance of the little palace, which seemed even more enchanted than usual in the moonlit, scented, balmy night, Owsley’s mouth fell open, but he pulled himself together quickly, bounced up the steps and rang the bell. I could see Jack coming to answer the ring, so we drove away.

Wendy and I exchanged the knowing smiles which seemed to constitute the foundation of our relationship.

“What are you going to say to Billy if he goes for it?” Wendy asked.

There had been no question in either of our minds about what

“it” would be since the name “Hitchcock” had escaped Owsley’s lips.

“I hope I won’t hear anything about it, Wendy” I said. “If Billy can’t tell that that guy is a loser . . . well, we’re just going to have to wait until Billy picks up the rudiments of human wisdom, so to speak.”

Wendy thought that, as a friend, it was my duty to warn him.

“That’s what all the other ass-kissers are always doing,” I replied. “They spend half their time warning Billy against each other. So far, I stand out as a lonely exception. If he wants to play cops and robbers, let him. I’m not going to *compete* with these characters, God damn it.”

The day Owsley left, we later learned, his car, a veritable rolling laboratory, was stopped on the Taconic, and he pulled \$10,000 in cash from his boots to get free. The Ashram then settled down in the old rooms in the Big House they had just vacated for what everyone thought would be a one-night trip on STP, the new wonder drug Owsley was then pushing. He had recommended 30 milligrams per person, so that’s what they took. The consequences, just as Wendy and I had suspected, were . . . peculiar.

For three days and two nights, meals had to be brought in on trays, because no one who participated in the experiment could get his heads (sic) together long enough to do anything more complicated than go to the bathroom and return, and even in that case, many of them strayed, got lost, and had to be led back by the hand of one of us playing the role of attendant. Haines, who held up better than anyone else around, nevertheless claimed at one point that he was sitting at a table with some old crone while the sea rose slowly all around them. Bali turned into the evil Hindu goddess Maya and, with flashing eyes and a tight smirk, slithered through the halls freaking out everyone who crossed his or her path.

“I don’t know how to explain this stuff, Kleps” Bill said to me at one point. “The main problem is that it comes and goes. You think you’re down and then three minutes later you’re high as a kite again.”

I have tried it since, with Bill and Wendy in Arizona, and, sure enough, that’s the way it is all right. An encouragement to the enemies of acid, I would say, in that the stuff tends to produce testimonials which read like something out of *Marvel Comics* instead of, say, Nabokov or Borges, to name the only two contem-

porary famous writers I consider to be probably enlightened, although neither, so far as I know, takes dope. Well, maybe Ginsberg too . . . and Hunter Thompson, who certainly is a dooper of the first rank and a literary genius as well.

In Asa Elliot's *The Bloom Highway*, which is mostly a collection of routine reminiscences about growing up Jewish on Long Island in the Sixties, there is, at the end of the book, a description of a Neo-American Church wedding party which is also one of the most accurate (and also one of the most hilarious) descriptions in print of what goes on during a *typical* "big" trip—big both in the number of participants and in the quantity of acid swallowed. Our group trips at Millbrook were not typical. We knew too much. The Ashram's STP trip came as close to being a general freak out as anything we ever had along those lines, but didn't really make it.

If the inexperienced reader wants to know what is likely to happen if he and his inexperienced friends get together and take large doses of LSD (at least 10 hits of typical street acid each) I can do no better than to refer him to Elliot's book. He should note, in particular, the desperation with which the participants seek some kind of philosophic generalization to explain what is happening and stabilize their thoughts at the peak of the trip and the clear *anti-high* function, at that point, of the routine suggestions that "we are all one" and of such practices as chanting and hand holding. There is only one way to function at the peak of a major death-rebirth experience, and that is to fully accept the fact that nothing is external and nothing is necessary and to understand everything that happens in terms of synchronistic dream patterns. But it will be exactly that realization of which you will be most afraid, no matter how readily you may entertain the notion now as a hypothetical possibility. You will be convinced that if you do accept it the universe will disappear, never to return. It won't. It won't because you don't want it to—which is all that has held it together since it was first invented. If you trust yourself, and manage to relax (try making a few jokes and see if anything terrible happens) all will be well. You will, in the process of death-rebirth get rid of at least one of your major problems, if not a whole batch. If you can't let go and instead grab the first life-saver or bit of wreckage that floats near your thrashing form, you will come down firmly believing that the life-saver you grabbed was the meaning of the trip rather than the exit from it. Your new personality will be defined, not in terms of the truth, but in terms of the particular lie

you happened to grab at the crucial moment *and that lie may be a great improvement over the one you formerly relied on*—but it won't be the truth. End of sermon.

## Chapter 35

# A Pitiful Incident

*Confound him he wearied me with arguments to show that in anything like a fair market he would have fetched twenty-five dollars, sure—a thing which was plainly nonsense, and full of the baldest conceit; I wasn't worth it myself.*

"Jeezums," Sheatsley said, using one of his characteristic expressions of astonishment. Haines was chuckling like a dime store Santa Claus, and the rest of the Ashramites were giggling and casting quick glances my way to check out my reactions. We were all gathered around a tape recorder in front of the grey buildings on a fine spring morning listening to Tim's recorded "review" of my *Neo-American Church Catechism*, a copy of which had been delivered to him by "special messenger" (some freak who had wandered through) the day before at his encampment back in the hills, along with a request from Bill for a tape which the "Kriya Press" could transcribe and print for promotion.

Haines, in a decision which lacked realism, had rejected an offer from the owner of a chain of head shops in New York to buy the entire edition of 2,000 copies, and was determined to sell the books himself, although neither he nor anyone else involved in the project knew anything at all about the book distribution business.

(Amateur writers, amateur artists, amateur potters, even amateur printers, I have since learned, are all right in their place—but may the Lord protect me from amateur salesmen and businessmen!)

Over the tape recorder came the following words, delivered in Tim's usual dry, light, precise and altogether charming voice:

### The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook

A Review by Timothy Leary

The Psychedelic Revolution has (with miraculous swiftness) won the hearts and capped the minds of the American people because (like any religious up-heave-all) it uses the ultimate weep-on, humor.

Psychedelic guerillas, disorganized bands of wise goof-offs, creative fuck-ups,

and comedian chaplains, have in six quip years effortlessly taken over the most powerful empire in world history.

With music, clowning, laughter, the psychedelic revolution has passed through the classic socio-political stages of every great human renaissance:

1. The Philosophic Preparation (Alan Watts writes the Zen introduction).
2. The underground swell of the masses hungry for freedom (Allen Ginsberg Howls).
3. Accidental flare-ups of trigger incidents (Laredo Texas: by this rude bridge that arched the flood, their flag to customs seize, unfurled here the embattled . . .).
4. Widespread guerilla tactics (Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters).
5. The Turning Point Victory (The publishers of Time-Life get turned on).
6. The Mopping Up Operations (in charge of Sgt. Pepper).
7. The writing of war memoirs, prayer books, manuals, catechisms, new testaments, grandiose biblical versions in which the accidental-inevitable is made to seem planned blueprint.

The evangelists and social historians of the psychedelic revolution have a delightful roster of hero-comedian-clowns available for legendary canonization.

Alan Watts is the smiling scholar of the Acid Age. For thirty years he has been converting the most complex theories of oriental philosophies into jewel-like up-levels, wry epigrams. Cool, gracious, never ruffled, chuckling to share with us his amused wonder at God's plans for the planet and, with quizzical eye, glancing to see if we will catch on.

Allen Ginsberg. The celestial clown. Giggling, posturing with complete insight, histrionic, shamelessly direct. No one, not even J. Edgar Hoover, can be with this nearsighted, rumpled, worried, hysterical, lyrical, furry bear for ten minutes and not giggle back because he tickles and hugs you when no one else dares.

The Leary-Alpert-Metzner-Harvard-Mexico-Millbrook Circus backed and lurched into history continuously making every mistake except taking itself too seriously for very long. (Some one was always high enough to laugh). The name of our prisoner rehabilitation project was "Break-Out." The Good Friday religious experiment became the Miracle of March Chapel—to the dismay of Boston University. And it worked. The initials of our research organization, the International Federation for Internal Freedom, spelled out the conditional paradox of the atomic age. Institutional titles, creeds, were invented and outgrown monthly. Conversions, excommunications, schisms, could never keep up with the changes at Millbrook. You couldn't resign from the Castalia Foundation and denounce its methods because it had already evolved into the League for Social Disorder, which in turn couldn't be sued for its theatrical proceeds because the money and the slide projectors had been given away and everyone was dropped out, camping in the woods, and how could the police get a search warrant to raid a sacred pine grove or a promontory known as Lunacy Hill?

The psychedelic yoga is the longest and toughest yoga of all and the only way to keep it going is with a sense of humor. This has been known to seers and visionaries for thousands of years.

For me, the model of the turned-on, tuned-in, dropped-out man is James Joyce, the great psychedelic writer of this century. Pouring out a river-run of pun, jest, put-on, up-level, comic word acrobatics. The impact of Joyce via McLuhan on the psychedelic age cannot be over-estimated.

Bill Burroughs is the Buster Keaton of the movement. He was Mr. Acid before LSD was invented. The soft-bodied answer to IBM. Unsmiling comedian genius.

Twenty years ago today Sgt. Pepper taught the band to play. The classic ontological vaudeville routine.

The Buddha smile.

The laughing fat Chinese sage.

The flute of Krishna tickling the cow girls.

The dance of Shiva.

Om, the cosmic chuckle.

The sweaty belly guffaw of a Hasidic Jew.

Where are the laughing Christians? Something twisted grabbed the Christian mind around the third century. Is there any tender mirth left in the cult of the cross?

Mystics, prophets, holy men are all laughers because the religious revelation is a rib-tickling amazement-insight that all human purposes including your own are solemn self-deceptions. You see through the game and laugh with God at the cosmic joke.

The holy man is the one who can pass on a part of the secret, express the joke, act out a fragment of the riddle.

To be a holy man you have to be a funny man.

Take for example Art Kleps, founder and Chief Boo Hoo of The Neo-American Church. Authentic American anarchist, non-conformist, itinerant preacher. A pure-essence eccentric paranoid in the grand tradition of bull-headed nutty men who stubbornly insist on being themselves and who are ready to fight at the drop of a cliché for the right of others to be themselves.

For five years this Art Kleps has been a wandering guerilla monk in the psychedelic underground.

When he first showed up at Millbrook, in 1963, Kleps was a school psychologist, a big blonde, loud-voiced barroom intellectual. He roved around Castalia one weekend; grandiose, blustering, reverent, deeply intelligent and too drunk to take LSD.

Then the oldest son of a Lutheran minister wrote a 1000 page Pilgrim's Progress epic about his three day non-trip to Millbrook, running off fifteen typed pages a day and coming back to Castalia weekends as Christian H. Christian crawling painfully up the kitchen floor, splashing in the toilet bowls filled with whiskey, throwing out an endless monologue of corny psychological-psychedelic paranoia, and making feeble passes at Castalia's soft-eyed marijuana goddesses who he hallucinated to be thirteen year old virgins. Like Dylan Thomas, so high, so juiced on his own cerebro-spinal fluid, he accused us of slipping LSD into his food.

Then he got fired by his school board for some series of honest, rebellious, adolescent antics (he is one of the most creative psychologists in the country), and naturally, started his own religion.

"We maintain the psychedelic substances are sacraments, that is, divine substances, no matter who uses them, in whatever spirit, with whatever intentions . . . We do not employ set rituals, make conditions for membership other than agreement with our principles, or regulate the frequency or intensity of the sacramental experience. Many of our members are damned fools and miserable sinners: membership in the church is no guarantee of intellectuality or of spiritual wisdom; it may even be possible that one or two of our Boo Hoos are opportunistic charlatans, but we are not dismayed by these conditions; it has never been our objective to add one more swollen institutional substitute for individual virtue to the already crowded list."

Art Kleps, the Martin Luther of the Psychedelic Movement, even when drunk, spraying blindly from his ink pot, the most courageous theologian of our time.

While the academics play word games about God's medical condition, Art Kleps, staggering insane in his study at three in the morning, tackles the real gut issues like: are marijuana and LSD really God's sacraments? Then, if yes they are, and I say they are, then anyone who uses them, gives them, is involved in a divine transaction no matter how gamey, how nutty, how sordid his motives, so it doesn't matter who or when or how or why you turn on, it's still a holy Cosmic Process whether you are a silly thirteen year old popping a sugar cube on your boyfriend's motorcycle or a theatrical agent giving pot to a girl to get her horny, or an alcoholic Catholic priest carrying the Viaticum to a hypocritical sinner or even a psychiatrist giving LSD to an unsuspecting patient to do a scientific study. "It's all God's Flesh," shouted Art Kleps, "no matter what your motives may be."

Oh, yes, let Art Kleps be given the credit. While the rest of us were still involved in research foundations and poetry conferences, and trying to demonstrate that LSD was a nice healthy productive medicine for virtuous docile Americans, Art was roaring around in a turquoise convertible with a suspended driver's license, drinking bad wine from a bottle and shouting *don't bother trying to curry favor with the establishment—it's a losing game. We aren't American Indians who can be patronized and isolated. Congratulated on our sobriety, and all that. We have the RIGHT to practice our religion, even if we are a bunch of filthy, drunken bums. Try not to degrade RIGHTS into mere claims based on evidence of virtue and lack of vice. We do not stand before the government as children before a parent, the government stands before us as the corruptor of our God-given human rights, and until the government gets its bloody, reeking paws off our sacred psychedelics and ceases to harass and persecute our members, until, indeed, every poor wretch now suffering in prison because he preferred the mystical uplift of pot to the slobbering alcoholism of the politicians is set free, our attitude must be one of uncompromising hostility.*

Pageant magazine reporter: "You call your local ministers Boo Hoos. Why do you use such a ridiculous title?"

Father William Kleps: "We realize this title does have its absurd connotations but we have intentionally chosen something with absurd qualities to remind ourselves not to take ourselves too seriously."

Pageant magazine reporter: "You claim to be a church, but you don't take your own religion seriously. What do you take seriously?"

Kleps: "A lot of things. But one of the things we take least seriously is institutional life, the thing most people take more seriously than anything else. We think this is one of the faults of modern man: elevating institutional forms and structure to the level of eternal verities."

The wit and wisdom of this great psychedelic bull is collected in a soft-cover book, "The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook." The table of contents reflects the flavor of this mad, disorganized masterpiece:

Pronouncements of the Chief Boo Hoo on: LSD, Marijuana, Sex, Revolutionary Politics.

Articles: Synchronicity and the Plot/Plot, With LSD I saw God, The Bombardment and Annihilation of the Planet Saturn; Divine Toad Sweat, the Reformation of the New Jerusalem, Morning Glory Lodge and Millbrook, Neo-American Church Gives

'Em Hell, the 95 Item Test of Neo-Psychopathic Character, Free Advertising at Government Expense, Up-to-date List of Boo Hoos, Catalogue, Cartoons.

Readers of the Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook will learn that the seal of the church portrays a three-eyed, turned-on toad rampant over the motto: "Victory Over Horseshit."

Tim Leary: "Art, I don't like your motto. It's a whiskey trip. It's not a psychedelic love message. Victory? Over? Horseshit?"

Art Kleps: "It's my trip. Take or leave it."

And then Art flipped out into typical political paranoia: Our victory is over horseshit rather than bullshit. Bullshit is a rare and valuable commodity. The great masters have all been bullshitters. Horseshit, on the other hand, in the common parlance, refers to downright crap. The free, playful entertaining flight of ideas is bullshit; and more often than not will be found afterwards to accord perfectly with universal truth. Horseshit is contrived; derivative, superstitious, ignorant. We might take Gurdjieff as an example of a master bullshitter and Meher Baba as an example of a master horseshitter.

You ask Art Kleps what his goals are and he tells you, "money and power." To that silly end the last twenty pages of the catechism are designed as a Monkey Ward catalogue of items available from the Neo-American Church, cash in advance, including for \$30, a destruct box ("if opened improperly, contents go up in flames"), and, for \$100, a certificate stating that "the Chief Boo Hoo never even heard of you and regards you with indifference."

Kleps' Catalogue and Handbook is that rare commodity, an original, personal, unashamed, naked unveiling of a man's mind; the Art Kleps head trip. At times padded, at times so involutedly paranoid that you lose the thread, at times sloppily falling down, but always manly, coarse, stubble bearded, shouting, praying, and in touch with Central Broadcasting, the original, two billion year old Sunday night comedy show.

Art Kleps came on the scene before the cool, gentle love-heads. He can't stand flowers. He hates Rock and Roll. He has absolutely no sense of beauty. He is a clumsy manipulator, a blatant flatterer, a bully to the weak, the world's most incompetent con-man. He is, in short, a sodden disgrace to the movement.

Oh pilgrim, if you come to visit the Chief Boo Hoo you will see a sign on his door, "Parsonage, Neo-American Church, Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo."

You ring the bell and await your spiritual teacher. The cover of the book flies open and there, reeking the fumes of a smokey, sweaty 21st Century Martian waterfront saloon is the Chief Boo Hoo himself: glaring, unshaven, wrinkled shirt, sloppy pants. Reading this book is a revelatory laugh—cry trip for those who are ready for it.

Last night Rosemary was lying by the camp fire on a bed of pine needles, reading the Catechism. When she finished she looked up, her face beautiful in the red shadows and said, "Art Kleps is a funny man." Rosemary is right. Art Kleps is a not-wholly Holy, Funny Man.

The discussion which followed the playing of the tape, as one familiar with scientific studies of the primary human interests might have predicted, did not reveal any disposition on the part of anyone present to kneel at the feet of that worthy who, in the words of the

Master, had just been identified as the greatest “theologian” (I am not, of course, a theologian) of his time, and beseech him for a word of wisdom, but rather a lively curiosity for more details on his sadistic attitude towards tulips, his inclination to hallucinate virgins and his various “paranoid” inclinations.

Wendy, bless her heart, had squealed “that’s not true, that’s not true” a couple times during the playing of the tape, but I was laughing just as hard as everyone else—what the hell, I thought, if Tim wanted to make me out as some kind of filthy beatnik as his price for saying so many genuinely nice things about the matters I considered to be overwhelmingly more important, why should I get uptight about it? Let him have his fun.

“Sure, print it,” I told Haines, when he inquired. And I myself have reprinted it, twice, once in the *Coloring Book* and again in the second version of the Catechism, in ’71.

Tim, in a very strange move indeed, reprinted the review in his *The Politics of Ecstasy* (College Notes), but made some interesting changes.

In Tim’s reprint, I became Lisa Bieberman, (spelled “Lieberman”) and the review was entitled, “The Mad Virgin of Psychodelia.” No indication was given anywhere that the piece originally appeared as a review of my book.

The Neo-American Church became “the Neo-Marxian Church.” Our motto was changed to “Victory Over Sexuality.”

On the card which is supposedly tacked to my/her door is added the sentiment, “Art for Art’s Sake.”

Just a couple months ago I ran across a piece in the *Village Voice* by Jill Johnston, their house lesbian-feminist, in which she accused the media of suppressing female spokespersons for various causes, and gave that tough broad, “Lisa Lieberman” as an example of someone Tim Leary, with the assistance of various media thugs, managed to up-stage right into total obscurity.

“Elbowing,” Otto used to call it.

Aside from the trifling error, for which she can’t be blamed, of having gotten the name and the sex wrong, I would say her analysis was correct. Although the specific content might be better understood in Freudian terms, Tim’s intent, first in describing me as a terminal slosh and a slob, and then, when he saw that wasn’t going to work because I kept printing the thing anyway, in changing the names around, seemed a simple effort to sabotage my ambitions in order to promote his own, by making me sound, in the first case,

unfit to be a “culture hero” and, in the second case, non-existent. The trouble with such cheap shots is that they “work”—at least for a time. Tim was out to torpedo the Neo-American Church by fair means or foul. What was the next item published by the Ashram, after the presses finished running off my book? Why, a little pamphlet Tim quickly whomped up called “Start Your Own Religion” in which no opportunity was missed to point out the profound advantages offered by cooking up your own cute cult, as contrasted with anything of the “mail order” variety, which, as Tim damn well knew was a false contrast with the Neo-American Church, since we bent over backwards to *not* control the behavior, property or customs or our local groups. The pamphlet, and, more importantly, everything Tim said and did on stage or on screen, gave the impression that the League for Spiritual Discovery and “Millbrook” were identical entities. Virtually every day he would escort visitors through the Ashram and refer to “our” potters, “our” presses, etc. We all knew what he was doing, and we all just laughed it off, but Tim was “serious.”

The reason Tim and I did not do anything together, the reason for that part of the stalemate, was that we were, by Tim’s choice, not allies but rivals. My ups were his downs. True, I could have moved out to the hobo jungle in the woods . . . I could have ceased to think and adopted the view that the important thing was to blend in my vibes and orgones with all the other vibes and orgones . . . but now we see that this rat hole is bottomless.

Haines was more honest about it—and it wasn’t very long before we weren’t even on speaking terms. Being of a suspicious temper, he couldn’t bear thinking that I had the confidence of the King. I was the favorite, and, naturally, it was just a matter of time before I levered him right out of the picture and took over. This vision of the situation (constantly reported to me by informers) was so firmly entrenched in Bill’s cranium that, had I actually gone ahead and built up a rival group at the Gatehouse, I think he would probably have appeared on the bridge one day waving a white flag and appealed for permission to allow his men to keep their horses and his officers their sidearms . . . with a little cash under the table for himself. What saved my relations with Bill, finally, was his realization that I didn’t want what he wanted, but that realization didn’t dawn until after the raids began.

To back off a little (have I subliminally detected a pair of spooky eyes down that branch tunnel to the right?), it must be

allowed that one could make out a good case for the proposition that both Tim and Bill did achieve their heart's desire, and did it by using Millbrook as a launching pad to, in Tim's case, "start flying" in the show business sense, and in Haines', to build the firm foundation for that sturdy little Ashram in the West, the deed to which represents the swami's graduation papers, as it were. Had we acted in concert, and rationalized the scene at Millbrook—well, who knows how matters would now be disposed? Stalemates are based on the refusal of all concerned to abandon their wishes, and it isn't surprising that only the most stubborn, or bull-headed, contestants get what they desire.

What about that mysterious figure who found it appropriate to gaze at the scene through a fake emerald and to view with an easy identification a picture of a King booting a representative of religion from his chambers, on one of the biggest acid trips in which I have participated? I was his favorite courtier, so to speak. Why didn't I manage to form a firm and productive alliance with this powerful personage?

It was not for a lack of ideas on my part on how to spend his money—or how to "invest" it, if you will.

To begin with, I wanted the Dutchess County political establishment corrupted in our direction in addition to all the other directions in which it was already corrupted. It doesn't cost much to get a Republican to refrain from doing something, after all—just the amount necessary to compensate him for the loss of whatever advantage was to be gained from doing it, plus, say, 10%. It seemed to me a well placed and increasing program of donations of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year would purchase our immunity from serious persecution for the foreseeable future, and, let us not forget, Billy was at that time the undisputed leader of the super-rich-kid gang. Sam Clapp would have followed his lead, if he had been given firm direction, and so would have followed a whole gaggle of other gilded (and some sterling) young ladies and gentlemen. Tommy could have been bought out. The Clapps would have done it in a shot, if Billy had suggested it.

Then (hey—this rat hole isn't so bad after all—here I am imagining my favorite fantasy) after fencing the place like Alcatraz, and it's traditional in the world of myths for elysiums to present a forbidding aspect from without, we would have transformed those 2,500 acres into the world's first psychedelic amusement park, a

disneyland of the Mind, and an entirely new kind of religious "retreat."

All of this would be done under the aegis of the Neo-American Church, natch—a church with a payroll and the sharpest lawyers and propagandists money could buy.

It is at this point in this fantasy, when I am indulging in it at marijuana gatherings, as I often do, that my eyes become a little popped and I start waving my arms. The visions crowd behind each other thick and fast and I spit them out as best I can. The Gatehouse transformed into an old-fashioned railroad station . . . a fast lie-detector test for all applicants for tickets (prices randomly determined?) . . . a narrow gauge system with gleaming little engines and passenger cars, styled according to the conventions of the grand period, of course . . . lots of tunnels . . . random switching, random stops . . . mini-communities at each stop, representing major alternative styles of consciousness with inns for overnight stays and various *divertissements* . . . between the communities a maze of tricky woodland paths and gardens diverting anyone who set foot off the path around in circles . . . and at the center, hard, but not impossible to reach, a fantastic palace, full of mirrors, sparkling, gleaming, glittering and shining in the sun.

Naturally, in one of those tunnels I mentioned, every incoming choo-choo would pass through a mist so constituted that the passengers, on emerging into daylight, would do so in more ways than one.

We would call it "Mandalit."

Naturally, if the church could get one place like this going, we could get a dozen, hundreds, thousands, going. And when the *bequests* started rolling in—well, *fuck the Pope*, as they say!

Did I hear the word "grandiose" from you, doctor?

Why? I'm not pretending that I do have anything like this (the church has about 50 genuinely convinced, loyal members of the sane and intelligent type at the time of this writing). I just admit to wanting it. Should not a feller's reach exceed his grasp? May we not wish upon a star? Can't I do my own interior decorating? Is not one's home supposed to be one's castle?

Hitchcock, as he freely stated to one and all, thought my ideas, my style, were just fine. He viewed Tim's and Bill's plans with the same languid disinterest I did (reruns, all of them) and Billy had, at that time, an income of over half a million a year.

While palling around with this potential cornucopia of donations, Wendy and I weren't just poor in the midst of splendor, but flat broke—so broke that, at one point, when Sam Clapp (who had been appointed, at his nomination, Boo Hoo of Nassau, Primate of the Bahamas, Patriarch of the Caribbean and Protector of the Lesser Antilles) offered us the use of his suite at the Regency and his car and driver whenever we happened to be in town during his absence which was most of the time, we realized, with first shock and then merriment, that we couldn't benefit at all from the offer because we didn't have the cash for the incidental expenses. Sam, to give him due credit, later came through with \$1,000 for the coloring book, which an outside printer I had to resort to, because Haines and I weren't speaking at the time, completely botched.

My stalemate with Billy had its own unique quality. With Tim, the stalemate was an elaborate, multi-level system of subtle double-crosses and tricky ploys of all sorts which at some times became sticky, tangled and ominous but at other times seemed to fade and shrink to a virtual disappearance, under the bright and warming light of good trips and happy days.

With Bill, it was simply a big ugly ditch he had dug around himself to establish the boundaries of his strike and prevent poaching.

But with Billy . . . I don't know. He was of a different "estate" than the rest of us, after all. I hope I am enough of a professional so that when I have a good opportunity to convert someone and I don't do it, or do it in a half-assed way, I can refrain from crying over spilt milk and use the experience as a lesson for self-improvement, technique reevaluation and upping the calibre of my side arms. People in Billy's estate and people in my estate don't "cooperate" with each other after all, but rather cede each other spheres of influence on a quid pro quo basis. Billy's intuition, always good, told him I had something to offer, but he couldn't name it, couldn't *recognize* it, couldn't put a price on it . . . so he always flinched when things got hot.

But why did the son of a bitch have to be so fucking *cheap* about it, so *perfidious*?

Of course, I wasn't the only one.

"Billy is *known* as a welcher, Art" Charlie Rumsey informed me one time when I was complaining to him about a very firm promise of "\$40,000 in two weeks" which had been broken with no ex-

planation. "Why, I saw him crawling out of a restaurant on his hands and knees one time when we were kids, so he wouldn't have to pay the bill. He's the only guy I know who could get away with the crap I've seen him pull. It's all charm, you know. A hollow shell, what?" Charlie grinned. "But who knows?" he added. "Maybe you're the one to break the bank."

I will make this guy cough up, I resolved, if it ruins every moral fiber I possess . . . which it almost did.

"Why don't you buy that place?" I asked Billy one day as we left Millbrook's cute little bank and walked up the street on our way to Eddy's Liquors (where, frequently, believe it or not, in the early morning the door would be left wide open so Eddy's regular customers could come in and help themselves while Eddy was around the corner having coffee with his cronies). "It would undoubtedly improve our P.R. around here enormously."

"We looked into that," Billy replied.

"Well, what was the story?"

"They didn't want to sell," Billy said.

Such terseness was typical of Billy's style when the specificities of financial transactions were being discussed, unless he happened to be smashed, when, on one or two occasions, he gave me an earful. We frequently went out for dinner, to the Old Drover's Inn, or to another joint closer by on Rt. 44. After one such jaunt to the latter rendezvous, with Peggy and Ron Rakow and a female visitor whom Billy had freshly picked off the Big House front porch, it happened that we drove home with Billy and his girl in the back seat and Wendy and I up front, with Peggy and Ron following in another car. We were all smashed, but Billy, Peggy and the strange girl had really distinguished themselves. The girl, a wild looking creature to begin with, had ordered bottle after bottle of Lancer's wine, for which she admitted a long term fondness bordering on reverence, and Peggy and Billy, for some reason, had decided to match her bottle for bottle. Conversation at our table had been so loud and reckless of offending the staid decorum which pertained at other tables in the room that I actually thought the manager was going to come over and tell us to shut up at one point, but he never made it. ("These are my neighbors," he undoubtedly thought to himself, "Christian forbearance is called for.") Peggy had said the word "fuck" about 50 times between the first bottle of Lancer's and the last cup of Irish coffee. I think she was trying to demonstrate something to Ron. Billy told acid stories,

and the girl's monologue, although pitched as high as Billy's and Peggy's, made no sense to me at all—she seemed to be simply babbling like someone with a bad case of malaria.

In the back seat, Billy started telling Miss Lancers how fond he was of her, as soon as we were out of the parking lot. Was he really in love with her, or was it just moonlight madness? He would really be pleased if she would stay overnight at the Bungalow, etc., etc. Wendy was giggling uncontrollably, and I couldn't make out the girl's replies.

"To the Bungalow?" I asked, "or should we go over to the Ashram and drive Haines crazy?"

"Oh, let's go to the Bungalow, Art," Billy replied. "I'm pretty sure Jack has some Lancers stashed away somewhere."

A few minutes of muttered conversation and the thrashing around of bodies followed in the back seat and then the girl finally said something that made sense. She didn't believe that Billy was really a millionaire. All men were after only one thing, and they would tell any lie to get it, and so forth. This was all expressed in very maudlin terms.

"Listen, baby," Billy said, "if you knew how rich I was you'd piss in your pants." More struggling in the back seat, but this time, Wendy told me later, it was mostly a struggle on Billy's part to prevent the girl from scratching his eyes out. When things settled down, Billy suddenly started talking to me.

"Speaking of money, Art," he said, "we really have to sit down some time and figure out exactly how to get you some."

Before I could reply to this startling announcement, Billy was off on a monologue about exactly how it All Worked, how much he had, where it came from, what form it was in, exactly how much he could give away without it costing him anything and so forth. Unfortunately, I wasn't exactly sober at the time myself and I can't recall all the details, but the main theme was the absurd difference in value between the shares when they were put in by old Andrew himself and their present value, which meant that he could give the church \$100,000 at a cost of 40¢ or \$40 or \$400 or something like that—something with a four in it. As Billy gushed on about this fascinating subject, Wendy and I very sincerely made appropriate comments of encouragement and interest in the right places, but Miss Lancers was uncharacteristically silent. When we pulled into the circle drive in front of the Bungalow she said, "You live in

that place? How come you ride around in this crummy car?" (It was my car.)

"My Cadillac is in the garage for repairs," Billy replied, with austere dignity. The girl started babbling again. We all went inside. Peggy had a present for me. She disappeared down the curving hallway. "You're going to *love* this!" she shouted. She returned with a gaudy necktie—I think it had a hula dancer on it. I did like it, but the trouble was I didn't have a shirt with a collar on it to my name. I dressed from the waist up, in those days, exclusively in T shirts and sweat shirts and such. Suddenly, I realized what a bunch of bums we all looked like. Miss Lancers was wearing stockings and high heels and all that, but Billy, Peggy, Ron, Wendy and I all looked like we had just emerged from the Salvation Army attired in what was left over after an "everything must go" sale. Ron's car happened to be an oldie also. No wonder . . . Loud voices could be heard coming from the pantry where Billy and Miss Lancers were having another altercation.

"Er, I think Wendy and I will go home, Peggy," I said. "I don't want to cramp Billy's act."

The next day I asked Billy how it all worked out.

"You know what that fucking broad did? *She started throwing plates at me!* She thought I was hiding my Lancer's stash on her or something . . . that was the craziest broad I have ever gone out with in my life, and I've going out with some pretty crazy broads . . . "

(True enough—Billy would screw anything while in his cups, but, strangely enough, I would call Aurora and Priscilla two of the finest examples of female human nature I have ever encountered, and neither primarily gold-diggers, either. Billy could and did attract the sincere affection of some very nice people, myself included.)

And the Mellon millions?

"Oh, yeah. I did get off on that subject for a while, didn't I? Listen—I'm definitely going to work it out . . . it will take a little time but we will definitely do it . . . Listen, did I mention any figures?"

I nodded solemnly, although I couldn't remember a single one of them.

"Well, keep that kind of stuff under your hat, O.K.? I mean, it's in your interest as much as mine that we should keep the other people around here in ignorance, right?"

Right. Oh, well. Poverty motivates. Poverty strengthens your character, sometimes. Poverty teaches many lessons, unobtainable at any other price.

In moderation, poverty may even be good for your health, in that it can force you to simplify and purify your diet, walk instead of ride, cut wood, do all kinds of jobs around the shack—dig slit trenches, gut moose, etc. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, I would trade my poverty for gold at a moments notice. It may be a character fault, but there it is.

The score is—let me see here—around \$14,000 I guess, leaving aside rental value and what not. And minus a \$5,200 welch on money owed for business services rendered. And minus another \$2,000 or so I blew in the expectation of the maturation of various sterile seeds of hope. To anyone who understands the tax laws of this crazy country, the above accounting will provide a laugh and a half.

May the fucker someday appear on the doorstep of my palace, begging for a place to flop!

Now, why didn't I kick, scream, and throw up whenever company came over?

In those days, I often thought of the spread of psychedelic drug use after Hoffman's accidental discovery as a kind of avalanche which began when some hiker's foot slipped on a mountain path—as an example of vast and ungovernable forces (forest fires, floods, wars) set in motion suddenly, catching everyone unprepared. Tim and the rest of us tried to direct the flow of the avalanche—at the top, where it was possible—according to our impressions of the terrain below, of what was stoppable and what not, which village deserved to be saved and which could best be doomed without regret.

I think an image of this type was in Tim's thoughts also during his reign at Millbrook. It was the justification for his ruthlessness. A few of us struggled with nature and with each other to maximize the effectiveness of our deflectiveness.

Tiny distinctions in the beginning make vast differences in the end. You can call those vast differences in the end "vulgarizations"—but the question is, what kind of vulgarization? Some are better than others. Some are dead ends and others have within them the seeds of growth and loving-kindness, open secrets. A child born to one kind is obliged to struggle to escape, in another, he is invited to escape. I put Judaism and Judaical Christianity and Brah-

manism in the first category, genuine Christianity and Buddhism in the second. I see the varieties of psychedelic religion as higher forms of the same dichotomy. Tim and Bill had other ideas. We were kicking our stones in different directions.

It seemed clear to me that the only way open to me to get rid of the competition was to start kicking ass instead of stones. I could have blasted Tim in the media. I could have competed directly with Bill in community building and probably emptied the Ashram in a matter of days.

My vanity stopped me. It isn't satisfactory for a true egomaniac to win by being a cheat and a spoilsport.

## Chapter 36

# An Encounter in the Dark

*Still, I had one comfort; here was proof that Clarence was still alive and banging away.*

One day when Wendy, who was pregnant, was away in New York having her hair dyed or her legs waxed or some similar office performed at her mother's expense, which was, I gathered, some kind of sacred rite of her milieu and class to be observed whether one needed it or not as a guarantee of domestic tranquility, I went over to the Bungalow to see what Billy was up to, and found him seated in a deck chair next to the swimming pool, looking bored. It was mid-morning of a fine summer's day. All the other Bungalowites were, for various reasons, away in New York, no doubt observing the various sacred rites of their milieu and class—such as belly dancing instructions for Aurora.

"You're just the maniac I wanted to see, Kleps!" Billy said, brightening up considerably at my appearance. "Let's raise a little hell around here, what?"

Does a duck go barefoot in the park?

I poured myself a liberal dose of usquebaugh from the little bar between the two dressing rooms at the end of the pool.

Margaret appeared with some breakfast for Billy, and asked me if I would like some too. I said that I would, and told Billy about the Burke T.V. show, the invitation to which had arrived the preceeding day. Billy was delighted to hear about it, and said he would

invite everyone on the property over to the Bungalow to watch the show on his color set.

"We'll make a party out of it," Billy said. "Too bad you won't be here to enjoy it."

Any excuse would do for a party that summer, as we shall see, and, while I ate breakfast, I thought of several, and so did Billy.

Priscilla Ashworth. An ex-girlfriend of Ted Druck's, Priscilla, a tall and beautiful dark-haired girl in her late twenties, was visiting the Ashram for a few days. I had met her, but only briefly, and I didn't know what kind of relationship she still maintained with Ted, or exactly why she was visiting.

"She sounds like my type," Billy said. "Maybe I can beat Ted's time. All's fair in love and war, what?"

Good—that took care of Billy. As for myself, there happened to be three detached females at the Ashram at that time, any one of which I would gladly have crowned Queen of the May if we had been having druidical ceremonies in the woods. The notion of ravishing all three of them in a row in the manner of a traditional Mormon bishop, entered my head.

"Little Lisa" was 18 or so, a lithe and lovely little brown-haired doll type who, although she looked the very picture of virginal innocence, had (or, at least, so she had told me during a previous brief encounter aborted by my being arrested for not having a helmet while taking her to town on Tord's motorcycle—fine, \$50) embarked on a career of dissolute and sensual living at the age of 15, as a regular at Bobby Baker's club in Washington, D.C.—the same place pointed out to me by the secretary from the J.D. committee the day before the hearings. Little Lisa seemed to be vaguely attached to the Bhavani-Sarivati-Susan Shoenfeld axis, but she had been sleeping, the last time I noticed, in a room with a 16-year-old named Ginger, at the Ashram. Lisa might be a little "femme" to some extent, but had demonstrated to my satisfaction that she certainly wasn't resistant to the touch or anything like that.

Ginger, a strawberry blonde of the standard American type, was, I knew, fighting with her boyfriend, a very crazy and violent fellow of 20 or so whom Haines seemed to be tolerating because he had a small private income, and was turning it over to the Ashram every month. He later split, joined the League in the woods, and became a fake Indian of both continents, a wearer of buckskins and also a worshiper of Yama, the Hindu God of death.

Last on my list (but not last on Mother Nature's list of favorites) was "Big Lisa," an extremely blonde blonde, also 16 and not so named because she was tall or fat. This girl, the daughter of the foremost female leader of the old-fashioned Vedantist contingent in upstate New York at that time, had somehow conned her mother into believing that the Ashram was straight, indeed, actively resisting the evil, drug-soaked influence of Leary and his crew, so that she would be allowed to spend the summer with them as a student. The only virgin around over the age of 12, Big Lisa got a lot of kidding, particularly on those occasions when she exchanged a few words with me.

"Watch out for that man, Lisa" Haines boomed on one such occasion. "He likes them young. I don't know how professor Freud would explain it, but personally, I think it's because he's a lousy lay. I have been told as much by people who should know." (When I inquired for the name of his informant, Bill said he was "not at liberty to divulge that information, which was given to me under the seal of the confessional.")

When we had completed our lists, and Billy and I had completed a couple joints, a couple drinks, and breakfast, there was no doubt about how we intended to spend the balance of the day.

"Listen, Art," Billy said, "what's the use of having a place like this if you can't have any fun in it, right? Let's go down to the Ashram and have lunch there. I'll get a few bottles of wine and some flowering Vietnamese tops that just came in."

Haines regarded Billy's and my activities—dispensing wine and grass to one and all, engaging girls in prolonged conversations, etc.—during and after lunch, which was served outdoors, with a jaundiced eye. Billy had not been coming up with the kind of contributions to the Ashram he had not been coming up with to the church, and Bill was getting pissed. Undoubtedly, he suspected the worst: behind his back, I had some kind of private deal going with Billy. My actual problem was just the opposite of what Haines suspected. I wasn't greedy enough. Rather than spoil the fun by bringing up subjects my rich buddy hated to hear, I would put them off until a grimmer spirit prevailed. If "let the festivities begin" was not my cry, it was only because they already had, in which case it was "on with the show!"

Haines, of course, was not confused by any such decadent impulses. Instead, he went straight for the jugular.

"Well, I hope you boys have enjoyed your free lunch" Haines announced. "But I want you to realize that this is a Yoga ashram, not the Copacabana." (Haines was full of dated references to show biz in the 40's and 50's.) He continued in the same vein for several minutes, much to everyone's amusement. At this point in Bill's tirades it was usually possible to interpret the whole thing as a first-class comedy act, and, if fuel wasn't added to the fire, it would usually remain at that level. The temptation to add fuel to fires is not the easiest one for me to resist. I got a fiver from Billy and handed it to Haines. "To pay for the lunch," I said, politely.

Haines got out of his rocker and walked to the center of the rough circle we formed in front of the house. Ceremoniously, he struck a match and burned the \$5 bill.

He shook his fist at Billy and me.

"That's what I think of cheapskates!" Haines bellowed. "And as far as I'm concerned I don't want to see you around here again, Hitchprick, unless you bring your checkbook . . . and you can take your pimp with you when you leave!"

Haines' sexual attitudes were far from being as simple as they might appear in this instance. On many other occasions, for example, I heard him rant and rave for hours at his chosen victim on the subject of how desirable it was that everyone should get laid and trace the source of all human error and unhappiness to one thing—"not getting any." In dealing with sexual behavior, it seemed that Haines had only one rule—whatever was happening was wrong. When he was stoned all of this evaporated, along with almost every other abrasive characteristic, and Haines, from the viewpoint of his own celibacy, seemed to regard the various sexual and romantic gyrations around him with amused tolerance and even sympathetic concern. More than in any other case I have witnessed, Haines, as a personality, bounced up and down in place like a yo-yo from straight to stoned and back to straight again. (Tim was the little ball in the roulette wheel, I am a heavy, falling object.) Stoned, Bill was a wise and loveable rogue; unstoned, as often as not, he was a nasty, petty, dirty-minded son of a bitch and not much better than a common scold.

Bill, with a flick of his robe, swept out of the scene and up the stairs to his room on the second floor. Sheatsley, Ted and Howie and a couple others, shaking their heads, went back to work in the press room. The rest of us proceeded down to one of the lakes for a swim.

"What more can one ask?" I asked Billy at one point, as we lounged on a grassy bank sipping wine and smoking the best money can buy while several glistening, jiggling creatures of the female disposition played in the water before our bloodshot eyes. "And many a girl with her virgin breasts encircled with gold comes forth to the inward joys of lovely spring," Milton wrote at the age of 21. Good for him.

"Art, I think I'm going to drop out," Billy said. He was serious. He was fed up with New York. Aurora didn't understand him. Millbrook needed him. Of course, he only had to go to New York once a week and the job (first with Lehman Bros., then with Delafield and Delafield) was good for \$300,000 a year, but who needs that? He already had \$300 grand a year just for being born right. Of course, he wanted to buy a helicopter, but maybe he could get easy payments . . . and so on and so on.

During this disquisition, which I had heard before and had come to realize was a perfectly straightforward presentation of Billy's "problems," however bizarre they might sound to people willing to dive into a bucket of shit to get their hands on a hundred dollar bill, Priscilla, who was getting dressed nearby, started giggling instead of freezing up, as I noticed most of the troops would do when they heard Billy discussing his favorite subject. Priscilla seemed to appreciate the ludicrousness of the situation, and, during all the time I knew her, took all the unexpected twists of plot and Byzantine combinations of characters which life at Millbrook and with Billy afforded in a spirit of tolerant and intelligent amusement.

Perhaps, as a student of English literature, Priscilla was able to find a parallel for almost everything that happened in some book or historical period.

Big Lisa, with whom, by some concatenation of circumstances, I found myself up at the Bungalow along with Billy and Priscilla later in the evening, was a different story. Since her store of impressions had been produced by the pop Vedantism of her mother, the pop education of the public schools, and a few weeks' exposure to Bill Haines and his crew, I found it hard to imagine what, if anything, was going on in her head. After Billy and Priscilla disappeared down the curving hallway, leaving Lisa and me sprawled out on the bear rug in front of the enormous fireplace, I found out what I should have known all along—no matter how fantastic the setting or distinguished the company or expensive the drugs, Lisa was not about to come across until she heard a few protestations of undying

affection. Things had not changed that much! Nothing short of certain key words which I found it impossible to pronounce due to my religious persuasion, which had convinced me that all lies are damnable sins, would do the trick. True, I would get the traditional booby prize and close contact with the *summum bonum*, all of which was perfectly consistent with the ancient and honorable traditions of virginal conduct since time began, but somehow, on this, the thirteenth revolution of this "rite of initiation" through the wheel of my life, it became clear to me that I couldn't win, even if I scored. We listened to *Carmina Burana* for a while (the best recording, Decca, seems to be out of circulation) and then I drove my still intact virgin back to the Ashram.

Sure enough, as I had expected, the lights were on in Bill's room. He was waiting up for her.

"Oh, God," Lisa said. "I hope Bill doesn't throw me out. He probably won't believe that nothing happened."

I assured Lisa that, should the occasion arise, I would defend the honor of her name by asserting to one and all that she had repulsed my every advance with loathing and disgust, and had brought me to repentance by quoting the teachings she had learned both at the feet of her mother and the pair attached to Bill Haines.

"O.K." Lisa said. "I'll come down and see you tomorrow morning, all right?"

Is the Pope a Catholic on Easter? As I drove down the crumbling, moonlit road to the Gatehouse, I congratulated myself on my conduct, and anticipated the delightful reward which, it seemed to me, Lisa's parting words suggested I might enjoy when the sun dawned. Surprised again by "instant karma!"

I parked the car under the shadowy arch of the Gatehouse and got out. Could it be?

Yes, Little Lisa and Ginger were sitting on the steps, with a duffle bag and a couple camping packs beside them.

"My cup runneth over" was all I could think of to say, as I showed them the way to the guest bedroom.

Haines had kicked them out of the Ashram, but they didn't seem terribly worried about it—if I couldn't put them up they would just move out in the woods with the League. I instantly made it clear I was delighted to have them for the night, bears being known to shit in the woods when it's raining, but that we would have to discuss a more prolonged invasion with Wendy, who was expected back late the next day.

The precipitating factor in their expulsion, according to Ginger, who, like Lisa, lost no time in getting her clothes off and making herself at home, was the behavior of her ex-boyfriend, David, the Yama lover. He had struck her in a violent rage because she wouldn't let him fuck her anymore. She saw herself as just a typical American teenager who liked to take a lot of dope and screw around, but her boyfriend was on a weird, if common, occultist trip in which he saw her as some kind of evil, but irresistible incarnation of seductive forces which sought to mire his soul in the toils of carnality. She had made him fall in love with her just so she could torture him later, etc. Nothing she could say would make him believe that she just wasn't interested in a "heavy trip" with anyone at that stage of her life. Then, on top of having to contend with that kind of crap, she and Little Lisa were subjected to a constant barrage of obscene insults from Haines, who was always poking his cane in their crotches and telling them to get their "filthy coozes" out of the room while he was talking about Yoga, or suggesting that they buy bicycles to go to Poughkeepsie and "peddle ass" to contribute to the support of the community.

I laughed, but Little Lisa pointed out that, although it was funny when you told about it later, it wasn't so funny when it was happening.

"How would you like it if someone was always grabbing you by the cock?" Lisa asked, and then started giggling as she suited her actions to her words.

After the orgy, I got the rest of the story. My appearance on the scene with Billy, and the resultant day-long party of skinny dipping, boozing and dope smoking, had apparently set off all kinds of emotional bombs and sent Haines into a frenzy of "house cleaning" during which he had not only ejected these two little charmers but had attempted to throw out David, a *paying student*, as well. That had convinced everyone that Haines meant business. When the girls last saw him, David had been crouched in his room sharpening a knife and threatening all and sundry with bloody murder if they didn't keep their distance. (David moved out to the woods the next day, after I had arranged to store his belongings, which he feared Haines would steal, in the basement of the Bungalow.)

The next morning, I awoke (with a clear head) to a charming scene, an exact duplicate of many a fantasy of my youth—two stark naked girls of my very own (so to speak) dusting the furniture, making breakfast, collating my latest bulletin to the Neo-American

membership, and unabashedly offering their bosoms and bottoms to my hand for pats and strokes whenever I felt like it.

There is no use denying it—it isn't true love, but it is nevertheless impossible to place any monetary value on this kind of thing, because it isn't prostitution either. What is it? It's impossible, that's what it is.

"Jesus," I said (we were out on the porch, having Bloody Marys). "Here comes Big Lisa."

Sure enough—over the brow of the little hill made by the bridge appeared, in a regular series of magnifications and escalations as her steps brought her both closer and higher, Big Lisa in all her splendor—wearing an extremely tiny bikini and nothing else.

When she got upstairs, Big Lisa put a good face on the matter. (Either that, or she was relieved to find her intentions frustrated in advance.) She hung around for a while, told us the latest developments of the great purge—which did not involve her, since Haines had expended his animosity on much more serious malefactors—and then left . . . after politely declining my invitation to doff her bikini and join the group.

"Boy—those people up there are going to flip when they hear about *this* scene," Ginger said. (Ginger had a low opinion not only of Haines, but of most of his followers as well.)

"So will Wendy," added Little Lisa—never one to beat around the bush.

Yes—much as I hated to think about it, certain questions were begging to be answered. Exactly what the hell did I think I was doing? Wendy was pregnant. To my knowledge, she was devoid of the bi-sexual inclinations which would make a *menage a quatre* possible.

If I insisted on the girls staying, Wendy would certainly leave, and it would make her very unhappy. Also, I would miss her. She wasn't the greatest passion of my life, but I loved Wendy . . . and Little Lisa and Ginger would forget the whole incident 15 minutes after reaching Lunacy Hill—in fact, knowing the customs of most of the Leaguers, they would forget their own names and nationalities 15 minutes after reaching Lunacy Hill.

On the other hand—here was the solution to the stalemate on the property, jiggling around right in front of my eyes. My seraglio was at hand! I could turn the place into a kind of girls' dorm. Millionaires by the dozens would flock to the banner of the three-eyed toad! With solid financial backing for a change, we could

move the scene into the Big House, squeeze out Haines and Leary, and the Neo-American Church would reign supreme—as the Great Whore of Babylon, just as foretold in the Scriptures. I loved the image. Wendy was the only fly in the ointment.

Thinking about the publicity value of it all was almost more than I could bear.

What I should have done was mixed up a bowl of acid punch and taken a trip with all of them, but I did not at that time understand LSD well enough to trust it in such situations, mistakenly believing, when I was down, that certain problems were “insoluble.” Oh well—live and learn.

When Wendy returned, she coolly surveyed the scene with a tight smile and glittering eyes. The girls had dressed, and their belongings were in the downstairs room I used as an office.

“I would like to let these devoted and industrious parishioners move in, Wendy,” I said. “What do you say? They can help you with the dishes and cleaning and what-not besides doing Church work.”

“No!” Wendy said flatly. “It’s either me or them. Take your pick.”

“Sorry kids,” I said.

“Oh well—I guess we will go live in the woods with the League,” Little Lisa said. “I think you’re wrong, Wendy. We could have had a lot of fun together.”

“Yeah, I bet,” Wendy said. She started rattling pans around in the kitchen. “I don’t want to discuss it. Just go away.”

. . . and that was the end of that one. (The phrase “that one” was used all the time at Millbrook, to refer to any episode, argument or game which presented a coherent conceptual organization, and it was most often employed as I have employed it here—in dismissal.)

So, I didn’t have the balls (so to speak) to respond to the stalemate of the (great, civilizing) vanity games by adopting that style of life which, whatever else one may think about it, is not to be sneezed at if all you have in mind is passing the time. What else was available?

Well, there is always sexless serenity. Like all that Arabian Nights stuff, sexless serenity is one of the classic ways of passing the time also, and one would have thought that some expression or model of it could have been found at Millbrook. Interestingly, although available, it wasn’t “ours”—it was located about ten

miles up the road, in the hands of a private foundation and open to the public as a sort of museum and park combined.

Its name was, and is "Inisfree." Not only in name, but also in every artistic, architectural and landscaping detail, this place, which had been the life's work of a rich adherent to Zen Buddhist philosophy and Japanese architecture and aesthetic ideals, symbolized all the aspects of life which Millbrook shortchanged: grace, harmony, delicacy, modesty and peace. Every prospect pleased. There were two lakes, around which wound paths dotted with shrines to the Buddha, a different one near every fountain, spring, garden and lawn.

One day, Billy, Tommy, Suzanne, Wendy, a visiting woman with two angelic little blonde children and I drove over to Inisfree for the afternoon. Billy and I partook of the S.S. in the parking lot before setting forth, and, after an interesting journey, I came to in the main room of the main house, which I had never entered before. My "third" eye (so to speak) opened on an incredible picture. A tree was growing up through the floor and out through the ceiling. Three full-sized mannequins dressed in Japanese ceremonial gowns and wearing elaborate headdresses stood about the room, one on a small balcony overlooking the scene below. The two little angels were angels. For the rest of the afternoon, I spent most of my time playing with them. They did everything kids usually do but there was something odd and old and hollow about them and their mother also. They were like porcelain figurines come alive, beautiful but cold, symbolical rather than companionate, as were the mannequins that stood with such dignity and inhuman distinctness within. Inisfree was all like that. There was nothing to be done there, except gaze. Everything had been settled long ago. There were surprises but no shocks. Standing on one sunken lawn before the main house and looking up at it, I felt that what I had done by taking a trip in the place was, essentially, to move from Grimm's *Fairy Tales* into one of the nicer regions of *Alice in Wonderland* or even into one of those timeless countries depicted in children's fiction where nobody is ever anything other than exactly what he appears to be, even, paradoxically, if he is enchanted or disguised. Everything had a light gold border around it. The sky was always blue, with a few jolly clouds, and the grass was always green, but with just the right scattering of dandelions, a few clumps of weeds here and there, to avoid any imputation that anyone has worked too hard or tried too much. Such was Inisfree and such is the

psychic state it represents, a state which is far from being first on the list I would draw up if I had to lighten a lifeboat by throwing states of mind overboard.

Although this kind of thing is not to be despised, I have grave reservations about all motionless and circular arrangements, however beautiful they may be. Serenity is just another mood, and tells you nothing. Millbrook, which might be said to have no mood, because there was too much variety to allow any one category of appearances to take over, was a more favorable environment for change than Inisfree or any Zendo or monastery in the East. The human race is not a herd of herbivorous animals grazing gently o'er the lea, although there are times when all of us feel we would be better off if we were. I am not a quietist, and I do not want to live in an art colony, however much I may love harmony, beauty and couth. The dualism of corrupted Buddhism and Brahmanism results in an urge to escape this mundane sphere to higher and purer realms. The philosopher says one thing, but the artist, very often, does another, thinking that surely the truth must lie on the other side of heaven.

The best setting is one of constant change, because it is only constant change which prevents "attachment" (which is often as not manifest in revulsion as in dependence) and an appreciation of the a-causal process which produces all things, good, bad, and indifferent, including the "ego" or "personality" with which one is afflicted or blessed at the moment.

"Getting rid of the ego," is the slogan of many modern occultists who have turned their backs on psychedelic drugs after escaping from the clutches of materialism because of psychedelic experience. It is hard to know what these people are talking about, since they are almost always poetical types who never bother to define their terms. One might say they are too egotistical to ever consider that anyone might fail to share their assumptions. Perhaps they mean conceit or vanity in general, in which case the issuance of the injunction is in itself an example of moralistic hypocrisy and (inappropriate) vanity. (I can think of no more conceited an act than the publication of a book of poems.) Perhaps by "ego" they mean the first definition given in Webster, "the self; the individual as aware of himself." In that case, a combination of seconals and beer will do very nicely—but, of course, these people assume that there is something other than the self . . . of which, presumably, that self which they have just gotten rid of should remain conscious? That

is just a meaningless combination of words, like "round square." Or perhaps the "Self should be conscious of the Self"—and the little teeny self is "getting in the way." In that case, they should say, "Get rid of your modest little ego and substitute a big one." Do they mean "the spiritual substance" or "the series of acts and mental states introspectively recognized, etc."? I doubt it. If they believe in a "spiritual substance," they are probably also in favor of it. If they mean the latter (which is what I mean by "ego" when I am talking philosophy), then the injunction is merely an absurd call for getting lost in bus stations, etc. Surely, they cannot mean what the psychoanalysts mean. Surely, they do not call for a total absence of mediation between the various elements of the psyche and the impressions of the "external" world? Perhaps that is what they do mean, since "giving in" to every fleeting impulse, ignoring the feelings of others, and generally making a complete ass of oneself is exactly the kind of "bad trip" the kind of people who go around telling other people to "get rid" of their egos have when they take LSD. "Spontaneity," as the most elementary examination of cases will reveal, is not a good thing—a virtue—in itself. Count Dracula was undoubtedly a very spontaneous fellow.

Calling for the abolition of the "ego" is most often, I am convinced, just the opposite of what it seems to be—a disguised way of dignifying and reifying the ego into a position of ontological supremacy no thoughtful person ever granted it in the first place. Are not dreams clearly seen as visions in the mind because of their evanescence? Why, then, is it supposed that a static scene, a controlled and stable social environment, is an encouragement to Enlightenment? On the contrary, it is exactly such stasis, such rigidity of form and repetitiousness of action, which encourages us to believe that we did not change, are not changing and will not change and that we are, in fact, *this* or *that*. Most people who take to such scenes are not in search of truth but of emotional security—a perfectly reasonable objective, but only in moderation! Too much emotional security makes Jack a dull boy.

At Millbrook it couldn't happen. Tim never ceased to praise change ("the dance") and Haines went so far as to praise non-violent conflict, as do I. As a result, personalities came and went with lightning-like rapidity. Consistency was punished and originality was rewarded. Those elemental characters which persisted were phoenix-like, not elephantine. So die and be reborn, ye monks! It is for the greater glory of us all.

## Chapter 37

# An Awful Predicament

*Sleep? It was impossible.*

As I mentioned earlier, Tord had moved into the third floor of the Gatehouse. After a reorganization of the company he worked for, Tord had found himself out on his ear. His former employer, a fanatical right-wing libertarian, had told the F.B.I. to shove it when they were called to voice their apprehensions about the notorious Keeper of the Divine Toad of the Neo-American Church, but "New England Nuclear," the new owners, saw the matter in a different light. When Billy heard about it, he seemed greatly amused.

"What's so funny?" Tord asked. We were all breakfasting on the porch on perch I had caught in the lake that morning.

"You're going to love this one Art," Billy said. "Guess who owns stock in New England Nuclear? Tim Leary. I bought him in just a month or two ago."

Was that so? Maybe Haines wasn't so crazy after all. Nobody was buying me stock in New England Nuclear or anything else.

"Listen, Billy . . ." I started to say.

Billy waved his hands as if brushing away flies. He knew what I was going to say. I shouldn't worry. He had all kinds of plans. He had to work out a tax deductible way of doing it.

O.K. I changed the subject.

Tord, from the very beginning, was bemused, and, I think, morally offended by the feudal realities of life at Millbrook. His fundamentalist, Scandinavian Populist soul simply couldn't take it. Every day, after visiting around the property, Tord would return to the Gatehouse with reports of a new outrage of Tim's or Bill's he had witnessed, but his sense of humor abandoned him when it came to the Bungalow and its inhabitants. That pill was too much to swallow, and, as we shall see, Tord's social ideology eventually proved stronger than his psychedelic experience. Like Lisa Bieberman (with whom Tord remained in contact the whole time, although Lisa had viciously and unfairly attacked Tim and me in her P.I.C. bulletin), Tord was essentially a "band of brothers" moralist. When The Group Image and a couple other egalitarian primitivist bands moved into the woods at Tim's invitation later in the summer, Tord identified with their attitudes more than he did with mine, Tim's or Bill's, although he had to admit the groups were composed, generally, of stupid and uncouth slobs. If the place

had lasted, I think Tord would have ended up as the leader of such a group on the property, which would have been interesting.

As for my philosophy (really believing that life is a “dream” and acting accordingly), Tord, once he caught on, didn’t want to hear any more about it.

“I *know* what you think, Art” he would say, “but I just can’t buy it. *Don’t you realize that it’s completely insane?*”

Certainly. If ideas of reference aren’t insane, what is? I couldn’t get pissed at Tord. At least he saw what was involved, and didn’t give me the usual song and dance about how right I was, followed by some demonstration or other that not a word I had said had penetrated.

The role ambiguity of it all didn’t help either, so far as Tord’s adjustment was concerned. He needed clearly defined good guys and bad guys and, at Millbrook, it would have helped enormously if some kind of program guide giving the day’s line-up had been handed out every morning to participants and innocent bystanders alike.

To satisfactorily explain this whole mess to a visitor would have been virtually impossible, without hours of self-justification, all of which would have been a drag—so I usually said nothing. Every other game being played on the property had the same quality—on the surface, sweetness and light, below, rank jungles of paranoia, either grandiose, persecutory or both. I have often noted this little process at work—the paranoid in a group does all the public defining of the situation because the “good men” note that, by opposing him, they merely feed his persecutory delusions. Result: it appears to outside observers that things are the way the paranoid represents them to be because it is the only clear picture they get. The real sweetness of life at Millbrook lay between the games anyway and could not be appreciated until you threw up your hands, as everyone who lived there eventually had to do, and said, “to hell with it—let’s get stoned and have a party.” When Lisa Bieberman, in a bulletin, called the place “an insane asylum,” she wasn’t far off the mark. What she didn’t see was that (if you didn’t fight it) it could be a joy and a delight to live in an insane asylum.

Publicity was no problem in those days, God knows. Shortly after the 2,000 Catechisms came back from the monastery across the Hudson, where we had sent them to be bound (having the catechism of this wild new church, which contained several disparaging remarks about Catholicism, bound in a Catholic Monas-

tery, was a typical Millbrookian piece of involuted "accidental" symbolism), and before Haines' everyday style of automatic denigration had been converted into a dark and sinister effort to block the wheels of progress, so to speak, I got an offer to appear on the "Allan Burke Show," which, on the East Coast, played pretty much the same role as the "Joe Pyne Show" did in the West. A variety of eccentrics and purveyors of outlandish doctrines of all kinds were invited to appear and then subjected to the host's ridicule and contempt. A little exchange which occurred between Paul Krassner, the editor of *The Realist*, and Joe Pyne (who has a wooden leg) gives the flavor of the thing:

Pyne: Tell me, Mr. Krassner, do those acne scars of yours bother you much?

Krassner: Not much. Tell me, Joe, I have always wondered, do you take off your wooden leg before you make love to your wife?

Well, it says here, any publicity is better than no publicity. I went up to the Big House, where Tim still maintained an office, although he and Rosemary, like everyone else in the League, had a tent back in the woods on "Lunacy Hill" and spent most of their time there, far from the madding crowd and perpetually stoned. Tim was in. He seemed undisturbed to hear that I would be on T.V. again, and, of course, pleased that I was coming to him for advice.

"Smoke a joint to make you high, Arthur," he said, "and take a little speed because it will make you feel good. Stay away from booze. That's what I always do."

On the morning of the T.V. show taping, Wendy, Tord and I drove down in Tord's old Citroen. Wendy's parents (whom I had never met) were out of town, and we would use their apartment, which overlooked the park on Central Park West, to get ready and to watch the show later. One of Tord's jobs was to round up some speed from one of our members in New York. I had to buy some clothes. Mike Duncan called, and was coming over to the apartment to watch the show with Gay, to whom he was now married. There were all the usual errands to take care of which you put off, if you live in Dutchess County, until your next visit to the Great Whore of Babylon.

Wendy's parents' apartment was just what I had expected. We were entering that great Television Land out there as a sort of preliminary before we got to the studio. It was hard to believe that anyone lived in the place. Some fag decorator had said to his buddy,

“Hey, Ralphie, here’s our chance to unload some schlock. Go up to this address and make the place completely unlivable.” There wasn’t a single book in the house, except for some kid stuff in Wendy’s old room. They meant well. Just ignorant, that’s all.

Wendy said, as soon as I had a chance to take it in, “Well, maybe now you understand me better.”

Her descriptions of life at the old homestead had been chilling my bones for some time, but she was right, one picture was worth a thousand words. It was incredibly impersonal and cold.

A self-made man, Wendy’s father had just concluded a deal with Sears Roebuck to sell them his boys’ shirt factories in the South for a flat \$1,000,000. They would sell the apartment and move to Palm Beach in a year or so, which they did—after first going to England to pick up a white Rolls Royce. As I mention several times in *The Boo Hoo Bible*, “classic” doesn’t always mean “good.” One gets, on the psychedelic road, not only millionaires straight out of F. Scott Fitzgerald like the Hitchcocks but millionaires straight out of “L’il Abner” as well. Not only charming charlatans like Tim, but foolish frauds like Bob Ross. Everything becomes readable as a classic condition of the spirit, but some of the reading you are obliged to do along the way is far from inspirational.

Before we went in the studio, I absorbed a joint, as Tim had recommended, and also secured two miniature bottles of brandy. I was nervous as a squirrel, and since I was stone cold sober, it seemed to me one or two swallows wouldn’t put me out of commission. While we were standing around in the lobby with Tord waiting for our contact to appear, the “personality” who would precede me as a “guest” swept through, surrounded by her entourage. It was Dagmar, the big-boobed girl from the old “Jerry Lester Show” from the early days of T.V. The receptionist had just told us Dagmar would go on before I did.

“Well, what does *that* mean, Art?” Tord giggled, as we watched this apparition go by.

“Why, it’s obvious Tord. She represents the past and I represent the future.”

Tord groaned, then cackled.

Our boy showed up and handed me a folded paper. When I asked him what it was, he said, “Never mind, just snort it. I guarantee you won’t have a worry in the world five minutes later.”

O.K. We went up to the “guest” waiting room and sat down. There was a monitor set on the wall. Dagmar came on. Babble,

babble. Just like before the Senate hearings, I was so nervous I couldn't understand a word of what was being said. I was out of touch.

I went to the men's room and snorted the pinch of white powder in the paper and then downed both bottles of brandy. During the intermission, when I went into the studio and sat down, Burke had disappeared, undoubtedly for his own favored refreshments, and I had to just sit there staring at the audience, which contained a grinning Tord and a winking Wendy. I wasn't just nervous. I was paralyzed with terror.

Burke came in and introduced himself. As soon as he did, I got the same sensation of being slightly lifted up in the air I had felt just before the Senate appearance. I chatted merrily away with Burke (who was mostly interested in Tim's financial outlook) as if at a garden party. After I had concluded an amusing anecdote Burke suddenly looked a little apprehensive.

"Listen, Art. I don't know if you're familiar with the format here, but I should warn you. Have you ever seen this show?"

"Sure," I said. "It's very simple. The guest gets free advertising at the price of blood, right?"

Burke looked even more dismayed than he had originally.

"Well, I guess you could say that . . . but it isn't always that way."

As soon as the interview got rolling, it became obvious to me that I had *charmed* Burke. The guy simply liked me and he couldn't do anything about it. His attempts at insults all turned into twisted compliments. My cause was bad, but he had to "admit" that I was an "attractive person, and an effective missionary for what you believe in" he said at one point. Tord said later that two old ladies behind him in the audience had been deeply offended by the entire proceedings, particularly during the breaks, when Burke and I, obviously not angry with each other over the sharp words we had just exchanged about the issue at hand, engaged in friendly conversation off the mike. "Look at that—they're laughing together! This whole show is a fake!" he reported one old shrew as saying.

"Meat Hook" Baird, the deranged psychiatrist or internist, or whatever the hell he was, was in the audience by special invitation. During the question and answer period at the end of the show, he got up and made all the usual accusations based on "scientific" evidence of the "of thirteen speed freak alcoholic junkie prostitutes who smoked an ounce of grass a day for thirteen years, 7 later had

palpitations” or “of 47 stark naked human chromosomes on which three pounds of pure LSD were poured in a solution of Drano, 42 were wounded, and 5 gave up the ghost,” type and delivered his usual line of rambling paranoid rubbish, which, in utter irrationality, can only be compared to that of Bishop Fulton Sheen.

I called upon “our chemist,” Tord, to reply with his analysis of the scientific evidence to date, which Tord did very well, causing a minor sensation also, I suspected, because of the contrast between his learned little speech and his appearance, highlighted that day by a fluffy vest made of some kind of synthetic light blue material which didn’t close over his broad chest. All he needed was a battle axe and a horned helmet to complete the impression of some dangerous Viking throwback recently thawed out of a glacier and now bent on some new and even more sinister form of pillage and rapine than those practiced by his ancestors.

As for Baird, who for years ran a “cold turkey” style drug clinic in Harlem, and once told a reporter that he thought all “drug pushers,” (any kind of drug) ought to be “hung from a meathook, live,” my calling him “deranged” is not just an idle insult. I mean it the way I meant it back in the old days, when I had to have certain students taken out of school for the protection of their classmates. During the Senate hearings, he had mentioned that, in his considered scientific judgment, one characteristic of drug users was that they wore glasses and had big noses. Later, Carl and Bernie had told me, he told them, with a great air of “just between us boys,” that he didn’t “fool around with these characters.” He took them in a back room and examined their cocks with a candle (?) to make sure no drugs were concealed under foreskins. He also sang “The Star Spangled Banner” at football games, my favorite sidelight on this incredibly demonic character. With enemies like Baird, who needs friends?

Back at the apartment, I had the narcissistic pleasure of watching myself on television for the first time. It seemed to me that I had done very well, and everyone else thought so too. At Millbrook the next day, I was warmly congratulated by one and all. The party at the Bungalow had been a big success. Tim was astonished. “I didn’t think you could do it Art,” he admitted, and then told me a story about how a Vassar girl he had met on a train the next day had bent his ear about me. She wouldn’t believe I was in my late thirties. I had looked about 23 on the tube, she said. *That* impressed Tim,

who later walked off a T.V. show when the interviewer told him he looked old.

I was saddened to learn, however, that my pet crow, Swami, tenderly reared from infancy at the Gatehouse, and left while we were absent at the Ashram where he ordinarily played raucously and happily with the cats (a fast peck at a tail, and a strutting retreat) had kicked the bucket and joined the choir during our absence, after taking a short snort of Al Bonk and Bali's ceramic glaze. Oddly enough, later in Arizona, Bill shot Wendy's cat, Trenton (daughter of Philadelphia) who had been left with the Ashram when we went to Vermont. The sinister implications of these events, I am happy to say, have not preyed on my mind very much ever since.

As we shall see, when things at Millbrook started falling apart, so did my ability to handle public appearances. Tim's original estimate of my ability along these lines, "unreliable," was not so far off the mark after all. But Tim had the same problem. I remember two shows we watched at the Ashram. In one, Tim, eyes glittering, seemed to be a virtual superhuman manifestation of pure intelligence and truth, laying waste the opposition's arguments like an avenging angel. On another (a "Playboy Penthouse" show or something like that) he came off looking like a bumbling old man incapable of reading a timetable. It all depended on "where his head was at" that day.

My record is pretty much the same. Must do something about that.

## Chapter 38

# Sir Launcelot and Knights to the Rescue

*We were being made a holiday spectacle.*

The next great scene at Millbrook was the 4th of July party. Everyone who lived on the estate (of a psychedelic disposition) was invited to the Bungalow. Fireworks! Music by the Grateful Dead and the Aluminum Dreams! Girls in hootchie-kootchie costumes! Many guests were expected from upper class New York stoned society.

The 4th of July. Liberty forever! Equality and Fraternity, to my way of thinking, did not ring with the same clear note, but, what the hell, to each his own poison. The general mood at Millbrook

was still too stoned, despite our quarrels, to poop parties (“Thou shalt not poop parties,” first of the Neo-American ten commandments) and we relished the differences between us, the variety, the life, the motion. The barbarians had not yet stormed the gates in force and it still seemed that we lived in a world of our own, which is certainly the best kind.

Joe Gross, M.D., my shrink friend from New York who had joined the church in Miami, showed up early in the day with a girl named Cathy Elbaum, a thin blonde who had vague connections in the publishing world and with Sam Clapp. Joe, who had already visited once or twice, was in his usual state of confusion and apprehension over the coming festivities. He had not yet taken LSD, although he “believed in it,” and couldn’t make up his mind whether or not to take the plunge at the party.

Everything about Joe was confused and contradictory. A Gemini, he was alternately or simultaneously on both sides of every question, but never genuinely committed to anything. He hated New York, but lived there because his mother, with whom he had dinner twice a week, lived there and held him in the usual Jewish Mother’s grip so well publicized in song and story. Still a bachelor in his late thirties, the only girls he liked were the ones he couldn’t have—very young, very blonde Scandinavian types whom he would spot on the streets and who would invariably “disappear” when he followed them. The ones he could get, and there was a constant parade, were all smartass types as crazy as he was who would inevitably muck up his mind. When he could afford it he would take trips to Sweden and Canada looking for his ideal, but, naturally, something always went wrong.

Joe had a heart of gold, however, and I want to take this opportunity to request any fairy-like blondies living in gingerbread houses in the woods to write him if they are interested in latching on to a private physician for life—and a devoted slave as well.

Joe’s living arrangements reflected the stark dualities which permeated his being. His office was in the penthouse of 4 East 89th and overlooked the park and the snail of the Guggenheim. It was a little disorderly, but comfortable and warm. Most of his patients were Medicaid cases—Joe couldn’t turn anyone down. Further down the street, however, was his apartment, which was the most cold, barren, unlivable wreck I have ever seen. No curtains, no carpets and no furniture except a couple inflatable plastic chairs and a huge round bed.

Considering all the other contradictions in his life, it probably seemed unexceptional to Joe that he should join the Neo-American Church and hang around with me and the other Millbrookians but never take any of the stuff that was the point of it all—except a little grass every now and then, which, he said, always made him feel paranoid. (If you “feel” paranoid you are not paranoid—Meat Hook, I’m sure, *never* feels paranoid.) Joe was always going on his patients’ trips; every time I saw him he had a new favorite: a guy who was “into” the Kabala, a girl who was “into” Sokka Gakkai, all kinds of food nuts, sex nuts, spiritualists, flying saucer telepathic communicationists, etc. The list was endless. Joe looked his part, too—he resembled a bearded version of the little Pop’n Fresh dough man in the T.V. commercials, wore thick glasses, and always had an expression of diffident, quizzical acceptance on his pleasant face. Joe wanted to understand. He assumed everyone knew something important that he didn’t. Unfortunately, as is often the case with these nice guy types, he was also pretty well convinced that, if he took a powerful psychedelic, he would turn into a ravening beast on the spot and, perhaps, murder his mother and rape the nearest Scandinavian blonde.

Tord and Joe hit it off pretty well. Joe was fascinated by Tord’s nonchalance (Tord was planning on taking 40 milligrams of STP for the party) and the Keeper of the Divine Toad, who loved nothing better than a session of intricate psychologizing, was delighted to rake over his various theories about the Millbrook scene with a professional shrink. I left everyone at the Gatehouse and went up the Bungalow to help the Hitchcocks with the preparations.

Charlie Rumsey, who would have died a thousand deaths if he had missed something like this, was on hand, and I helped him prepare several pitchers of this and that in the pantry off the dining room before Suzanne dragged me away to hang up paper streamers.

Charlie, “that flunky” who didn’t show up at the “get my furniture back” meeting, was a very close old friend of Billy’s and became, for a while, a frequent companion of mine also. Famous for taking girls on safaries in Africa while in his early twenties, Charlie had quickly blown a million dollar inheritance by such means and an unfortunate flyer in cranberries just before that commodity was brought under suspicion by the Federal Government. When the psychedelic movement came along Charlie instantly recognized his

true metier and converted himself into "Champagne Charlie," sworn enemy of all government interference in private affairs and purveyor of fine sacraments to the jet set of New York, Southampton, Palm Beach and all other spots where the children of the ruling families might be found gathered together for mutual profit and entertainment. His success in his chosen profession was, in my opinion, one of the greatest historical phenomena of all time, and it is my intention to some day cause a statue to be erected in Central Park showing Charlie, a characteristically impish smile eternally creasing his boyish face, proffering a sacramental glass of fortified bubbly to Cleopatra's Needle.

"Hey Charlie," Billy asked at one point, "can you think of anyone else we should invite?"

"How about Hunt?" Charlie immediately suggested. "I already invited Cathy." Cathy Hartford, now a dedicated missionary Bee Hee of the church, was Huntington Hartford's lovely 18-year-old daughter.

"But he never turns on" Billy objected.

"Well?" Charlie asked, with a wink in his voice.

"Right," Billy finally said, after biting his fingernails for a moment or two. He started dialing. Sure enough. Good old Hunt would try to make it.

By the time the guests started arriving, we were mostly zonked. Wendy, wearing her "ecstatic clothes," had come up on the back of Tord's motorcycle, but Tord, at someone's suggestion, had gone back down to the gate (the main gate actually in use was about 100 feet down Route 44 from the Gatehouse, where only the pedestrian side-gate was actually operable) to give people directions. A little later, Peggy, who had just arrived from the city, came up to me with a very cross expression on her face.

"Who is that awful man down at the gate?" she wanted to know.

I explained that he was my buddy Tord, and that he was undoubtedly under the influence of 40 milligrams of STP, despite everything I had said to prevent it. Peggy was somewhat mollified, but not much. Tord, not recognizing Peggy and apparently mistaking her and her driving companions for Mao lovers like himself on account of their informal attire and bloodshot eyeballs, replied to a question as to what kind of scene was already in progress by saying, "Oh, it's the usual thing with these rich bastards. They're all wearing costumes and showing off for each other and everyone's

stoned out of his gourd. Just go up and help yourselves to whatever you want. Eat the rich!”

From a factual standpoint, Tord's description was not far off the mark, if you granted certain assumptions, but the general tone of the thing was not what one expected from a sleeper under the family roof, so to speak.

“Give him hell when you see him later, Peggy,” I said. “There's no excuse for that kind of crap. If Tord finds all of this so distasteful he shouldn't be living here.”

Later in the evening I saw Peggy wagging her finger in Tord's face, followed by an apparent intense exchange of views, followed by an embrace. So much for ideological principles of the economic variety when you are plummeting through the *Mysterium Tremendum*. Under such conditions one will accept company from any camp if, *as an individual*, the prospect seems a decent sort.

I found Joe standing next to the swimming pool holding a weak highball and looking like a lost sheep. He was surveying a throng of costumed merrymakers (Billy was a turbaned pasha, Aurora a harem dancer, etc.) with undisguised astonishment and bewilderment. His problem, of course, arose from the fact that, although almost everyone present was slopping down acid-spiked punch like it was chicken soup, they were nevertheless dancing, talking, laughing and swimming around in the pool *as if they were enjoying themselves*.

That's what bothered Joe. If they had been wandering around babbling in strange tongues and pointing to non-existent objects in the sky, Joe would not have been worried. If they had all stripped off their garments and fallen into a writhing heap of anybody-fuckers, he would have accepted it and likewise if they had torn each other to shreds. I don't think he would have been terribly surprised, although he would have been impressed, if they had all sprouted wings and flown away cackling like geese, but to see everyone happily chatting away and bouncing around as the guests are supposed to do at a good party profoundly troubled Joe in the deepest realms of his being. Joe was out front about it, as usual. Looking particularly sheepish, he said, “You know what I want to know, Art? You aren't going to believe this.”

“What?”

“What are they all talking about?”

Exactly. It was, after all, not a frame of mind with which I was totally unfamiliar. Hadn't I, when I first visited Millbrook, been in

pretty much the same state? My image of the situation had been very heavily conditioned by my assumption that the important if not the only thing crucial to psychedelic experience was visionary content. Presumably, then, the more drugs you took the more territory you covered, so to speak, and, if the experience was "real" in the consensus sense you would have quite a pile of road maps and what-not to talk over with other visitors to the same places.

Naturally, the uninitiated would not be welcome at such discussions. That was why Joe was standing here all by himself. He didn't want to intrude on the "mysteries" . . . which everyone else seemed to treat so lightly.

I pulled a pill from my pocket.

"Joe, will you for Christ's sake take one of these things and forget about all that shit?"

"What shit?" Joe wanted to know.

"Oh, all those unfounded speculations. You don't know what you're thinking about, or, to put it another way, I know what you are thinking about better than you do."

Joe was horrified. Was I reading his mind? With considerable urging from me, he finally swallowed half the pill.

I couldn't stay with him because Billy had asked me to spell Jack and Jimmy at the bar while the two servants prepared the fireworks. I ducked out a half hour later to check and found Joe standing in exactly the same spot and looking at the crowd with exactly the same expression, except that now his eyes were dilated.

"How's it going, Joe?" I asked.

"Well, how do you manage things sexually?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I asked, genuinely startled.

"Oh, you know . . . how do you decide who gets who?"

In my condition, I couldn't take it. I went back to the bar after saying, "Oh, come on, Joe, relax," and patting him on the back.

Why should I go on Joe's bad trip? Well, there are many ways of looking at this question. Do the strictures of decent and honorable conduct include a responsibility to wrestle with or simply endure the bummers produced by people you have turned on? On the one hand it would seem so and on the other hand it would seem not. By merely paying attention to it, you imply that it is worthy of your attention and if it is worthy of your attention why shouldn't it be worthy of the attention of whoever it was that came up with it in the first place? On the other hand, if you don't

pay attention, your behavior may be interpreted as callous indifference and unkindness and lead to God knows what paranoid consequences. Tim usually did what I had done with Joe, and I think he was right. Make some gesture of friendliness and play the whole thing down. There was no way I could teach Joe to do what he had to do in order to get out of his bag—how to see women as fellow human beings, how to relax and simply kid around rather than “solve problems,” in a word, how to shake off the old Joe and take on the new. Such transformations are beyond argument and analysis and are only possible when the *perceptual* level of existence is somehow swept clean of the shadows and mists that lie upon it and you survey “with a wild surmise” a clean and unfamiliar sea. To have new relationships with others it is first necessary to give up one’s old expectations (one’s experience) and to become as a little child, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Nothing new will ever happen to anyone who always knows what to expect.

The fireworks display, something I had never witnessed before on a trip, was everything the various light-shows then becoming popular tried to be but weren’t—absorbing, dazzling, “mind blowing.” The after images were just as good as the originals. As soon as it was over, the bands began to play. I alternately danced and tended bar. Bali Ram and Aurora put on an exhibition of fancy dancing on the porch by the flashing light of a strobe, and it wasn’t long before Charlie and I had to mix up a couple new pitchers of refreshments. People kept pouring in the front door, including the Hartfords and friends, and I was delighted when Jack appeared to take over the bar. It was more fun to wander around with a pitcher and top off all the drinks standing around. Things were taking on that timeless quality. Various tableaux developed and faded to be replaced by others. A couple girlfriends of Wendy’s showed up from the city, and we showed them to the first bedroom suite which was being used as a coatroom. They were, I could see, terrified out of their wits by the scene they had just passed through.

Wendy, who was obviously just as stoned as I was, tried to reassure them.

“Where’s the acid Arthur?” she asked me. “These girls have never had anything stronger than grass.”

“It’s all in the pitchers. Just stick to drinks out of bottles at the bar and you won’t have any problem,” I said to the girls. “Tell you what—I’ll go and get you some grass.” I went off in search of

Billy, whom I found in his bedroom, talking to Charlie. A misunderstanding had developed. Hunt had just told Charlie that he was barred from Paradise Island for life. Hunt, although he no longer owned the island in the Bahamas outright, apparently still had enough control over it so he could bar people he didn't like.

"He accused me of giving acid to Cathy," Charlie said. "The unbelievable thing is that I *didn't* give her any. She didn't trust ours, so she brought her own. Of course, I couldn't tell Hunt that."

"Well, is she freaking out or anything?"

"No, nothing like that," Charlie said. "She's probably had more trips than anyone in the room. She's just obviously stoned out of her gourd, that's all. But so is everyone else here except Hunt. He won't even let Jack pour his drinks for Christ's sake."

Hunt remained the spectre at the feast all night. He would step into rooms where various stoned gatherings were taking place, and simply stand there, absolutely rigid, glaring balefully, and then suddenly wheel around and march out again. This, once people got used to it, caused gales of hilarity. According to Billy, he was "always that way," which I found hard to believe.

Eighteen months later, at another party in California which I attended with Charlie, Cathy and two of her girlfriends, Cathy told me that an odd thing had happened on the way back to New York on the Taconic. Just before they left, someone had managed to bomb Hunt's highball but with only a very small dose. Halfway home Hunt, who was sitting up front next to his chauffeur-bodyguard-companion (his closest friend according to what I had heard) and had been absolutely silent and rigid since leaving, suddenly swung around and said to all the stoned kids in the back seat:

"You know, those people were really having *fun* up there. Maybe we should go back."

"I've never heard him say anything like that in my life," Cathy added. Unfortunately, the chauffeur talked him out of it. Too bad, indeed. When I had been introduced to Hunt by Billy, I had immediately said, by way of openers, "Listen, why don't you give Paradise Island to the Neo-American Church?" He had immediately disappeared in front of my eyes. With a good jolt in his pineal gland, who knows?

## Chapter 39

## The Yankee's Fight with the Knights

*I was a champion it was true, but not the champion of the frivolous black arts, I was the champion of hard unsentimental common sense and reason.*

That party in California was a classic of the paranoid-occultist genre, and is worth describing. The place where it was held was called "Harbingers" and was H.Q. for a group of 100 or so completely stoned-out heads led by a visionary occultist who claimed that California was due to fall in the sea any day now, that he was communicating with flying saucers and his unborn child, and so forth. A Narad type, he had made several tapes explaining his system (Joe thought they were wonderful, naturally), and had published one edition of a newspaper, also named "Harbingers" which was highly thought of on the West Coast. Formerly a hot springs resort, the physical setting was perfect for a party, and at least 500 people, of all varieties, showed up. The idea was that the Harbinger people, by "getting their heads together" and "sending out the right vibrations" or "calling on the powers of the group mind," or whatever line of shit was being used those days to typify this fantasy, would, in one night, bring all the rest of us, which included almost every psychedelic power on the West Coast as well as straight representatives of government and academia, over to their way of thinking. They would show us where it was "really at."

It didn't quite work out that way. At *that* party, Joe Gross's expectations would have been gratified. It rained all night. One person was killed and another injured in auto accidents. The leader's wife miscarried, and it turned out that the baby had been dead all along, which instantly disproved everything he had been saying about his telepathic powers. The place was raided, and all of us were held in whatever room we were occupying at the moment for hours while a search was conducted. Only two people were arrested, however. The cops, believing the Koolaid to be safe because they saw 10-year-old kids drinking it, had helped themselves while they stood around watching several naked couples cavorting around the dining room demonstrating their liberation from sexual inhibitions, as was then the fashion on the West Coast. Naturally, those cops who indulged (in the Koolaid) swiftly became,

from the viewpoint of law and order, part of the problem instead of part of the solution. There were 500 "Boo Hoo Blacks" in that Koolaid that I knew about. Half a cup had spun me around quite nicely. During this incredible mess, Charlie managed to escape with Cathy and one of her friends, Cynthia Hoag, but the other girl and I were trapped in the place all night. Since she was an exquisitely lovely creature of a mere 17 summers I didn't really mind (all three of these girls had signed up as Bee Hees as soon as they met me) but the fact remained: it was a "horror show" production, and that party, more than any other single event, signalled the end of the West Coast band of brothers occultist soft in the head mystique and the beginning of the next phase there: "tough minded" cynicism and mob politics.

In a very important sense there is no such thing as white magic. Every occultist psychedelic scene I have ever witnessed has self-destructed under exactly the same kinds of pressures and errors so apparent at the party at Harbingers. There is a new dramatic series on television right now (I expect it will be dropped before this is published) called "The Sixth Sense" which, I am willing to admit, probably still represents to a much greater extent than I do the prevailing ontological views of most heads. On it, people are always talking about the "group mind" and "the vibrations" and so forth, and it is taken for granted that "telepathy" and "telekinesis" are shiny new coins of the intellectual currency instead of the grubby old symbols of dualistic ignorance they always were, are now and always will be. It's just another spook show, of course, with the same dehumanized, completely humorless and oddly coercive quality that non-fiction scenes of this kind always have.

Our parties at Millbrook did not have that quality, and I am convinced that the reason they didn't was that Billy, Bill and I simply wouldn't have any of that, thank you. There were always people around trying to lay it on, Tim included, and I think the kids in general would have bought someone's trip sooner or later if we hadn't been there, but as it was, the occultist propagandists' various weirdo trips were *intellectually* demolished before they could get off the ground, and Tim was forced to be suggestive rather than explicit about his various fantasies to avoid our mockery.

Over the years, I have become something of a connoisseur of paranoid systems, and I tend to rank them in my mind like movies or wines, not in terms of the probability (although some of

them are much more reasonable than others) but according to various categories of taste. Some paranoid systems are extraordinarily entertaining, and so devoid of bad consequences should they be demonstrated "true" in the scientific sense (predictive), that one cannot but wish them well, while others are so dull and ugly that it seems incredible that anyone should believe in them unless forced to do so by irrefutable evidence, logical economy, and predictive perfection.

I know of no such theory, plausible or implausible, sweet or sour, which, no matter how well demonstrated, would change my *philosophy* in the slightest. They are all just matters of plot development and scenic design within the dream, Fazzm, in other words, and just because I happen to be aware of the fact that it is a dream doesn't mean that I am not as interested as anyone else in seeing how things work out. I hope it will be in an agreeable, believable and dramatic manner—but with plenty of comic relief also.

Where was I? Oh yeah, the 4th of July party . . .

Billy rummaged around in a drawer and came up with a brick of untouched Acapulco Gold, which I carried back to the living room. No girls, New York from, friends Wendy of. They had fled in a panic, Wendy said. The scene was "too much" for them. "Let's go swimming," Wendy said.

I put the grass down on a coffee table and we joined the skinny-dippers in the pool. Joe, who seemed to have relaxed a tiny bit, had moved to the other end of the water from his original station and was now avidly ogling the naked bodies. Bill Haines and Tim, with most of their respective retinues, went home. Gradually, the crowd thinned out. As the sky lightened, passed-out people could be seen scattered all over the floors and lawns, including little Jimmy, neatly laid out in his red waiter's jacket, who, Billy told me, was behaving, or not behaving, according to form. The survivors stopped swimming and dancing and gathered in the library to listen to classical music and talk. Back to the mood worlds. Coming down drunk, I'm sorry to say, because I can no longer tolerate any alcohol myself, is much easier than coming down sober.

While having bacon and eggs in the kitchen later, Billy said, "You know, this is incredible. There hasn't been one freak-out or fuck-up all night and this party is almost over."

No sooner had the words escaped his lips, than Len Howard and Teresa burst into the room with very pained expressions on their faces. Their expensive little sports car, it developed, had been stolen.

"What were you saying, Billy?" I asked.

Well, it wasn't much. We found the car later, only slightly damaged, in the woods near the Gatehouse. Susan Shoenfeld had taken Sarasvati and Bhavani on a little joy ride along Route 44 which had culminated in a 120 m.p.h. chase by a patrol car. The festivities had not gone unnoticed by the police. Cars had been lined up all along Route 44 to watch the fireworks. Susan bought her way out of the whole thing without any trouble.

One of the (very few) uninvited guests remained a problem for two days, however. This girl tried to *move in* to the Bungalow, by means of the same evasion of the question of permission or invitation employed by less adventurous primitivist wanderers who were willing to settle for a little hut in the woods. She calmly sat down at the dinner table whenever there was food on it, took the first bed that caught her eye when she felt like a snooze, and was in the process of calling up friends in New York and inviting them to join her when Tim, who had been rushed to the scene by Billy, took her firmly by the arm and threw her out. Ejected from Heaven by the Archangel himself. Quite a tale for the folks back home in the East Village.

You *can* get to Heaven by taking a bus, but that doesn't mean they will let you in when you get there. Just because your heaven is "within" you, doesn't mean it is putty in the hands of your conscious will, as the most superficial analysis of ordinary nighttime dreams will demonstrate.

This sad creature aroused both pity and indignation as do unfortunate beggars everywhere. She was not one of the beautiful people, or even one of the interesting people. She was a "sad sack," as Bill put it, a professional victim, a "passive aggressive," to use the jargon, who knew underneath the whole time she pretended to not understand anything, exactly what was going on, what game she was playing, what she was spoiling, and how it would all end. She would make those she envied feel guilty by forcing them to reject her, and thus give some meaning and emotional intensity to her otherwise meaningless and dim existence. She would be a reproach, a curse, a blight. A ghoulish life, to be sure, but at least this particular example of the genre was brave enough, or crazy enough, to

attempt her emotional rip-off on the rich. Usually, they only practice on family and friends (to use the word loosely)—those as weak and poor as themselves.

In other words, of her own class, she was a star performer.

“Don’t look so glum, Billy,” I said (he was enormously pained by the whole thing). “Just another archetype.”

“But I just feel so sorry for people like that—but what the hell am I supposed to do about it? Turn my house over to them and go live in the East Village?”

I assured Billy that, in the opinion of the court philosopher, nothing of that sort was required of him. His passage through the eye of the needle was going wonderfully well, etc. In future months and years, I was to tell Billy what I thought *was* required of him, but my latter enjoinders were not so well received as my former indulgences. For practical advantage—leaving aside all questions of doctrine—the religious leader who finds any evidence of guilt in his patron should, of course, blow on it, fan it, until he can make it produce a little steam.

I had lost track of Joe Gross, and when I saw him a few weeks later, he seemed to be back at the same old stand. It would take more than half a pill to throw Joe Gross out of Hell, where almost anyone is welcome, no matter how they act.

## Chapter 40

# Three Years Later

*I said, name the day, and I would take fifty assistants and stand up against the massed chivalry of the whole earth and destroy it.*

One day, while I was painting the walls and varnishing the paneling of my office, Tim, bearing a jug of wine, walked in and sat down. He was very amused by the display I had accidentally set up on the mantelpiece, which consisted of various boxes and aerosol cans of rat poison and insecticides as well as a few mouse traps, artistically, if fortuitously, arranged.

“I’ve always felt I could judge a person by the way he decorates his mantelpiece, Arthur,” Tim laughed.

“Well, I won’t deny it,” I replied, taking a swig from the proffered wine bottle. “I have a feeling there are some human rats within our sacred precincts, also.”

I applied a little gold paint to one of the decorative nail heads in the paneling.

"Have you been up to the Ashram recently?" I asked.

"No" Tim said. "I have given up trying to talk to that crazy son of a bitch. He's really out of his mind."

I described to Tim the latest Haines move: getting rid of the pretty girls and moving in the monstrous behemoths.

"I just don't trust girls who let themselves go like that," I said. "They must be filled with resentment and hate as well as fat globules. We can't afford to have people like that around. We're not geared for it."

"Yeah, I talked to one of them. Karen. Pretty bad." (Sure enough, this girl later offered to testify against us in the conspiracy case, without being asked.)

We talked for a while about Church problems and then Tim, rather abruptly, changed the subject.

"Did I ever tell you what happened to my first wife, Arthur?" Tim asked. It was a grim story. He had come home one afternoon from work at the Kaiser Psychological Clinic in San Francisco where he was research director and found his wife lying dead on the floor with a note next to her reading, "I cannot live without your love."

I was shocked. It was the first time I had ever heard Tim volunteer anything about his personal life that wasn't self congratulatory and/or exemplary.

"Jesus, Tim," was all I could say. "That's one of the most terrible things I ever heard. Well, at least things like that don't seem to happen around here, whatever other problems we may have."

"I think I understand your motivation in all this a little better, Tim," I said at one point in our conversation. I did, I think, unless Tim had fabricated the entire incident, or the wording of the note. In order to expiate guilt, Tim had to pretend he loved everyone, and make everyone love him. At all costs, the LSD experience had to be interpreted in a manner consistent with that objective. From which follows much in Tim's history, including the return of the repressed, the cyclical build-ups and let-downs of his supposed loved ones and much else, if you want to push it.

We chatted for a while and then Tim went out to fish off the bridge and I went back to my painting. A few minutes later, Billy Hitchcock walked in.

"Kleps, I just heard one of the most incredible things I have ever heard on this property and I have heard some pretty incredible things. I can't believe it."

Billy always built up his stories in advance. A true salesman.

"Well, what, what?" I asked.

"Well, Tim's outside fishing off the bridge. When I stopped the car to say hello, he turned around and lifted his finger like this (Billy demonstrated) and said, 'Art Kleps is the only sane person on this property!' Come on. Let me in on it. What the hell did you say to him?"

Nothing special, as far as I could remember. I was just as surprised as Billy, who had come down to invite us up to the Bungalow for dinner. We had to make plans for the wedding. Aurora, who was spending more and more time in New York because of Billy's increasingly nondomestic habits, was back. Sam and Martica were in attendance. He also wanted me to meet a business associate, someone named Seymour Lazar. I called Wendy from upstairs and we took off in Billy's car. As we crossed the bridge, I saw Tim paddling out towards the center of the lake in the little boat I kept tied underneath the bridge. Tim and Susan were invited also, Billy said. It would be quite a mob.

"I still don't believe it," Billy kept muttering as he ploughed his big Cadillac through the narrow gravel roads, flushing pheasants and grouse right and left as well as a couple deer (we had two herds on the property, whitetails and a small dark German variety).

"Oh, shit, Billy," I said. "If it suits his purposes he'll refer to me tomorrow as a worthless drunken idiot. You know Tim."

"Besides," Wendy added, "saying someone is sane around here may be a left-handed compliment."

True. Actually, I think it was just a matter of Tim appreciating, every now and then, a break from the constant stream of occultist nonsense and amateur psychologizing he had to listen to every day back in the hills. Every now and then, he had to get drunk, relax, and say whatever came into his mind, whether it supported his ideological purposes or not.

I found out later than I had won some kind of "sanity contest" at the Big House. The kids had put up a list in the kitchen and I had won, hands down.

In terms of popularity, I think it's pretty clear. I'm like Fresca—the consumers prefer me to the regular colas in comparison tests under rigorous scientific conditions, but I always lose in the market

place—and for pretty much the same reasons, when you get right down to it.

We had a full table for dinner that evening, including a straight and snotty cousin of Billy's who made comments like, "sure, we know, Tim," whenever Tim made a cryptic or paradoxical psychedelic style remark. The look on the cousin's face all evening was that of a man who has just discovered shit on his shoes. Undoubtedly this specimen, I concluded, represented the genuine Mellons of Pennsylvania instead of the bizarre offshoot into whose lap we had fallen. Everyone, except the true Mellon, was stoned and half smashed on grass and wine and brandy, and merrily yacking away in consequence. Actually, I noticed, the true Mellon's waspish little nasties acted as a sort of counterpoint or punctuation to the rest of the talk. When one is stoned, it is always possible to slip out of the content "level" of the general conversation and into an aesthetic appreciation of it as a sort of musical chant or doxology.

Tim finally took notice of the true Mellon's commentary.

"Well, I'm perfectly willing to admit that I'm a charlatan," Tim said, grinning and opening his arms in acceptance. "We're all charlatans aren't we? . . . don't you agree, Susan?" He swung around to face his daughter, who was seated at the foot of the table, when he asked his question.

Susan had her head down. She shook it abruptly and negatively and ran out of the room, clutching her napkin. Tim got up and followed, no doubt to explain what he meant.

Did he say it was all a game and we had assigned ourselves different roles to play? Probably. But why call that *charlatanry*? Did Tim mean that (Snazzm) one can do nothing but delude oneself, that is, "have" a dream? I doubt it. That isn't "charlatanry" either. Charlatanry requires the phenomenological impression of plural minds and a world of particulars within which and about which one can either lie or tell the truth. These little distinctions, so important to philosophers, did not interfere with Tim's magical use of words to soothe or stun, or to stretch a category so far as to render it vague and safe instead of sharp and dangerous. If it was all an illusion, then it was all a fraud then you are a fraud and I am a fraud so let us lie to one another. No, this is not a reasonable progression . . . because there is a great difference between a *fiction* and a *lie*, a difference Tim never seemed to appreciate.

Do you wish to be lied to in your dreams? If not, do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

The next day, Wendy and I went to town where I got a haircut and a marriage license from the same person. Wendy would take the bus to New York and return on the great day with her parents, sister and brother-in-law. I sat with her drinking coffee in the Millbrook Diner until the bus came and then walked back. It was a walk I always enjoyed, up a gentle hill past the supermarket, an old-fashioned drug store, several modest but well tended houses, the Episcopal Church, and then, over the brow of the hill, down the road with an uncluttered prospect of fields and woods on both sides and my charming Gatehouse looking like a toy construction before me, our wonderful world of mystery and enchantment.

Up at the Bungalow, I found a political discussion, of all things, going on. Billy owned a Spanish language newspaper in New York called *Il Tiempo*, which had a wide distribution not only in the city but in several Latin American countries, particularly the Dominican Republic, as well. His editor, to whom I was introduced when I walked in, had apparently come up to Millbrook to give everyone the benefit of his views on the crisis then current in that country. Billy, Tommy, Sam and Seymour Lazar, who had impressed me as quite a pain in the ass the night before (a "feisty" little prick with lots of "chutzpah," I suppose one might call him), were sprawled around the living room looking bored and sullen while the editor shook his fist and delivered a rapid-fire series of pronouncements. The women and children, I could see, were outside by the pool. The editor had his coat on and seemed about to leave. From the evidence of empty glasses and cigarette butts it looked like the scene had been in progress for some time.

What the guy was saying sounded like an editorial from *The Daily News* or John Foster Dulles after a bad night. Straight hard line anti-communism of the old school. They could do no right and we could do no wrong. When the name of Fidel Castro was mentioned a visible tremor passed over the editor's swarthy features and his eyes popped out a little. He didn't just disapprove of Castro—he hated his guts. This guy really *cared* about political issues. It was the first time I had ever heard anything like it at Millbrook. Billy, to whom most of the pronouncements were directed, was responding with a series of half-hearted uh-huh's, yeah's and mmm's. I couldn't believe my ears. On the few occasions when Billy and I had talked about South American politics, usually in

reference to Marco, Billy had expressed the usual liberal wisdom on the subject. *So had Marco*, if I remember correctly. They both participated in the big rip-off in various ways, but neither denied for a moment that it was a rip-off.

"Come on, it's obvious isn't it? Anyone who thinks things are just going to go on forever as they are now down there is just kidding himself," Billy had said at one point. "Of course they're going to go communist or socialist or whatever you want to call it. I've taken that for granted for a long time."

(I also remember Billy's reaction on hearing that the Tories had won an election in England, where the Hitchcocks had many excellent connections in aristocratic circles. He had slapped his hand to his forehead, and laughed explosively—"Whaaaaat? Those fucking thieves got in again? I can't believe it! Where's the phone?")

So why all the uh-huh's, yeah's and mmm's?

When the editor left, Billy went up to the bar and poured himself a stiff one.

"Schmuck!" he said.

"Yeah, I hate to listen to that shit," Sam added.

"Well, what the hell, Billy," I asked. "If you didn't like what he was saying, why didn't you tell him he was full of crap? You have a controlling interest in the paper, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"So this creep is your employee, right?"

"Sometimes I wonder."

"Does he write editorials like that?"

"Worse."

"Well, why don't you fire him and hire someone who represents your views? Why not be mildly socialistic and libertarian?"

"You don't understand business, Kleps," Billy said.

As time went on, I learned. Although the paper consistently lost money, that had nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, Seymour tried to get control away from Billy a year later. It was worth having because of its political influence in the Dominican Republic and for no other reason. When Billy went down there, he didn't stay at a hotel, he stayed at the Presidential Palace . . . and when some oil leases, for example, were being sold off to raise a little cash, Baleguer would not exactly tell Billy to go stand in a corner with his face to the wall while the subject was discussed.

The system, and not any particular player, had to be blamed for the damage. No paper representing Billy's actual views could have been sold in the Dominican Republic. What was being bandied back and forth therefore, was not a paper but a paper representing the system. Billy could no more alter the political orientation of the paper, *in which resided the true value of the paper*, than Hugh Hefner could print a picture of a syphilitic sex organ on the cover of *Playboy*.

The most profound lesson I got on this subject came much later, in fact not until after the place had broken up and I was staying with Billy as a private guest one summer after getting out of jail. We were flying down the Hudson in the helicopter right after the Kent State murders. Even Bennett College in Millbrook, a "finishing school" type junior college for girls, which had been given its library by Billy's mother (as he informed a stunned librarian who had asked us what "connection" we had with the college one day) was in an uproar. I happened to know the leading firebrand, Susie Werneke, very well. I loved her, as a matter of fact. Billy got involved. I think he was just as pissed off about Kent State and Cambodia as anyone else in the country at that time.

"Listen, Art," Billy said, after making his usual detour to buzz Pocatino Hills, shake his fist and yell "nouveau riche" down at the Rockefellers below (the Governor was apparently entertaining some nuns at a garden luncheon), "why don't you write me an editorial right now, and if I like it I'll print it in *Il Tiempo*. I mean, what the fuck, what? If a bunch of Bennett girls can actually get out and do something, I feel I can too . . . and the way things are going now, what do I have to lose?"

I wrote out an editorial immediately, as we flew along (winged words made up my vibrant prose) and there was absolutely nothing in it which would have caused the slightest lifting of eyebrows at, say, *The New York Times* or even *The Poughkeepsie Journal*. My emphasis was on the dangers of ignoring the feelings of youth, and all that jazz. Billy loved it. The old editor had been replaced by a more businesslike type who didn't even write the editorials, but who naturally followed the same general policy as his predecessor. While drinking lunch, Billy handed him the editorial, saying "By the way, I would really like to see this printed." The editor put it in his pocket and went back to talking about the possibilities for insiders in the field of collectors' issues of South American postage stamps. The editorial was never printed. When I asked Billy what

the editor had said by way of explaining what seemed to me an almost unbelievable act of insubordination, Billy just shrugged.

"He said it just wasn't right for our audience," Billy said. "I guess he has a point."

And that was the end of "that one."

## Chapter 41

# The Interdict

*The vast castle loomed black upon the hilltop, not a spark visible about it.*

Wendy and I were getting married? We both had grave doubts about it, but, considering everything including the fact that a wife cannot be forced to testify against her husband, it seemed like a good idea. Although, I'm sure, most distant Neo-Americans were convinced their glorious leader had bags of Mellon gold in every corner, we were still as broke as anyone else on the property. We went every day to the post office in Millbrook, where, with a couple exceptions when \$100 bills popped out, we would get perhaps \$10 or \$15 at the most: enough to buy groceries and mail out bulletins and Catechisms to the faithful. Nobody paid regular dues. Without a regular monthly magazine, which I couldn't produce without capital from Billy or cooperation from Haines, there was no way I could generate a regular income. (The perversity and irony of our patron owning a *foreign language newspaper* during this period, when we were entirely at the mercy of a media intent on twisting us into various contemptible configurations, seemed, by that time, routine.) I still hadn't met Wendy's parents, but, she assured me, they would most certainly help cover the expenses of having a child, if nothing else. (They did.) Tim liked the idea, and readily agreed to perform the ceremony, which would be held outdoors in front of the Big House.

"It's one of the most sensible moves you have ever made, Arthur," Tim assured me. Well, maybe.

I suspect Tim was already becoming leary of Rosemary at this point and thinking of possible alternatives. He had ordered Susan Shoenfeld off the property for (supposedly) turning Rosemary on to some junk. It was the first time I had heard of any heroin being around and, although no one was strung out on the stuff, I could

sympathize with Tim's anger. If someone had been busted for narcotics possession, it would have done irreparable harm to our image as a community of strictly psychedelic types who used drugs "expansively" rather than defensively.

But, public relations aside, I must say heroin is not nearly as dangerous as it is widely believed to be, and is in many ways preferable to alcohol if physical damage and evil behavioral consequences are the standards by which judgment is made. The opiates, generally, do no physical harm whatever and many addicts, including thousands of physicians, function much better with them than without them. The crime and general physical debility so often associated with their use is entirely the result of the high price which most addicts must pay to obtain their daily ration, which, in turn, is entirely a consequence of the savage laws against it. As has been clearly demonstrated by the humane and rational English method of dealing with the problem, an addict who is allowed to obtain what he needs at little or no cost will most often eat three meals a day and go to work in the morning just like everyone else. If anything, he is less likely to commit crimes than his straight contemporaries, because, once he has his drug, he is generally content with a very modest existence. Addiction itself is not a problem. The problem is addiction in a context of high prices and criminal sanctions against use.

The wedding went off very smoothly, although for a few minutes it looked like Tim would refuse to perform the ceremony and we would have to substitute Haines. While I was up at the Bungalow early in the morning getting dressed in some of Billy's finery and having a couple Bloody Marys, Susan Shoenfeld, whom Tim had kicked off the property a couple weeks earlier, walked in. Billy, who, like Otto, found her attractive, immediately asked if she was staying for the wedding. "Sure, why don't you, Susan," I added. I had nothing against Susan. As a matter of fact, her voodoo nonsense amused me greatly. Susan had ripped off or burned Doc Duvalier's Chief of Police in Haiti a year or so earlier in an acid deal and lived in mortal terror of the Ton Ton Macoute. I had suggested, when she came to me for advice, that she buy a rifle in town and keep it under her bed (she hadn't realized any citizen could own a rifle) and she had immediately done so, but had also used it for entertainment in the woods, which deeply offended Haines, who eventually seized the gun and threw it in the lake. Just as he was pitching it in a carload of Bungalow visitors passed over

the bridge where he was standing, in his robes, which must have given them all something to think about as they sped on their way.

Leaving Susan behind at the Bungalow, I drove down to the Big House to check on arrangements. Banners and streamers and "shrine areas" were all over the place. The Black Tanka hung from a line strung over the stone gate to the lawn in front of the Big House in which the ceremony would be held, and I didn't have the heart to take it down—someone had put it up with good intentions, no doubt.

Tim, however, was not ready but on a tractor cutting grass at the other side of the house, dressed in a pair of old shorts. I drove the Cadillac up to him.

"Art, did you invite Susan Shoenfeld to the wedding?" he asked, after shutting off the engine. His face was set in stern lines.

Jesus Christ! News traveled fast at Millbrook.

"Well, yeah Tim," I said. "I didn't invite her back to live here, just to stay for the ceremony."

"Unless you have her off the property in half an hour I won't perform the wedding," Tim said, not betraying the slightest hint of amusement. I could see that he was dead serious. Tim had decided that Susan was a "downer" and Tim had no mercy on "downers."

"O.K.—I don't give a shit either way," I said. "You had better get cleaned up, though. I'll be back in fifteen minutes."

"Just get her out of here," Tim said, his face relaxing a bit. "I don't want that girl anywhere near me. She's pure poison."

One of Tim's techniques was to systematically step on people's downs, and, if that didn't work, step on the downer himself. Positive thinking was rewarded with instant approval, while negative thinking was severely discouraged. Yes, this sounds like conditions at a morale boosting meeting of vacuum cleaner salesmen—but the comparison is a down, as you will instantly note if you are thinking along these lines. Instead, I could have compared it to the enthusiasm and intra-group wee'ing and wow'ing of children embarking on any adventure, or to any other number of up things. Why did I pick vacuum cleaner salesmen? Why did I choose down instead of up? Am I trying to ruin the spirit of the group?

This simple, dualistic way of looking at things should not be dismissed out of hand, although that is exactly what I did at Millbrook when I first became aware of it. It is not necessarily nor exclusively a childish, evasive, self-deceptive form of pollyannaism designed to enforce unanimity and quell dissent. It can also be very instructive,

very valuable, to see things in these terms, if you want to understand what is going on between boys and girls together on the sidewalks of New York.

Imagine that you have recorded every statement, every comment, every idle remark that you have made and heard all day, and that you have them all on index cards before you—one idea, in the exact original wording per card. Some of the cards will have lengthy expositions on them, others will simply record that you or someone else said “yes” or “no” on a certain occasion (in which case, it might be necessary to include a code for the tone of voice). These cards could be graded and evaluated according to a wide variety of schemes, as being either right or wrong or stupid or intelligent or novel or common or revealing or concealing or whatever. As we talk to one another we all make judgments of these kinds all the time. To understand the up-down game, you have to put all these other judgments aside for the moment and just consider the cards according to one duality—was it an up or a down? Did it tend toward the positive, optimistic, happy side or the negative, pessimistic side?

Of course, you can make your judgment either from your own point of view or from the other person’s point of view, or both. If you were in a group, you might have upped everyone in the room with a certain statement, and downed one person so badly that she burst into tears (note the gratuitous down I have inserted for certain extremists of “female liberation”). Or a person might make an admission to you which downed him but upped you. So—give up, right? It won’t work. Wrong.

Most ups are ups for everyone and most downs are downs for everyone. There is, also, an amazing lack of justification for the introduction of most downs into conversation—they seem to spring up out of nowhere, and don’t make anyone happy.

Furthermore, most downs for which there is justification, as in the case of a report on some disappointment, news of which has just been received, can be conveyed in an up way without distorting the truth in the slightest, if one is so inclined. Thus, “I can’t do that,” a down, becomes “I haven’t been able to do it, but I’m still trying” which is at least half an up.

I can guarantee that anyone who has never gotten into the up/down game will find, if he gives it a fair chance, that surprising sidelights on people he thought he knew very well, possibly including himself, will be revealed.

It is surprising how many people will up you constantly in adverse circumstances and how many others will down away from morning to night even if everything is coming up roses.

Other people talk in such a way that it is impossible to discover if they are upping and downing at all, everything is so qualified or hedged in such a way that no definite current is detectable in either direction. Some people are balancers—they alternate in such a rhythmic manner, first upping and then downing, then upping again, that one can only assume that some imprint or neurosis obliges them to do so: an up *must* be restrained by a down, a down must be relieved by an up. Otherwise, some unutterable disaster portends.

Many people down themselves all the time in the belief that this is an up for others, and sometimes it is. Sometimes it isn't.

Many up themselves and down others. Some up mankind in general but down individuals. Others up individuals and down the group, the nation, the race, the species and the *elan vital*.

If this general thesis is true, and I think it is, and if Tim did a count on Susan and got a D of two standard deviations above the mean or greater, why not kick her out? Why should anyone tolerate the obnoxious presence of a determined and ingenious downer without getting paid for it?

I can't think of any good reason, which is why I have given up reading *The New York Times*.

"I just don't worship him anymore," Susan said, when I asked her what the trouble was. Well—that's what they all said.

"I'll take care of it," Billy volunteered. "Tell Tim I took her to the bus station."

I drove back. Tim was in his office on the third floor having flowers stuck in his hair by Rosemary. I gave Bhavani, who was standing by, a box of ladyfingers and a small bottle of some colorless, sinister looking fluid Billy had delivered to me at the Bungalow. When Tim saw the bottle, his mood altered abruptly from mild resignation to eager anticipation. Haines walked in, caught the mood instantly, and, after a few coarse remarks to me concerning the consumation of my forthcoming union, fell with relish to assisting Bhavani in the preparation of the sacraments. Since many straight visitors were already milling around outside, and more were expected, including Wendy's family, whom I was not scheduled to meet until I "walked down the garden path" to

the Meditation House to get her during the ceremony, we agreed that only 25 micrograms per ladyfinger would be appropriate.

Michael Green, wearing only a pair of shorts and a lei, walked in. Wendy and family had arrived. Her mother was crying, he reported, and her father looked like a man stunned by some falling object. I drove back to the Bungalow and returned with the Hitchcocks, the Clapps, and several cases of champagne, which were set down on the porch by a table with the traditional cake. All was in readiness. Tim and Tambimutto were standing under the tanka. About fifty people, many of whom I didn't recognize, were sitting on the lawn.

To the sound of drums and flutes, Billy (my best man) and I walked across the grass to the summer house, where I had my first sight of my parents-in-law to be. They looked as grim as Michael had described them. Wendy's sister, however, looked like one of Joe's Scandinavian blondes, and Billy managed to mutter a couple appreciative comments before we got within hearing range. Jill's four-year-old daughter was holding flowers. Her husband, Wally, looked like a classic Mad. Ave. exec., which is exactly what he was. He owned and operated, in fact, the firm that handed out awards for the best T.V. commercials at a big dinner ceremony every year.

I took Wendy's arm, Billy took Mrs. Williams's and we proceeded back to the tableau in front of the Black Tanka. Tim spoke, Tambimutto read from the *Gita*, cymbals clashed and pipes played. Ladyfingers were passed, and I noted that Tim's identification of them as "the sacrament of our religion" had not made any impression on the straight segment of our audience. Mrs. Williams was eating one and so was the little flower girl.

As soon as the ceremony was over, and everyone was up on the porch sloshing down the bubbly (as Otto put it) and eating cake, Wendy steered me into a corner and anxiously asked, "*Arthur*—how much did you put in those ladyfingers?" She was greatly relieved when I told her it wasn't much. The little flower girl played happily with the resident kids (all of whom were stoned deliberately) all afternoon without the slightest hint of trouble. Mr. Williams and Wally Ross joined enthusiastically in a baseball game which Tim organized. Mrs. Williams, however, threw up and then passed out. She did not seem able to communicate what was on her mind. I suspect she had two, maybe three. We put her to bed in the Gatehouse.

Well—legally wed once again. At least this time, I thought, my parents-in-law won't be able to accuse me of leading their innocent daughter into perdition. I had found her there.

Our wedding seemed to move Betsy Ross, who had been opportuned by Howie Druck for some time to make their liaison legal, to graciously grant his boon. The whole deal was thus repeated a couple weeks later, this time at the bowling alley and with Bill Haines officiating instead of Tim. Haines had just the right voice for these little affairs—deep, resonant, assured.

It was a pleasure to listen to him recite, if it was not always such to listen to him extemporize. On the other hand, it seemed a little strange to hear the sonorous phrases of Max Muller's translation of the *Prajna-Paramita* read at a wedding ceremony, which, after all, is a celebration of addition rather than subtraction. On the other hand, why not?

What better time to remind people of the illusory nature of the world?

I have it on tape . . . "by the power invested in me as a priest . . . I pronounce you husband and wife . . . everything passes, things appearing, things disappearing. (Quite a transition, isn't it?) But when all is over, everything having appeared and having disappeared, being and extinction both transcended, still the basic emptiness and silence abides, and that is blissful peace. Let us pray. Thus, oh Saraputra, all things having the nature of emptiness have no beginning and have no ending. They are neither faultless nor not faultless. They are neither perfect nor imperfect. In emptiness there is no form, no sensation, no perception, no discrimination, no consciousness, there is no eye, no ear, no nose, no tongue, no sensitiveness to contact, no mind. There is no sight, no sound, no smell, no taste, no touch, no mental process, no object, no knowledge, no ignorance. There is no destruction of objects, there is no cessation of knowledge, no cessation of ignorance, there is no noble Fourfold Truth, no pain, no cause of pain, no cessation of pain, there is no decay and no death. There is no knowledge of Nirvana, there is no obtaining of Nirvana there is no not obtaining of Nirvana. Why is there no obtaining of Nirvana? Because Nirvana is in the realm of no thingness. If the ego, soul or personality was an enduring entity it could not obtain Nirvana. So long as man is seeking highest wisdom he is still abiding in the realm of consciousness. In highest *samadhi* having transcended consciousness he has passed beyond discrimination and knowledge, beyond the reach of change or fear, he is already enjoying Nirvana. The perfect understanding of this and the patient acceptance of it is the highest perfect wisdom, that is, the *prajnaparamita*. All the

*buddhas* of the past present and future, having attained highest *samadhi* awake to find themselves realizing *prajnaparamita*. Therefore, oh Saraputra everyone should seek self realization of *prajnaparamita*, the transcendent truth, the insurpassable truth, the truth that ends all pain, the truth that is forever true. Oh *prajnaparamita*, oh transcendent truth that spans the troubled ocean of life and death, safely carry all seekers to the other shore of Enlightenment. Listen to the *mantra*, the great mysterious *mantra*: *Gate, gate, paragate, parasamgate, bodhisvha!* Gone, gone, gone to that other shore, safely passed to that other shore. *Prajnaparamita*. So may it be. Wisdom, hail! May you love and never hate one another. May peace and peace and peace be in you and everywhere. *Om shanti, shanti, shanti*. You may kiss each other.” (With the greatest sincerity, I recommend that the reader interested in obtaining a magnificent rendition of these words, which can work marvels at about the 8th or 9th hour of a big one, get a recording directly from Haines by paying him whatever he asks for the service. I am not in that business myself.)

The ladyfingers at the Betsy-Howie wedding were considerably more highly “energized” than their prototypes had been at the Arthur-Wendy affair. Furthermore, there was no shortage of extra sacrament available for those who wanted more. As a result, although the many straight visitors present didn’t take any, they were treated to a demonstration of what is meant by the expression “freaking freely” which will probably remain indelibly engraved on their memories for life. During the reception, someone shouted, “Hey, who’s that up on the roof?” and all eyes turned skyward.

Pat McNeill, naked as a jaybird, was prancing around on the porch roof in front of Tim’s room. Beatles music floated down to us, as well as Pat’s voice. She was shouting, “Yoo hoo, Timothy Leary, come on up here. I want to get fucked!” and other requests of a similar nature, interspersed with snatches of song and girlish giggles. The profoundest apprehensions of Betsy’s and Howie’s families were being manifest right before their eyes. Someone stepped out of a window and pulled her in. Thereafter, conversation at the party, which had been a little strained, became highly animated. Later, Tim told me that getting clothes on Pat had been quite a struggle. Finally, she agreed to put on a pair of Tim’s pants, but nothing else. A couple Boo Hoos from Philadelphia who happened to be visiting that day told me that they had been quietly meditating (watching goldfish) in the music room that evening

when Pat had appeared and sat down next to them, bummed a cigarette, made a little idle conversation, and then asked, in a perfectly matter of fact tone, "Hey, would you guys care to fuck?" It was a let's fuck trip, all right.

Such trips can and do happen, but they aren't at all as common as straight people seem to believe. Is it understandable? Does it reflect anything worthwhile? I think so. I'll go over what I would guess went through Pat's head on that trip, and show how reasonable the whole thing probably seemed to her at the time:

1. Now that I'm stoned, what do I want to do?
2. What I really want to do is get laid by Timothy Leary, my guru.
3. Why not? It's perfectly natural, and nothing to be ashamed of.
4. Should I be secretive, sneaky and hypocritical about this or come right out with it?
5. Nobody has the right to criticize me for expressing a natural wish.
6. Dishonesty is one of the greatest curses of mankind.
7. Why shouldn't women say they want to screw just like men do?
8. As a matter of fact, why shouldn't I take my clothes off too? Men like to look at naked female bodies don't they? Why should I hide anything which causes others pleasure? Besides, if I want Tim to fuck me, I should, logically, show him what he's getting.
9. What about Rosemary?
10. To hell with Rosemary. All's fair in love and war.
11. What about embarrassing my husband and children?
12. I'm setting a good example. They should take their clothes off too, and say who they want to fuck. Everybody wants to fuck. Why don't they take their clothes off and go to it?

Argument by argument, it would have been difficult to refute Pat at any point. Why not indeed? Am I advocating here that people who feel this way on a trip should do what Pat did? Yes, I am. It's perfectly O.K. *in a place like Millbrook*. In Central Park, it would be a different story. Of course, these arguments don't explain what Pat did, they only justify it. To understand it fully, one would have to imagine the condition of her imagination at the time, and the mood of the second *bardo* "world" into which she had "entered." When it comes to summoning up vivid images appropriate to one's mood, acid has no equal. (Pat's imagination that day, I'm sure, if it could have been manifest on 6 x 11 glossies, would have made the fortune of any pornographer.)

As for the (hypothetical) embarrassment caused Howie and Betsy, what of it? In a psychedelic community, the right to get stoned whenever you like and to say and do whatever you like, can only be limited by your responsibility not to endanger the community or other individuals physically or legally. You must respect the fundamental rights of others while exercising your own, but mere fear of causing psychological irritations, like embarrassment, has to give way, because your stoned standards of behavior are higher than everyday standards, and it would be contrary to evolutionary principles to require a higher life form to conform to the behavioral standards of a lower form. As Blake said, "One law for the lion and ox is oppression." Straight people who visit a psychedelic community, for whatever reason, have no more right to expect the members thereof to alter their behavior on account of the prejudices of visitors than they would have to expect it in the case of a Buddhist monastery or the Vatican. On the other hand, if a head insists on dropping in Macy's basement, and then behaves exactly as he pleases, I have little sympathy for him if he is arrested for indecent exposure or creating a public nuisance. "Those people," (Macy's customers) have "a right to be here" too. Why hurt their feelings?

The vast majority of heads are fully aware of these distinctions, and behave with as much, if not more, decency and regard for others as anyone else. The few who believe that offensive public conduct is somehow admirable and a furtherance to the cause, however, naturally attract attention out of all proportion to their numbers. It's just another aspect of adolescent egalitarian primitivism. The Third World and The Group Image ruined our good relations with the straight community of Millbrook in a matter of days, not only by spreading the clap, but by talking loudly, rudely and vulgarly in the supermarkets and drugstores about drugs and sex. Why? Who was stopping them from doing as they pleased? The answer lies at the heart of the matter: the "band of brothers" don't want freedom so much as they want the destruction of the "father's" works. They are not satisfied to be happy, indeed, cannot be happy, unless they injure their enemies in the process.

To justify Pat's behavior (in context) psychedelically is easy and the logical process I have described is by no means artificial. Many people on trips reason, out loud, along just these lines. I can't drop the subject, however, without also pointing out that such

reasoning, however sensible, is far from being of the order of a geometrical theorem. There are other ways to reason on a trip, and there are some I consider infinitely preferable to the kind I have imputed to Pat on the occasion of her great "let's fuck" trip. "What do I want to do?" isn't the only question you can start out with, after all.

It is best, I think, for novices to start out with some primary philosophic question in mind. Naturally, my favorite is "Where am I?" but many people for whom I have the greatest respect recommend "Who am I?", "What is the world?" and so forth. Nevertheless, I seriously question the value of these alternatives. They don't seem, in my experience, to produce the same kind of *paying attention* to what is right in front of your nose as "Where am I?" does. Things tend to get too abstract too fast and it is very easy to slide off into one of the infinite number of second *bardo* visionary worlds leading off the elevator which, if you stay with it, will eventually deposit you in the penthouse gardens where the sun always shines. "What is the world?" for example, very often puts you in the midst of a whirling, flashing, shuttling, web of electronic buzzy-buzzies which is all very well for a minute or two, all the time you need to get the idea, but can be quite a pain in the ass if it goes on for eight hours. I know people who gave up taking acid because they got nothing but this kind of thing on their trips. In every case, they were asking "what is it?" and, with that mullish obstinacy which is the pride and glory of our species, refusing to take "bzz bzz" as an answer. Well, it is "bzz bzz." That is the sum total of descriptive ontology—"bzz bzz." A screen waiting to be filled. A computer waiting to be programmed. A mind which has no thoughts of its own? Choose your own poetical analogy. "Bzz bzz" is good enough for me.

As for "who am I?" we all know the answer to that one, but merely finding out you are "God" doesn't necessarily help you to understand what you are up to. What kind of "God?" Who are these other characters, and why are they here? Those questions can be answered in an infinite number of ways, most of them paranoid. The externality of relations can be maintained, even if you are convinced you are "God." All kinds of comic book level conceptions (including orthodox Judaism, Christianity and Brahmanism I would say) are possible. The interpretation of synchronicity can be so twisted around that it will fit any of these systems—up to a

point. (At that point you either abandon logic or you abandon your system.)

Shortly after the Pat trip, Haines kicked Sarasvati out into the cruel, Presbyterian world once again. Undoubtedly Pat's behavior had reminded him of what his most ardent admirer really wanted—his precious bodily fluids. Sarasvati showed up at the Gatehouse, simpering and giggling and asking for my advice, immediately after getting the heave ho. Since Haines and I were, again, not on speaking terms, I suggested that she take some of my camping equipment and hide out in the woods right behind the bluff that overlooked the Ashram from the rear, so she could spy on him constantly, which she did. It drove Haines into a frenzy, as I had hoped. Reports came back to me of Haines, howling bloody murder, blundering through the brush brandishing his cane and vowing to suspend his vows of non-violence if he ever caught her. Eventually, much to everyone's astonishment, Sarasvati, instead of creeping quietly back into the outer circle during a trip, as was her usual tactic, actually left the property, and wasn't heard from for about two weeks. When she returned, beautifully dressed and carrying brand new and expensive luggage bulging with presents for one and all, Haines was too flabbergasted (and probably too happy to see her again) to offer any objections. Her story was incredible. She had managed to con Susan Shoenfeld out of \$100 before she left and had taken it straight to the nearest race track where she had bet the entire amount on the nose of a long shot named "Swami" something, which won. With the proceeds, she flew down to British Guiana where Mishra, "the original guru" was living, his visa to the U.S. having expired shortly after the Ananda break-up. Mishra had treated her with the greatest civility and invited her to stay as his house guest for a few days. When she left, he gave her a present to take to Bill—a bottle of Scotch whiskey. "What the hell did he give me this for?" Bill asked, turning it around in his hands and then passing it to me. "He knows I almost never drink." The rest of us did, however, and it wasn't long before Sarasvati was back in her usual rags, rolling around on the floor, giggling and muttering to herself while Bill gave her an occasional poke with his cane.

For some reason, the worst freak-outs seemed to occur in the ruined gardens just below the farm manager's house, where stern Clum and his brood could see them and hear them.

Haines' method for dealing with freak-outs was simple and effective—tie the freaker-outer to a tree with a rope. In one in-

stance, Clum's family was treated to a sight which would have suited the cover of *Argosy* magazine (Japanese Nurses Rape American Marines!) right to a T, and therefore probably fit right into their scheme of things: a Chinese boy screaming and writhing around on the ground while a typical teen-age American girl slowly took her clothes off in front of him. Diana later explained (have I introduced Diana?—she was a frequent visitor) that she had thought what the boy was screaming for was pussy, but we managed to convince her that it was unlikely.

Diana later became a full-time Ashramite in Arizona. The Chinese boy, too embarrassed to return, wrote a nice note to us saying that he had benefited from the experience, although it didn't look like it at the time. After talking Diana back into her pants, I had talked the Chinese boy down, using the usual soothing syrup, but he didn't remember anything about the freak-out, only the good parts when we had all been up on Lunacy Hill earlier, surveying the wonders of creation. But he knew he had caused distress in the household of a benefactor, and, the way he had been brought up, that was a cause for great shame. Not at all, Chinese boy—it's all part of the game. Try it again some time.

Diana, keep your pants on!

The heroic part of the story of Otto at Millbrook culminated, naturally, in two bursts of gunfire—neither one of which hurt anyone or was intended to. The first burst happened when Sam and Martica Clapp, Billy, Aurora and Wendy and I accompanied him to the little town near Woodstock, where, sure enough, he showed us his submachine gun factory under the elms in a quite residential neighborhood, introduced us to the boss, who praised him as one of their most trusted advisors on difficult technical problems, and then demonstrated one of the gats, while twitching, sweating and muttering as usual, by firing a few bursts out the rear door of the place into a mud puddle in the parking lot. Nobody who worked there seemed to think anything of it. On the second "trial by fire," he showed up at the Gatehouse with a North Vietnamese army rifle and a wooden box of Chinese ammo, begged permission to sleep on the floor because instinct told him we would need protection that night, and, when some passing drunks showered the place with firecrackers around 3 A.M., scared them off by firing two rounds into the dirt near the wall. When the State Police arrived (the noise having been reported, I guess), Otto boldly presented himself, explained himself, and showed them his weapon. They left

without even writing anything down, perhaps because they didn't feel up to an exercise in calligraphy at that hour of the night, or because they had heard as much of Otto's surreal and detail filled monologue as they wanted to hear, and didn't feel like getting all of that down in triplicate either.

The parties went on.

Aluminum Dreams, a rock group Billy had taken an interest in, moved into the second floor of the Big House. Perhaps because of their non-ecological name, they never made it. Billy lost thousands which he had put into equipment, and almost lost his servants because of the imperious demands the kids made when they were at the Bungalow, but we had live music when we wanted it. Tord found a girl, a tall, rangy, western, almost speechless type, who came to the property looking for a lost horse. She moved in with him on the third floor and eventually they got married (off the property). The Third World built a "Teepee Town" back in the woods, and another group, loosely associated with them, came in to make a movie, with professional equipment but little capital, showing the hippies as Indians and the cops as cowboy style sheriffs and "lawmen." Tim quickly converted this program into his own—the life of Timothy Leary. As the producer of this epic said to me just before he left, broke, and with almost no useable film, "Well, I've discovered one thing. You either go on Tim's trip around here or you don't go on any trip at all."

One little gathering sticks in my memory particularly, not because anything more unusual than was usual happened during the festivities, but on account of a remark Tim made during a wild drive afterwards to the Big House—a remark which untangled the last thread of deluded beliefs I had woven to convince myself that he was enlightened, and that all of his elaborate mumbo-jumbo was merely showmanship. The excuse for the party had been the presence on the property of a visitor with a short wave radio set (which he ordinarily kept in the trunk of his car). Since a small island in the Caribbean was at that time threatening to declare its independence of Britain, and casting about for support, we all thought it would be a good idea if Billy had a little chat with the island's Prime Minister by radio, and the short wave set was accordingly set up in the Bungalow's library, and a jovial group swiftly formed to observe the visitor twirl his knobs and tweak his toggles—a complete waste of time, it turned out. Short wave radios were evidently in the same category as movie projectors and tape

machines. The “ham” had indulged in the punch on the bar and all he could get over his machine were strange, hilarious snatches of this and that, almost all of which were obviously synchronistic—communistic denunciations of the rich, little homilies on “communications problems,” news of drug busts, etc.

Everyone in the audience, I noticed, *except Tim*, laughed a lot and seemed to enjoy the whole farce enormously. Tim maintained a tight smile.

Afterwards, for some reason, I found myself in the back seat of the car with the ham, a young fellow with slicked back dark hair and aquiline features who looked exactly like a line drawing of a radio enthusiast from an advertisement for a correspondence course in the back pages of *Popular Mechanics*, while up front sat Wendy, and, at the wheel, Timothy Leary, who proceeded to take the long way home over the most rutted and pot-holed roads, at an unsafe speed, while twisting his head around to carry on a conversation about radio with the guy next to me.

“For Christ’s sake, Tim,” I finally said, after the car had suffered its third or fourth wrenching shock, “you’re driving like a maniac.”

“You think I am going too fast, Arthur?”

“I have complete faith in you, Tim,” said the ham at my side, before I could answer.

“Well, I wish you would slow down a little,” said Wendy.

Tim slowed down. To show that all was forgiven, I made some comment on the synchronicity we had enjoyed that evening.

“Yes,” Tim said. “Amazing, isn’t it? You know, there are times when I am convinced there is someone or something up there writing the script.”

“That’s what I think,” said the ham, who then proceeded to deliver a routine exposition of the “exciting possibilities” in “Outer Space communication,” all of which all of us had heard *ad nauseam* from other visitors intent, not on learning anything from us, but on securing our participation in their favorite fantasies of deliverance. Tim, however, lapped it right up—dropping in a comment here and there to show that he, too, could read *The New York Times Magazine* and *Playboy*.

Later, walking back to the Gatehouse from the Big House in the pale moonlight and dark tunnels made by roadside trees, I made to Wendy what I thought was a most disillusioning suggestion.

"Wendy," I said, "let's face it. That man is a *supernaturalist* or a science-fiction enthusiast or something. He thinks something up there (I pointed to a patch of stars in the roof of our leafy corridor) is doing it. *He doesn't understand synchronicity!*"

"I never thought he did," Wendy said.

She was right, of course—but if I had not deluded myself about Tim I probably would not have come to understand synchronicity myself. There was another, stranger, aspect to it all, however; it seemed to me that many of the "troops" (those who rarely spoke their views) had a better, general appreciation of the subject—just as Wendy did—than their supposed leader and teacher. Perhaps, in the land of the partially sighted, the one man who was totally blind was king.

Otto Preminger visited the place, prior to his making what turned out to be one of the worst of the spate of psychedelic movies which appeared around that time (I thought "The Trip," in contrast, wasn't bad at all). Tim brought him down to the Gatehouse to meet me, but I was in town buying booze. In this instance my vice may have saved me from a fate worse than death, but, in general, my drinking was getting to the problem stage. Everything constructive I wanted to do cost money, and I didn't have any. All I had were promises and parties, sometimes two of the latter a week. As for the development of the property itself as a self-supporting mecca for the psychedelic world, the handwriting was on the wall. As Tim's group became more and more disorganized, and as Haines withdrew into his yogic shell, it became clear to me that the place was headed down instead of up and that there wasn't a hell of a lot I could do about it. If the process continued, we would end up living in a public park. Half the people I ran into on the roads were strangers. Every time Tim went to New York he would get drunk and invite everyone in sight to come up to Millbrook. The end of all this was clear. Either Tommy, who now made no secret of his dissatisfaction with the way things were going, would revolt, or we would be raided. A wide open psychedelic mob scene would not be tolerated for very long in Dutchess County. I could successfully envision unlimited toleration of something in the upper class eccentric category (the Yoga front we had projected for a while would have been fine) but mobs of anonymous fake Indians would never make it. I stopped replacing the locks on the front gates, which were being broken off almost daily, and, like Haines, ceased to

take any interest in people going to or coming from the Big House or the woods.

It was clear we could not “get our trips together,” and that the unification of mankind would have to be postponed. If Billy Hitchcock, Tim Leary, Bill Haines and Art Kleps could not, with unlimited supplies of the Supreme Sacrament on hand, a perfect setting in which to absorb it, millions of dollars in the hands of one, super-star status and access to media in the hands of another, unique talents for the internal discipline of spiritual communities composed of dumb kids in the possession of another, and the correct philosophy correctly understood and applied by another, make it, who could? The trouble, of course, was that we were all trying to do each others’ jobs, and in those terms Billy was the least guilty of all of us, and there are times when I almost see him as a victim, like Otto—a scapegoat. I believe that if at any time Tim, Bill and I had approached him, presented a plan, and defined our roles in it realistically (conformable to our demonstrated talents) the necessary funds would have been forthcoming—after Billy recovered from the greatest shock of his life, bar none.

Such things simply do not often happen in this world. The shock Billy experienced when he heard Tim describe me as the “sanest” person on the property was not founded so much on the improbability of his believing it, but on the improbability that *he would say it to Billy*. It was like a crack in the cosmic egg, a tremor along the San Andreas fault of the mind.

I could have gone to Tim and said, “Listen—let’s make a deal. You are an infinitely better propagandist and showman than I will ever be. I will give up the Neo-American Church and join the League. All I ask is that you give up occultism and supernaturalism and allow me to guide you philosophically. I will be your theorist. You can set the mystique and the style and the politics of things, and I will conform . . . but you will stop praising people like Aleister Crowley and start talking about Nagarjuna and David Hume, not because you know the difference, but because *I* say Crowley is a fool and Nagarjuna and Hume are simply other names for truth . . . and if you will shut up for fifteen minutes I will explain to you exactly why that is so, and then *you* can go out and tell the kids.”

Or Tim could have gone to Haines and said, “Bill I think we need a heavy son of a bitch to run things around here, and obviously you’re just the spiritual thug for the job. I’ll be the front man,

Kleps will be the theorist, and you will be in charge from now on of all domestic affairs, most particularly, personnel."

*Why in God's name didn't the four of us ever take a trip together?* (Without having fifty other people around at the same time, I mean.)

Military histories are full of these almost unanswerable "why didn't's," which is one reason I often read them to soothe my fevered brain—at least one is reassured that the place always was an insane asylum, and has not just recently become so. Humanity displays its madness in what it does not do. It is the lapses which seem inexplicable, not the events. The history of technology is also full of this, if you turn it upside down. What kind of beings are these who do *not* invent the cotton gin, for example, until Whitney comes along, or, even better, until Whitney pays attention to a cat clawing at chickens through a fence? How is it possible that all those sailors died of scurvy when the efficacy of citrus to revive almost dead men was common knowledge among seafarers for centuries? The list is endless, and it leads to a kind of numbness of the spirit and paralysis of the will in many a hardy soul to whom this vision comes before he is ready for it. There is not a person alive who at the age of forty cannot look back and name at least three or four perfectly obvious and simple things *he should have done* to solve former difficulties and improve his lot, which he did not do, and for which inaction there is no explanation whatever other than "I was blind."

I am willing to say it. I was blind. I still am blind. It is impossible to overestimate the power, the death-like grip, of the repetition compulsion, over human affairs. The availability of the powerful psychedelic drugs casts a glaring light on this peculiar numbness of our race. Why does anyone ever commit suicide anymore? What possible justification can there be for not giving the stuff to the suicidal and homicidal crazies who jam the back wards of "mental hospitals?" Why didn't I pour a thousand mics down my throat instead of pouring Morning Glory Lodge down the drain in '66?

Of course, only those who make some advances against it ever get a good look at it, ever learn the identity and the location of the enemy, as it were. The rest are slaves without knowing it.

The other day I got some plans for a little plywood boat, and discovered what seemed to me to be a serious error in the drawings of the bow. I wrote to the company, one of the two largest in the

nation, and asked about it. "You are quite right," the reply came back, "the line on the drawing of the bow is in the improper position. Over the past couple of years, more than 3,000 8-Balls have been made, but you are the first one to make a comment on this fact . . . "

Only a week earlier, I had received a letter from the young lady art director of one of the biggest art print houses in the country (I had complained about the quality of a Maxfield Parrish I ordered—it looked murky to me):

"At last! A real live opinion . . . I've had to contend with oceans of praise . . . *We've sold hundreds of thousands . . .* no attempt was made to correct the color . . . I feel embarrassed and infuriated . . . disgusted . . . " (Italics are mine.)

People who build boats and order art prints are not stupid. The various generals who always assaulted impregnable positions in the Civil War before Grant came along were not stupid. All those southern planters who never once considered that you could pull the cotton away from the seeds instead of the seeds away from the cotton were not stupid. All those sea captains who failed to include a couple barrels of dried lemons in their list of stores before sailing were not stupid.

They were enchanted.

Or, to put it more constructively, they were not sufficiently disenchanted. The psychedelic experience is not the spell, but the lifting of the spell, the transformation of the toad, the maiden's salvation; not the sword in the stone, but the sword out of the stone.

At Millbrook, likewise, we were not stoned enough, not sufficiently disenchanted. Certain fatal habits had developed, inflexible routines which excluded our taking the steps we had to take if we were to prevail.

Of course, various rationalizations come to mind. I could try to convince myself that Tim would have rejected the idea as an "elitist" insult to his beloved followers, but why assume that? Tim never had any hesitation in behaving like an elitist, as distinguished from appearing to be one in public. He invited Haines to join him in the Caribbean during the "grey houses" debate. Back in the woods, he and Rosemary lived on one hill while his followers lived on another. If Haines, Hitchcock and I had set a date and invited him to join us, it is difficult to imagine him staying away. What politician could possibly stay from such a gathering? He

might have—most certainly would have—made difficulties about time, place and circumstances so as to give himself an edge. These manipulations would most certainly have aroused Haines to fury, but what of that? A meeting to discuss the proposed trip could certainly have been arranged (at which, perhaps, Billy and I could have bombed everyone) and, as a minimum accomplishment, we might have pinned the tail on the donkey.

My memory is hazy about this. It seems to me Haines and I discussed it a few times. I recall Haines saying “he won’t do it,” I think, but I never talked to Billy about it (or did I?). I’m certain I never suggested it to Tim. I let it slide. I never made a project out of it, never allowed the subject to fully engage my imagination. By the time such a trip became a necessity (if we were to survive as a group), I was dispirited and exhausted, ready to throw in the towel. The very idea of trying to persuade Tim or Bill to do something made me cringe—I had been over that territory too many times. I was groggy, shell-shocked. It is said that victory in battle often goes to the side that makes one last effort when neither side has any heart left for fighting.

At Millbrook, that one last charge of the forces of right bows and bright dawns was never made. The forces of dimness (actual darkness has few “forces”) made the last charge.

In consequence, we lost the battle. The war, of course, goes on.

## Chapter 42

# War!

*War, and the knights of the realm divided into a king’s party and a Sir Launcelot’s party.*

Late in July, the cops struck.

The way they struck demonstrated that the Dutchess County Sheriff’s Department had as little respect for the law as we did. They blockaded the property, stopping every car and pedestrian passing by, to or from. Anyone with long hair was searched. One of Jackie’s friends from town was immediately arrested for possession as he was leaving by way of the pedestrian entrance under the Gatehouse. Several drivers whose appearance didn’t come up to the Sheriff’s standards were arrested on such charges as “dirty license plates” or “having obscured windshield.” I happened to be

at the Big House when news of these events started coming in, and Tim and I immediately rushed down to the Gatehouse to see for ourselves. Sure enough, it looked like a military operation was in progress. Cars were pulled off the road on every side of the T junction of Route 44 and the road to town, and every vehicle coming into it was being halted by Sheriff's deputies standing in the road. Radios were crackling. Cars bearing supervisory personnel came and went carrying orders and checking up on the latest body counts. Where was Wendy? Our little car was parked under the Gatehouse arch, but her bicycle was gone. Tim was worried about Jackie. He was out there somewhere too.

"Listen, Art," Tim said, "you call Noel Tepper and keep on calling him until you reach him. And call the papers and the ACLU. I'm going out there and find out what's going on."

I was genuinely impressed and greatly amused to see Tim bend down and pick a flower to stick in his hair before he opened the gate and crossed the road into enemy territory. That's what I call "presence of mind." After a brief discussion with some of the thugs, Tim got into a patrol car and sped away toward Millbrook. Had he been arrested? Damn it, we should have agreed on a signal beforehand. I went upstairs and called Noel. He was home. He would be right over. He would call the ACLU and ask them to send observers. I called the *Poughkeepsie Journal*. They would send a reporter and a photographer right away. I went out in front of the gate, but not over our property line, to wait for Noel. Some of the cops waved to me. I waved back. When Noel arrived, he had his wife Elly with him and an ACLU friend. Two more ACLUers pulled up next to him in another car.

"This is unbelievable," Noel said. "I stopped at the courthouse in town and it's an absolute madhouse. Apparently they're just arresting anyone they don't like. Did you know they got Wendy?"

"What for?" I asked. I was stunned. Wendy never carried drugs, and she didn't have the car.

"No visible means of support," Noel said. "She was just riding her bike and they arrested her because she didn't have any identification papers or money on her."

"What?!"

Noel nodded. I had heard him right. Tim had also been arrested—on a bad check charge. Two or three other residents had been picked up also, but most of the arrestees were strangers who just happened to be passing by. Tim was OK (at the hearings

on the following Tuesday he was released when he showed he had made good the \$8 bad check, thoughtfully provided by an ex-cop sporting goods store owner in Poughkeepsie to his former comrades in arms when he heard about the upcoming raid). We needed about \$300 for bail, Noel estimated.

I drove up to the Bungalow. Billy was away. Suzanne, who looked terrified, wrote out a check. Accompanied by Noel, we circled the property to survey the ACLU posts (one "squirrely liberal" was sitting in a tree with binoculars near the north gate) and then drove to town. A large crowd surrounded the courthouse, a one-room storefront affair on a residential side street. Noel went in and I walked over to the corner stationery store to cash the check. The owner took it without a moment's hesitation and expressed his disapproval of the whole affair and his sympathy for those being rounded up, as did several other town residents standing around. The sixteen-year-old daughter of a local family, also riding a bike, had been stopped and questioned at length. Several other residents had been given a hard time.

I gave Noel the cash. Wendy pleaded not guilty and Noel put up the \$50 bail. (On Tuesday she was found guilty and fined the amount of the bail.)

The blockade continued until evening. When it was over, Tim, Rosemary, the Teppers, Wendy and I drove to Poughkeepsie and had dinner at Howard Johnson's. Obviously, this was just the beginning. We had to make plans. When drinks were ordered, I passed, much to Tim's astonishment.

"I'd better lay off," I said. "Who knows what the morrow will bring . . . but you people who can handle it should go ahead and slosh it down to your heart's content." (Of course, not being truly convinced that I was an alcoholic at the time, I went right back on the stuff as soon as the pressure was off.)

At that meeting, like every other meeting I attended before or since which was devoted to the problem of defending a psychedelic community from police persecution, there was unanimous advocacy of all those principles which I had been pushing all along. One would have wondered, listening to the unanimity that prevailed, how we could possibly have gotten into any difficulties in the first place. Naturally, from now on, only invited visitors or persons well known to residents, would be allowed on the property. We would put up a big sign on the main gate saying so. Tim, Haines and I would meet regularly to check people out. All sacramental

substances would be stashed outdoors. We would try to convince Billy to put Noel on a retainer. We would try to convince Billy to make *judicious* "campaign donations" at the county level. We would try to convince Billy to finance suits charging civil rights violations and false arrests. We would try to convince Billy to do all sorts of things.

"But Billy is . . . at sea," Tim said, grinning at the appropriateness of the term. He was. A little yacht trip in the Caribbean, as a matter of fact.

It always comes down to that. Defense against injustice in the good old U.S. of A. is everywhere and always a *financial* problem. I am convinced that Billy, by the intelligent distribution of a few grand, could have brought the entire attack to a screeching halt at that point, or at any point before the final invasion. In return, the rest of us would have agreed to almost any conditions he made. Since law and money are the same kind of black magic, both having that unique ability noted by Mr. Marx to turn things into their opposites, it is only natural and correct for those in trouble with one to look to the other for relief. If a group is in serious financial or legal trouble, you look to your rich men and lawyer members for help, just as you would look to your killers if the place were invaded by same or your spiritualists in case of spooks. But religion also degrades the value of money and insults the money holder, as does war. Religious power can be bought, but only in corrupt or desperate times and even then, there are no guarantees that the mere signs and symbols which are purchasable will not fail at the first test. In psychedelic communities, money provides access and influence and some decision making power, but the rich novice is usually shocked—profoundly shocked—at how little actual power he can acquire by means which, in almost every other game available, give him instantaneous control. Money can create and destroy religious organizations, but the power to control by promising the former or threatening the latter is surprisingly unreliable. You can buy a sacred cow, and you can sell it, but you can't beat it in the streets of New Delhi.

Rich men and lawyers are the last people in the world to put their special kind of power to work unless they can get something in return. The one great principle of English Law, as Dickens said, is to make business for itself. We automatically assume, quite rightly, that every other kind of power will be freely given to help one's chosen group in an emergency, but professional time, really just

another form of money, and money itself, are exempt from the usual standards. Despite all the complaining that went on, there was no real social pressure on Noel or Billy to do more than they did during the next few months. If, in contrast, we had been surrounded by wild Indians, Billy and Noel would have taken their turns at the most dangerous guard duty posts like everyone else. It isn't just a matter of equality, either. If, for example, surrounded by those savages, we had just one person among us who knew the way to the nearest army fort, that person would damn well have gone for help or else. However, as has been remarked, where a man's treasure is, there his heart is also. People are loyal to their money in a way that they are not loyal to their health, safety or peace of mind. When it came right down to the wire, Billy put the preservation of his magical powers ahead of the protection of his vassals, friends, religious associates, or whatever you care to call us.

The price he was willing to pay was not enough to do the job, so he cut his losses, and paid the minimum to get clear of the whole thing. But what price would the rest of us have paid? If someone had handed me \$100,000 free and clear, how much would I have risked on the defense of Millbrook as it was then constituted? Tim had a house in Berkeley. Did he sell it? Of course not.

It's this aspect of the psychedelic movement which, along with a few other aspects of a similar nature, can make the whole business look somehow trivial in the historical perspective. It is the other side of the coin, I would say, to the uniquely non-bloody character of our revolution. Where is all the self-sacrifice and heroism one expects to see when great ideals are being upheld and the scheme of things turned upside down? You don't see much of that. Some, but not much. Well, it's a cheap price to pay for non-violence in my opinion, although I admit to wishing, every now and then, for an army of brainless fanatics who derive meaning in life from participation in a great cause rather than from taking some cheap drug, the effects of which I can't control any better than anyone else. Only on my "off days" though, do I waste any time on that one.

On Tuesday, after cleaning up all the cases which had arisen as a result of the blockade, I conferred with Tim and Bill and drew up a map and a statement which I had Tommy sign. Here they are:

THE NEO-AMERICAN CHURCH, INC.  
Millbrook, New York 12545

ARTHUR J. KLEPS, CHIEF BOO HOO  
DR. TIMOTHY LEARY, DIRECTOR  
SRI SANKARA, DIRECTOR  
WILLIAM MELLON HITCHCOCK, DIRECTOR

11/5/67

*TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN*

No visitors are permitted on the Hitchcock Cattle Co. estate at Millbrook, N.Y. unless invited by one of the following persons:

1. A member of the Hitchcock family or an employee of the Hitchcock Cattle Co.
2. Dr. Timothy Leary, or a person authorized by Dr. Leary to act as caretaker of the main house during his absence.
3. Mr. William Haines, or a person authorized by him to be in charge of the Sri Ram Ashrama area during his absence.
4. Mr. Arthur Kleps, or a person authorized by him to be in charge of the gate-house area during his absence.

NO PERSON SHALL CAMP IN THE WOODS ON THE ESTATE WITHOUT THE EXPRESS AUTHORIZATION OF A MEMBER OF THE HITCHCOCK FAMILY. ALL PERSONS LIVING IN THE WOODS WITHOUT SUCH AUTHORIZATION ARE HEREBY DIRECTED TO LEAVE THE PROPERTY AT ONCE.

Mr. Greg Roland is caretaker of the main house during Dr. Leary's absence and is directed to place any trespassers on the property under arrest and to destroy any unauthorized encampments anywhere on the property.

The attached map indicates areas of authority regarding the persons living on the estate who are not members of the Hitchcock family or employees of the Hitchcock Cattle Co.:

The area bounded by ——— lines is in the charge of Mr. Haines or his representatives and anyone living in the area must leave if so directed by him.

The area bounded by ..... is in the charge of Dr. Leary or his representatives (caretaker) and anyone living in the area must leave if so directed by him.

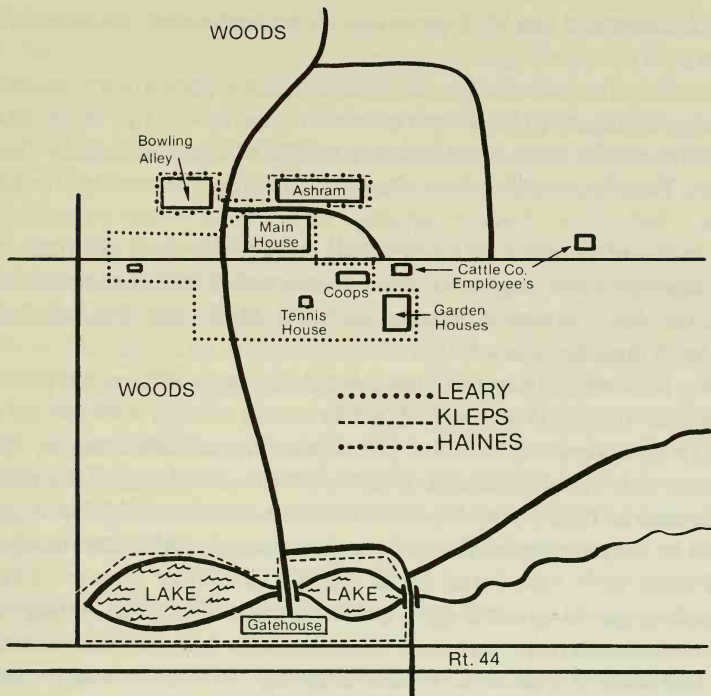
The area bounded by ----- is in the charge of Mr. Kleps and anyone living in the area must leave if so directed by him.

ALL PERSONS LIVING ON THE ESTATE, INCLUDING CATTLE CO. EMPLOYEES, ARE DIRECTED TO RESPECT THE AUTHORITY OF THESE PERSONS AND THEIR RIGHTS TO MAKE RULES CONCERNING THE USE OF TERRITORY IN THEIR JURISDICTION (ALTHOUGH FINAL AUTHORITY RESTS WITH THE HITCHCOCK CATTLE CO.).

No person may camp in the woods without direct authorization from a member of the Hitchcock family. Dr. Leary, Mr. Kleps, and Mr. Haines are authorized and requested to place under arrest any trespassers anywhere on the property.

---

Mr. Thomas Hitchcock  
for the Hitchcock Cattle Co.



Actually, maintaining security in a *well-organized* and *well-financed* retreat has never seemed much of a problem to me. With a few fog cannons of the type used by orange growers to protect their crops from frost loaded with a solution of LSD and DMSO (which penetrates almost anything organic as soon as it touches the surface, cures a variety of diseases, is dirt cheap, has few bad side effects, and is therefore illegal) strategically located and wired so as to blanket the area if any one of a dozen hidden alarm buttons were pushed, one might not only hold off but convert the enemy in droves, and cure cases of arthritis and cancer (throw in a little laetrile, panther piss and a niamid antagonist as well) for miles around to boot. Or even better, you might arrange to have your retreat *permanently* wonked in some kind of invisible and odorless gas of a psychedelic type. The residents would get used to it (it says here) but any and all visitors or intruders would have their ducks scrambled as soon as they set foot on your dock or entered your

gate. A moat and drawbridge wouldn't be bad either. At Mandalit, I plan to try everything.

The Ashram provided a six-foot square wooden sign warning visitors to stay off the property which I nailed to the front gate. Then I took the map and the letter to the *Millbrook Round Table* office. They were printed as the lead story in the weekly the next week.

In terms of public relations, we all concluded, once the dust settled, the blockade might not have been such a bad thing after all. Both the *Poughkeepsie Journal* and the *Millbrook Round Table* gave us sympathetic coverage.

Tim, as soon as Billy returned, decided to split. Plans were made for a tour of the West in Billy's Skymaster. Peggy and her latest boyfriend, a dealer from San Francisco named Ron Rakow, now manager of "The Grateful Dead" would go along. Tim might return and he might not. He wasn't saying. Sam and Martica Clapp would be staying at the Bungalow. Rosemary would remain at the Big House with Jackie and Susie and a "caretaker" named Gregg Roland, a working class type carpenter and all-round handyman who had recently appeared on the scene with a huge black woman and five brown children. What happened to the various League members no longer seemed to interest Tim in the slightest.

One evening, shortly before his scheduled departure, Tim appeared at the Gatehouse with a jug of wine.

"Art," Tim said, after we had settled down in my office with a couple glasses, "what am I supposed to do with those people?"

He waved his arm in the general direction of the Big House and the woods beyond.

"Damned if I know," I said. "Why, are they any worse than usual these days? I suppose they're a little up-tight because you're leaving."

"They're absolutely helpless," Tim said. "Apparently they expect me to support them for the rest of their lives. I'm not their guru, I'm their nursemaid."

I forebore reminding Tim of various statements he had made in the past which encouraged his people to take a completely impractical view of their situation at Millbrook. There was no point, I had learned, in reminding Tim of anything he had said in a previous incarnation, like last Tuesday.

I don't know if they ever verbalized it, but I think many members of Tim's contingent, the League members and various hangers

on, were attempting to accomplish some kind of "materialization" of the "group spirit" a la Houston and Masters. They were awaiting a miracle, and probably discussed their hopes among themselves but knew better than to confide any such thoughts to me or Haines or anyone likely to report back to us. We would have teased them unmercifully, and they knew it. People who sit around a campfire night after night getting stoned, with full moons floating o'er the mysterious hills and shadows dancing and dogs howling and so forth are much more likely to come up with that kind of thing than with practical plans on how to meet the fuel bills in the fall. The Indians in Alaska, among whom I lived one winter, never kept more than a few days' supply of wood cut ahead no matter how cold it got, and our Millbrook Indians were of the same disposition. To put it bluntly, I think they were dull enough to think primarily in terms of power magic and sly enough to know that even Tim wouldn't stand still for a frank verbalization of the program of the day in those terms, so they largely kept it to themselves.

I also think that Tim's real complaint with the League was that the members thereof were, generally, not very bright, but that he was too embarrassed to put it to me in those terms, knowing very well that the major reason the mean I.Q. was so ordinary was that all the smarties had been eliminated from the class. Mean I.Q. tends to fall if you pick fights with all the people at the upper end of the scale. And that was exactly what Tim had done since Millbrook started. When I asked him who "all those people" were he couldn't simply say "the League." He had to wave his arm in the general direction of Lunacy Hill and say, ". . . all of those people up there." He didn't want to call attention to the fact that what "all those people" had in common was membership in an old-fashioned secret, grandiose, magic-oriented cult which he had invented himself.

As far as Tim was concerned, the League was just a backdrop for his activities, a necessity of the role. The Audience expected it of him, so he did it. Like extras from Central Casting, they could all go home when the show was over, which is exactly what he told them to do when we were all evicted.

Various aspects of the situation, new to me, came out as Tim continued talking. Gregg had built a kitchen for Rosemary on the third floor. The servants' wing was to be closed off completely for the winter. The Aluminum Dreams had half of the second floor

and were driving Rosemary crazy with their practicing, which took place at any hour of the day or night they happened to be awake.

"What about the rest of the people?" I asked.

Tim shrugged and lifted his arms.

Well, that takes care of that, I thought.

"Listen, Art," Tim said, "would you type something out for me? Use official Neo-American Church stationery. I want you to sign this too, if you will."

I snapped on my nice new electric portable, a gift from Sam Clapp, which Tim admired inordinately (back in the hills, he was obliged, of course, to disparage all such "unnatural" devices). Tim's statement was a sort of bequest to Marshall McNeill, granting him absolute suzerainty over the regions of Lunacy and Ecstasy hills, hunting and fishing rights, and so on. We both signed it.

"Good," Tim said, folding the document and sticking it into his pocket, "maybe this will satisfy him but I doubt it. Of course, what I'm doing is giving away something I never had in the first place. Those people don't seem to understand that Billy and Tommy Hitchcock own this place, not me."

(And where had they gotten that idea?)

We had some more wine.

"Art, why don't you take over the Big House?"

I laughed. So did Tim.

"I thought that would be your reaction," Tim said. "Well, you will look after Rosemary, won't you? Let's go up to the house and put up some SPIN signs, anyway."

Why not. I called up the stairs to Wendy that I would be back in a couple hours, and followed Tim up to the house.

If anyone had told me, back in the early days, that someday Timothy Leary would offer me the Big House with no strings attached, and that I would refuse it without a moment's hesitation, I would have concluded that I was dealing with a poor prophet, indeed. Over the following years, however, I had learned, if nothing else, of the mysterious power of women and gold and the frailty of all arrangements, promises, gifts, and intentions which are not firmly rooted in earthly power. Tim could no more give me the Big House than he could give Marshall McNeill the woods. Billy had not contributed a nickel to me nor to Haines since he put \$1000 into the Catechism project. Things were working out exactly as Haines had predicted. The Hitchcocks clearly hoped that without support from them, we would all be forced to leave.

We were hanging on for the payoff—but, of course, hoping all the while that things would change. It wasn't time to expand. It was time to contract. How I would heat the Gatehouse during the winter was something I didn't even want to think about. Paying the bills at the Big House was completely out of the question. There were other considerations. Would Jackie respect my authority? No. Could I bring myself to kick him out of the family homestead if he, say, continued to leave dope lying around his room? (Jackie was busted for possession six or seven times altogether, being a firm believer in the "if your head is right you can't get hurt" theory.) No. Could I kick Gregg and his family out in the snow? No. Would Rosemary take a back seat to Wendy, as the leading female influence? No. Could I control the guests any of these people might bring in? No.

With enough money, I might have been able to control the people and with my own little xenophobic enclave composed exclusively of Kleptonian devotees I might have been able to attract money from people who wanted to be "with it," but I had neither the money nor the people necessary. If I moved into the Big House under present circumstances I would merely reduce my chances of coming out of all this a winner instead of getting lost in the shuffle. No, we would stick to the Gatehouse.

"How can you turn down all this, Arthur?" Tim asked as we stepped in the front door of the Big House. The ravages of amateur movie makers and hordes of egalitarian primitivists were clearly apparent. The place was a shambles. Like the houses one visits in dreams and never sees in "real" life, the Big House was constantly changing from one aspect to another. I knew it could come back—it had before—but I didn't possess the proper magic spells to pull it off.

"Better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven," I said to Tim as we climbed the stairs, which set him off on a series of Milton and Blake quotations. Rosemary, whom we found in her new kitchen, accepted a glass of wine but did not join in our mood, which had by this time become somewhat effervescent.

When Tim suggested that I join the League for Spiritual Discovery, since, as official protector of Rosemary and the Big House, it would only be proper if I did so, and immediately started putting me through a rapid-fire series of hocus pocus questions and answers, Rosemary interrupted:

"You realize that you're breaking all the League rules by doing

that, don't you?" she said.

Tim sighed resignedly, and desisted.

"It's just a game for the benefit of outsiders, Rosemary," he said. "I keep saying that and everyone keeps right on taking it seriously." I forbore mentioning that, in the case of The Neo-American Church, such confusion between religion on the one hand and mere organizational form on the other was impossible.

Then Tim lit into Rosemary. It was quite a display of mind over matter, or something. He had, he told me, his eyes glittering in an impish way, as if he were discussing some tricky abstract problem, been trying to explain to Rosemary that all games had to come to an end sometime. Now it was time for the Rosemary-Tim game to come to an end. Constant change was the rule of life. One must avoid like the plague getting trapped in outdated routines. They had had a wonderful trip together and now they should part before it deteriorated.

Rosemary kept saying "yes, Tim" and "I understand" and so forth. I said nothing. If I hadn't been half smashed I would have been acutely embarrassed. According to my standards, Tim and I were close enough so that we could discuss our private lives with each other, but I hardly knew Rosemary. I never talked to her. She just wasn't my type. I was sure that this little scene was producing a witch's brew of resentment and vengeful thoughts behind her bland exterior. True, she thought I was "funny," but I was sure that she went along completely with the general League occultist-egalitarian-primitivist ideological orientation and regarded Tim's offer to "give" me the Big House as an inexplicable betrayal of his true friends and of her.

To hell with it. Tim suggested we go around the house and put up our "Warning. Protected by SPIN." signs, which we did, and then I went home. Wendy was very amused by the whole business.

The next night we had a little farewell party, during which Billy, his usual polite self, took me aside and assured me that he would have invited me along on the trip also, but there just wasn't room for two more. Of course, if I wanted to leave Wendy behind . . .

No, I couldn't do that.

"Yeah, I knew you wouldn't, Art," Billy said.

Wendy and I spent the night in Jean McCready's room on the third floor (Jean, of course, was out in the woods). In the morning, the entire crew of jolly travelers appeared at the foot of our bed to say goodbye. Tim, who was radiating good spirits in all directions,

jumped in with us and embraced us both, a classic Learian display of affection which put Wendy in a good mood all day.

The view from Jean's room was beautiful. It was a warm, buzzing, late summer day. The windows were wide open yet there was no sound of traffic. On the third floor, you could easily forget the physical devastation and social disorder below.

"You know, Wendy . . ." I started to say.

"Forget it," Wendy said.

Otto was having a bad time of it. He had conceived a grand passion for Susan Shoenfeld which was not reciprocated, to put it mildly. Indeed, when Otto left the property to go back to his house in Woodstock, he had suffered many grievous emotional wounds because of Susan, directly and indirectly. For one thing, his hero, Billy, had shacked up with her in the bowling alley for a week or two. Since Billy had been assigned a place in Otto's hierarchy in which he could literally do no wrong (Otto saw Billy as his prince in exactly the same uncomplicated and straightforward way as a 12th century disinherited bastard would have looked at Frederick Barbarossa), Otto could not permit himself to feel jealous or resentful. When Tim kicked Susan out, Otto was devastated, because if Billy was the king, Tim was the Pope. Love and duty had been brought into terrible conflict. Otto's love was perfectly genuine, also; you could tell that by the completely idiosyncratic and "unreal" vision he had of Susan which did not at any point correspond to anything anyone else on the property thought about her. She was, according to Otto's dreamy-eyed descriptions, a veritable sugarplum fairy wafting gently o'er the greensward at eventide anointing the pansies with a thousand kisses from her virginal lips while distributing cookies to the Hobbits. Whenever he talked about her, which was incessantly, large old-fashioned valentines, framed in lace and exuding a delicate sachet, seemed to form in the air in front of his face, which took on an expression of beatitude in startling contrast to the rest of his appearance. "Gentle, delicate and pure," were some of his favorite descriptive adjectives. His impressions were so contrary to everyone else's that it was impossible to even try to contradict him.

When Otto left, with a \$100 check from Tim, he was, therefore, in pretty bad shape, but when he returned shortly after Billy and Tim left for the West, his condition could only be described as desperate. Not only did he look ghastly, his description of his

adventures was "over the line"—not just eccentric but clearly insane.

What he wanted from us, he told Wendy and me, were the two small rugs he had left with us for safekeeping. During his various peregrinations between Woodstock and Millbrook and, intramurally, between the Ashram, the League, my place and the Bungalow, Otto always managed to leave behind a confused trail of odd, but quite valuable possessions, including a gigantic armoire which he had shipped to the Bungalow (it was placed in the billiards room) and a large statuette, called "the Black Buddha" which he "gave" to Tim, Haines and Billy in turn. Haines loved it, and his variable distaste for Otto became hard and resentful when Otto took it back. Haines dearly loved his little Oriental trinkets, many of which were kept in glass display cases in his room.

The story of Otto's adventures in the outside world started out funny enough: he had spent an entire day rushing from one bank to another in New York trying to cash Tim's check. Naturally, the various tellers whom he approached shrank back in horror as this twitching apparition thrust an instrument bearing the signature of America's most infamous madman under their noses, and declined to honor it. When he got to the Bank of Tokyo, however, it was cashed, according to Otto, by some inscrutable Oriental without a moment's hesitation.

He had then paid a visit to "the Mafia's doctor," an old and trusted friend, by Otto's account, which had led to various complications which didn't make any sense at all. (What Otto was trying to accomplish by all this was left unclear.) As a result, he felt he had received "the kiss of death" and was being pursued by various agents of the underworld bent on his destruction. He could identify them by the particular color and design of the cowboy boots they were all wearing. The last one he had seen had been on the bus which had brought him back to Woodstock, where he found that his friends at the machine gun factory had "been paid off," and were turned against him and that a mob of "fake" hippies had invaded his house, making it impossible for him to live there.

"Oh, God," Otto moaned piteously, head in hands, slumped against the wall in our bedroom. "What am I going to do? I only have one hope left."

"What's that?" Wendy asked.

"I just hope I don't get bumped off by an underling," Otto said with perfect seriousness. "It would be a disgrace to the name

of Albenesius.”

We took him up to the Ashram, where we had been invited for a spaghetti dinner, the sauce of which turned out to be more than we bargained for. Otto had refused food, which was probably too bad, since a good dose of cannabis at that point might have made his paranoia more romantic and digestible, so to speak. Haines was sympathetic, as he usually was when someone was in genuine trouble, but he wouldn't take him back.

“Will *you* take him back?” Haines asked me.

No, I had to admit that I wouldn't. I couldn't afford to be drunk 24 hours a day, nor was I pretending that the Neo-American Church was modelled on the Salvation Army either. Something on the order of Lambeth Palace was more like what I had in mind. It was Haines, it seemed to me, who was doing the General Booth imitations . . . so let him live up to his act!

Otto finally agreed to a self-commitment. It wasn't his first and it wasn't his last. One time much later, Billy and I got him out of Bellevue and as we were driving away, I asked him if he had learned anything during this, his latest stay in a looney bin.

“Yes,” he said, with perfect assurance. “I learned how to levitate.” I was disinclined to ask for a demonstration. Otto's track record for doing the unlikely was too good. Today, Otto has finally achieved his fondest ambition: he is Billy Hitchcock's chauffeur. As an example of perseverance in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, I consider this conclusion to the story of Otto to be an inspiring message to one and all, and I present it here in the hope that it will serve as an example of virtue triumphant.

As fall approached, things seemed to get even more discontinuous and episodic than they had been previously. A garrison atmosphere prevailed. Gregg Roland came down to see me to talk about money and war. His first words were:

“Art, if you need another gun, just call me at the Big House.” He pulled a .38 out of his belt to show me he meant business.

Should have kept Otto, I thought to myself.

Yet, as Gregg went on to tell me what goes on up in his neck of the woods had prompted his offer, the brandishing of a .38 began to seem most appropriate and his suggestion reasonable and generous. Tim hadn't told me the whole story, not by a long shot. His precipitous departure, according to Gregg, had resulted from days of pressure on the Big House by a contingent of disaffected dwellers in the woods led by a black heroin dealer from Harlem and

his three man cadre of fellow hoodlums. They had beaten tom toms and shouted war whoops at night and then just moved in and taken over. The leader had said to Tim, "Listen, you may think that you're running this place but you're not. I am." Tim had gone into a song and dance about how the Big House was his "teepee" and that people had to respect each other's teepees and so forth, but to no avail. The only argument they respected was Gregg's .38. They were being held at bay, Gregg said, but only barely.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"What about the League guys?" I asked.

"Pffish," Gregg said, disdainfully, making a motion of contemptuous dismissal.

A few days later, the bad guys left, going through the pedestrian gate under the Gatehouse with a pair of wirecutters, and abandoning what I assumed to be a stolen car in my parking lot. Why they didn't leave by one of the open gates, I don't know.

I'm presently typing this book for the sixth or seventh time, to get it into columns for our tabloid cheapie edition. It is April 1, 1975, and I have to ask the reader to believe that at this moment I have just come to another realization about Timothy Leary. The son of a bitch never told me about the blacks *when we were putting up those SPIN warning signs all over the Big House*.

Thoughtful of him, wasn't it?.

A *Daily News* reporter and photographer showed up, and did a series of articles on the place. Haines at first refused to cooperate, and finally did so only after I argued that he would get better treatment if he did than if he didn't. I liked the reporter, who was a 52-year-old cigar smoking Damon Runyan type who quoted Aristotle in a heavy Brooklyn accent. Sure enough, the series turned out to be as sympathetic as anything we got in the underground press, if not more so. When the article on me and the church came out (it's reprinted in the *Boo Hoo Bible*), I called him up to thank him, and he told me that his editor had killed the last installment, which was supposed to sum things up, because it was too nice.

You never know.

It wasn't long after the great blockade that we heard that the Grand Jury sitting in Poughkeepsie was considering charges against some of the people on the property, news which cleared out almost all of the squatters, and it wasn't long after that when we were raided, in force, by the Dutchess County Sheriff's Department, which hit every inhabited building on the place except the farm and,

of course, the residence of the people who happened to own the joint and were “responsible,” if anyone was, for what was going on there. The Grand Jury returned indictments against Billy Hitchcock, Bill Haines, Tim Leary and me on various vague misdemeanor charges such as conspiracy to create a public nuisance and criminal “facilitation,” to which charges were added as a result of the searches, such as possession of amphetamine (prescription Ritalin from Joe Gross, clearly marked) in my case and marijuana in Haines’ case—a small stash found somewhere in the Ashram building. As usual, Jackie, in the Big House, was busted for possession of the weed and they got Gregg Roland for his .38.

## Chapter 43

# The Battle of the Sand-Belt

*The Church, the nobles, and the gentry then turned one grand, all-disapproving frown upon them and shriveled them into sheep.*

When half a dozen cops came through the Gatehouse door that morning of the big raid (the consequences of which I have just described) I was immediately arrested in my office and hustled out to a waiting van where I was handcuffed to Bill Haines, already seated inside. We both laughed. We hadn’t spoken to each other in some time, since Haines had taken exception to Tim making me “protector” of the Big House and had been further miffed by a joking “Orders of the Day” I had written in which I had said that the girls at the Ashram would be permitted to eat one or two cookies with every meal since they were “wasting away to mere shadows.”

“Well, Kleps,” Haines growled, “it’s nice to see you again although I must say I would have preferred different circumstances.”

“Likewise, I’m sure,” I replied.

I blew my nose and tossed the kleenex out the back of the van on the sand of the driveway, since I figured the place was already littered with the lowest trash imaginable and a little more wouldn’t make any difference.

The young deputy who was standing there in the nice warm sunlight (as soon as you are arrested you enter a world in which you are almost always only a few feet away from where you would rather be)

pointed to the kleenex and shouted to one of his superiors who was out of my view.

"Hey, the Boo Hoo just blew his nose in this. What should I do with it?"

"Put it in a vial," the reply came back.

Sure enough. He took a plastic vial from his pocket and stuffed the kleenex in it. Then he wrote something on the label. Haines was in stitches.

At the same time, I learned from Wendy later, other deputies were cleaning out everything in her kitchen which didn't look familiar and safe to them: whole wheat flour, wild rice, tamari, tahini, miso, bulgar, kelp, green noodles, sunflower, sesame and pumpkin seeds, camomile, ginseng and sassafras bark tea, and (aha!) anise, fennel and a dozen other spices which didn't look quite as bad but might be something *outré* from Peru nevertheless. The entire contents of the medicine cabinet went too, natch. They also found one of Maynard's old disposable syringes he got from Dr. Whoosis in New York in a corner somewhere (a vitamins and speed mixture). Wendy's account of these events is in *The Boo Hoo Bible*, as is a reprint of Tim's article called "The Great Millbrook Snot Bust" (I still wonder if they actually put it through a spectrograph) which he wrote for the *East Village Other* after he returned from California to give himself up on the Grand Jury charges. There are also some clippings from the *Poughkeepsie Journal*, one of which is a picture of Billy being fingerprinted while the great mooselike face of the sheriff hovers behind him, glowering righteously at this fake evidence of the law's impartiality in action. The heading reads, "'Outrage' Says Socialite." Fake, I say, because a few days later Billy's name was taken off the list and the name of "the Hitchcock Cattle Corporation" substituted.

It took Tim a couple days to get back from California and Billy even longer to return from the Caribbean. Not having bail, Haines, Jackie, Gregg and I were locked up in the Dutchess County jail, a nasty sinkhole in which persons, presumed innocent, awaiting trial are given only their cells and a narrow corridor to walk around in during the day. (Maximum security prisons are veritable luxury resorts compared to the average county jail.)

"Well, Kleps," Haines said that night from the cell next to me, "if I have to be arrested at all I can't think of anyone I would rather have standing next to me at the bar of justice than William Mellon Hitchcock. We'll be out of here tomorrow."

He was right, of course. When Billy was called, he immediately had his lawyer arrange bail for all of us. In the morning, we were all put in a van and carted back to Millbrook, where we signed some papers in the tiny storefront room and were freed.

When Tim returned he had Rosemary with him. After she left the property, she had gone to Ralph Metzner, who had evidently welcomed her with open arms, so to speak. Billy had bought a house in Sausalito for Priscilla and himself. One night, Tim had appeared in Priscilla's bedroom (Billy was away) in a distraught condition.

"Priscilla" he had asked, "what am I going to do about Rosemary?"

"Go get her," Priscilla had answered, with typical straightforwardness.

He had done so, and they had been remarried in a mountaintop ceremony in Arizona, which, according to Billy, had been something of a flop since a heavy fog had moved in at the crucial moment, Tambimutto had gotten falling-down drunk and several people, totally spaced, had become lost and freaked out among the crags. Ghastly screams and moans could be heard during the ceremony, which culminated in Tambi's throwing up all over his vestments. Because of this, and also to engender a little positive publicity following the raid, Tim wanted to hold another ceremony, with both Haines and me officiating.

Fine. It was too chilly to do it outdoors, so we all got dressed up and went over to the Bungalow with a television crew which had come up from New York. It was the old bunch again, all the communal egalitarian primitivists having disappeared like wraiths shortly after the raid. Tommy and Suzanne had moved back to their New York apartment, naturally, and Billy had not yet returned.

Once again, I had to marvel at the facility with which Tim produced exactly the right kind of scene for public consumption on a moment's notice. Surrounded by masses of flowers, Tim and Rosemary sat on a couch at the sunny end of the library attired in splendid robes, looking like the king and queen of Heaven surrounded by their court, while, in the main room adjoining, the TV crew looked around them in dazed disbelief at all this evidence of couth and wealth. An enormous mandala, painted by a Latin relative of Aurora's called Roberto, hung above the mantelpiece and flashed away by the light of a hidden strobe. Jack, the perfect

butler, dispensed refreshments from behind the bar. I don't think anyone had asked permission, and, if they had, how could Jack have refused? "Hey, Jack, we just want to use the library for a half-hour TV show, O.K.?" Once again, the public was getting an impression of Millbrook which involved beautiful people in a beautiful setting doing beautiful things. To top it off, here we all were congregated in the only place on the property which hadn't been searched—the landlord's house.

Bill performed the main part of the ceremony in his usual unctuous tones, and all I did was give a blessing: "May the Lord bless you and keep you and make his face to shine upon you, forever and ever, amen." I figured it couldn't do any harm and I even gave the old Christian boy scout salute. Since I had given up on the old son-of-a-bitch anyway, why not tell him what he wanted to hear in the inmost recesses of his soul, as it were? We both signed the marriage document, a long scroll prepared by Michael Green, which Tim and Rosemary thereafter always kept prominently displayed in their bedroom. When it was time for the interview, the TV man was extremely polite and even deferential. Every word Tim spoke was broadcast that evening. What he said was that the raid amounted to religious persecution and that we would resist to the end. What else could he say?

The information on which the search warrants were based had come from one Fintan O'Hare, who had been encouraged by his brother, a Catholic priest from Poughkeepsie, to visit the property and insinuate himself into our good graces in order to collect evidence against us. I couldn't remember ever seeing Fintan, who was a little pudgy fellow with a neat Vandyke beard according to the newspaper photos, but Haines remembered him and so did some of the League people. He had just hung around for a day or two. Someone may have passed him a joint; nobody knew for sure. Tim was genuinely outraged over this aspect of the whole business and actually sent a telegram to the archbishop of New York about it. Memories of a Catholic boyhood, no doubt. I suppose we could have burned down a cathedral or two in revenge, but we didn't.

Outside, after the TV crew left, I turned to Haines and made some remark about how smoothly everything had gone, and how fortunate we were that the shitty interior of the Big House had not been revealed to the pitiless gaze of the cameras.

"Yeah," Haines said. "I just hope this little show doesn't get me

in trouble with my probation officer.”

“Wha-a-a-at?”

Haines seemed greatly amused at my startled reaction to this revelation. What probation officer?

Well, it was a little family problem. His father claimed he had stolen some money from him and he had to make payments every month or go to jail. I remembered how, the previous winter, Haines had replied to my ritualistic “I’m sorry” when he had told me he was going to New York for his father’s funeral. He had said, “I’m not.” Well. The next question was: where had the money for his monthly payments come from? I knew better than to ask.

Tim and Rosemary went back to California.

Billy returned, gave himself up, was fingerprinted and photographed, spread a little soothing syrup around, invited me and Wendy to visit him in Sausalito, and departed. When the tickets arrived (from a travel agency Aurora owned in New York), we boarded a jet at Kennedy, and six hours later, were comfortably ensconced in a magnificent house overlooking the bay, wondering what all this was about. It wasn’t about anything, as it turned out. Just another demonstration of the magical power of money.

Tim attended one of our parties. “Tim,” I asked, during a lacuna in the general hubbub, “have you read *Ficciones*?”

“Yes,” Tim answered. “Incredible.” Then he changed the subject.

There was a cute South American girl present, to whom I had been expressing my admiration for Borges, to her evident delight, yet Tim passed up the opportunity to add a few well-chosen words, a highly uncharacteristic lapse. I retreated to the porch with a fresh drink and a fresh joint to look over Moonlight Bay, listen to the Moody Blues, and groove on the limpidity of the shining night, and all of that jazz.

“How the fuck any self-respecting intelligent acid head can get all excited about *Aleister Crowley*, for Christ’s sake, and ignore Borges and Nabokov is beyond my comprehension,” I said to Wendy, who had joined me.

“He doesn’t want other people to see how smart you are,” Wendy said.

“You mean it’s still the same old story, a fight for love and glory?” I asked. Wendy giggled and I relaxed.

A week later we returned, no richer and no wiser. Haines was disgusted with me. Why didn't I ask Billy this, why didn't I ask Billy that? Why didn't I get some money? How were we going to defend ourselves?

"He says not to worry," I replied. "What am I supposed to say to that?"

Of course, Haines and I were both assuming that the illegality of the attack would be matched by the illegality of the defense. Someone would get paid off and all the charges would either be dropped, or one or two fines would be paid, or things would simply be allowed to drag on forever without any resolution. Although, according to Billy, I was supposed to be "coordinating" the defense, I had no lawyer and no money. Haines had obtained the services of Noel Tepper. Billy had hired some local wheel, which irritated Noel and made Haines extremely suspicious. Tim had Mike Standard, a prominent civil rights lawyer in New York.

Sure enough—as I mentioned, Billy's name was taken off the indictment by the D.A. and Haines went into a frenzy of apprehension. Since you can't put a corporation in jail, all real pressure was off Billy according to Haines.

"Not really," I said, during one of the interminable discussions of our situation which went on at the Ashram. "He still can't afford to have us rat on him like giant squealing stool pigeons, and with no money to defend ourselves, how else could we get out of this? What we have here is a balance of terror. If we don't hang together, we will all hang separately."

Such strategic analyses on my part would mollify Haines considerably. His greatest fear, as usual, was that Tim and I would make separate deals with Billy and leave him out in the cold completely. When you added all the minor characters who were getting summoned to testify before the Grand Jury (including Wendy, although she was eventually excused because of advanced pregnancy), the situation became a murky stew of uncertainty and complexity. Anyone can be forced to testify against his friends in such proceedings if he is granted immunity from prosecution himself, and this device, originally intended (so they say) to protect the public from corrupt officialdom, is widely used for repressive purposes, as are all conspiracy laws, which destroy any meaning freedom of the press, speech, or assembly might otherwise have in such circumstances. Anything we had written or said to each other, indeed, the mere fact that we associated with each other, was

evidence of "conspiracy." *The Neo-American Church Catechism* listings of members and the fact that we four major ringleaders were all members of the Board of Toads of the church were frequently mentioned in the indictments. So was Tim's little pamphlet "How to Start Your Own Religion," which I thought contained so much good advice . . . for cults. Noel was confident that any "conspiracy" convictions would ultimately be reversed by the higher courts, but, of course, that is cold comfort to those who, unlike ourselves, would have to rot in jail while they made their appeals. Most of the people called before the Grand Jury lied their heads off, which I would say was morally correct, but Jean McCready ("Clean Jean") refused to testify on the grounds that it would violate her religious principles and got 30 days to think it over, as Rosemary had on a prior occasion. Even more morally correct, I would say, an A instead of a B, as it were. When the 30 days were up and she refused again she got another 30 days. Her boys moved into the Ashram. Prior to her second appearance, the D.A. (Rosenbladder, or something like that) allowed me to take her out for lunch with the kids and I slipped her a chunk of the lesser sacrament as big as a marble which she swallowed immediately. (See, Rosenbladder? It doesn't pay to be a "nice guy.") Unfortunately, the jurors and their choir director couldn't see the halo which formed over her head in court but Jean knew it was there, which was the important thing, I suppose. When Tim returned in the spring, he went to the jail and let her off the hook. He told her to go ahead and tell the truth, which she did. In terms of publicity, Jean's case probably did us some good, further reinforcing the widespread belief among the young that the legal system is the general enemy, but in immediate practical terms the whole affair had no influence whatever. All you had to do was take a look at the individuals comprising the Grand Jury, representatives of that segment of society which rules most of the small cities and counties in the country, to see why. They looked like effigies made of lard or, alternately, cardboard, animated not by nerves and blood but by some arcane force comprised of ignorance, stupidity, fear, greed and cheap ambitions conveyed into their circulatory systems by conduits from the underworld.

There may be a biological difference between the good guys and the bad guys of this world. I don't rule it out . . . but I admit it is a hypothesis which should be very gingerly held, if at all.

Exactly how far the sheriff was prepared to go was demonstrated by two follow-up raids which occurred a few weeks after the big one. The Gatehouse was left alone but the Big House and the Ashram were entered without warrants. In fact, one time, when some deputies knocked on the Ashram door and were refused entry because they had no warrants, the swine proceeded to smash the door down and arrested the two guys who had refused to open it for "failure to cooperate with a police officer." Jean's ten-year-old son, Cliff, was ordered to appear before the Grand Jury, although he was considered "too young" to visit his mother at the jail. He refused on religious grounds, and nothing was done about it. Jackie was busted again, and they cut his hair short, just to be nasty, during his overnight stay in the can. The savages were growing confident. The emptiness of our various threats of civil rights suits and so on was becoming apparent to one and all. The Hitchcocks weren't doing anything. All we had going for us was seemingly unlimited bail money and good newspaper coverage. To the everlasting credit of the *Poughkeepsie Journal*, I must say that they printed almost everything we gave them, demonstrating the same kind of fidelity to the higher standards of journalism which later distinguished the Fourth Estate during the later years of the Nixon administration. The media is now pretty well cowed on the LSD issue but not bad on pot. *Playboy* and *Consumer Reports* deserve honorable mention. I also have a list of "bad guys" and "bad shows" all of whom or which are, for the solipsist, just bad examples he must need or they wouldn't be there.

Wendy and I stayed in New York with Billy and Aurora for a few days prior to my flying down to Sarasota to visit Sally and the kids (Billy was commuting regularly 'twixt coasts at this point). Billy seemed genuinely pissed off over the latest "outrages." Yes, by God, he was definitely going to bring suit. I was in charge of "coordination." This time, those miserable assholes had gone too far. We would keep them so busy travelling to federal court in New York that they wouldn't have time to hand out parking tickets in Dutchess County . . . and so forth and so on. I had heard all of this before, but I was encouraged to believe that this time maybe Billy meant business because of an incident which occurred with Tord Svenson, who had been busted in his garage laboratory in Boston for possession of grass and peyote, in small quantities, which made it look like a pretty good test case for the religious argument. A lawyer in Boston named Oteri had recently made a name for

himself by coming close to getting a Supreme Court hearing under the "pursuit of happiness" clause, among other things. If we could approach the court with the same arguments in Tord's case, and add the religious argument because of his membership in the church, perhaps we would swing over the one justice necessary to get the case on the calendar. When I told Billy about it, in the midst of a late, drunken supper with Sam, Martica, Aurora and Wendy at the 21 Club, he reacted in a very positive way, and suggested that I invite Tord to a dinner we were to have at "Mummy's Place" the following evening—Mummy being away, but always happy to have the kids get together and raid the icebox, as it were.

If she could have seen Tord, and, as it turned out, toothless Tambi, who was having dentures made at Peggy's expense, daintily dipping their pinkies in her finger bowls and quaffing large quantities of her champagne, I'm sure she would have cautioned the staff to count the silverware. Tord was in a state of shock (*floating flowers* in the fingerbowls?—I couldn't quite believe that one myself) and I don't think his girlfriend said a word all evening. Oteri, Tord informed us, wanted \$25,000 to take it all the way. In those surroundings, a lousy 25 grand sounded like an amount you might budget for entertainment between Christmas and New Year's. No flicker of emotion appeared on Billy's face when the amount was mentioned.

"O.K." Billy said. "What I want you to do, Tord, is call Oteri and tell him to fly down tomorrow. We'll talk it over."

Tomorrow happened to be the day before Christmas. On Christmas, Billy was flying back to the West Coast. The next day, while Tord and I were on the way to visit a mutual friend in the Village, I asked him what Oteri had said. Tord hadn't called him at all.

"Oh, come on Art," Tord said by way of explanation, "Billy isn't going to do anything. Why should he give me \$25,000? Besides, Oteri has a family. Why should he fly down here? If Billy's serious, he can see Oteri after the holidays."

Which was the end of "that one," naturally.

Tord and his practically mute girlfriend went back to Boston where he copped a plea for probation.

Shortly thereafter the following paragraphs appeared in Lisa Bieberman's *Psychedelic Information Center Bulletin*:

"Despite comments in the previous Bulletins, on the futility of

joining the Neo-American Church, I still get inquiries about it, and letters from kids who say they have been appointed "Boo Hoos," as if this entitled them to some special consideration. If there is any doubt left of the fact that the Neo-American Church will not help anyone, legally or spiritually, consider the case of Tord Svenson. Tord joined Art Kleps' church in 1965, shortly after it was founded, and was appointed to the "Board of Patriarchs" and given the title "Keeper of the Divine Toad" by Kleps, who apparently considered this a high distinction. Tord helped Kleps with both money and labor, perhaps more than any other single individual, except for millionaire Hitchcock, who decided last year that Art would make a fine addition to his human zoo in Millbrook. When Art was jailed in Florida, Tord was one of the people who helped bail him out—with the money Art never repaid. He spent months with Art at Morning Glory Lodge and later at Millbrook, and was frequently urged to stay permanently. A few months ago, Tord's home was raided, and he was charged with possession of marijuana and peyote. If there ever was going to be a test case of the legitimacy of the Neo-American Church and the right of its members to possess the "true host," which in Art Kleps' definition includes both marijuana and peyote, this would have been it. One could not name another member who had been more consistently active in the church, or more deserving of help from its leader. But Tord did not get a penny from Kleps or from Hitchcock. Hitchcock showed a passing interest in a religious defense, abandoned the idea when he discovered the costs would not be tax deductible. Faced with the gap between reality and pleasant theories spun at lakeside, Tord realized that he could not win a religious defense on his own. How can you tell a judge you're the "Keeper of the Divine Toad"?

"Tord pleaded guilty and was fined \$200 and put on probation for three years. He will be a long time paying his legal expenses. When I returned with him from the courthouse, we found a piece of mail from Millbrook waiting at his house. It was a plea for contributions for legal defense of Millbrook's "community", signed by Leary, Kleps and Bill Haines.

"I understand this same plea for contributions has appeared in the *Village Voice* and other papers . . . Sending money to Millbrook makes about as much sense as sending it to the Mafia. Save your money, or give it to a cause where it will mean something."

I haven't seen Tord since.

My TV interview was staged in Billy's apartment's living room, and I appeared on the screen with a Christmas tree to one side and a giant stuffed teddy bear on the other. I was smashed. In as deliberate and matter-of-fact a tone of voice as I could muster, I described the various forms of illegal persecution we were enduring on the estate and topped it off by threatening to fly over New York City and spray the place with an artificial fog of acid. This got a rise out of the *Wall Street Journal*, which printed a "what is the world coming to?" editorial on the front page the next day. Actually, if a mist of acid had descended on Wall Street that winter most of the younger brokers and bankers would probably have said to themselves, "well, stoned again," and swung right along with it. The flashier electronic issue might have enjoyed a slight vogue, while life insurance companies might have been sold short, but I doubt if much else would have happened.

On Christmas Eve, Wendy, Aurora, Billy and I went to a little party at VanWolf's apartment, which, I suppose, might have served as a demonstration of how far things had gone in cafe society circles in New York. Little cut glass salt dishes filled with cocaine sat on every table, complete with tiny spoons with which to lift the stuff up to your nose. A huge black man, dressed in full livery, sat behind another table rolling double length joints for the guests. Many people who didn't indulge dropped by, but none of them seemed to think the scene was exceptional in any way.

Since my father's old church, Emmanuel, at 88th and Lexington, was only a block away, Wendy and I decided to attend the midnight service, which turned out to be a mistake. In my father's day, the place had been jammed during every Christmas service, the organist and the choir had been superb, and the sermons, although hardly intellectual flights of fancy, had always come across as deeply felt expressions of faith and celebration of the birth of the God. But the church had eventually fallen on bad times. The choir was weak, the organist was amateurish, the sermon was flat and dry, the place was only half filled and the building seemed to have shrunk to half its normal size.

"Well, Wendy . . ." I said, as we left.

"You can't go home again," she finished for me. Wendy was always finishing my sentences for me, in typical Geminian super-communication fashion. Whenever we got stoned together, her facility in following my thoughts approached spooky dimensions.

No matter how convoluted my ideas or cryptic my form of expression, she always got it right away. Geminians are almost never a drag although they certainly can be quite a pain in the ass if anything weightier than just sitting around shooting the shit is at stake.

The day after Christmas I flew down to Florida. Sally had separated from her husband. She was now a computer programmer. The kids looked fine. Sally's mother was the same as ever, that is, drunk and mean. We went to visit Steve Newell's wife, who lived nearby. Steve's teen-age sons, and their friends, were all turned on of course, and their attitude towards me blew Sally's mother's mind. The whole old *Weltbilt*, preserved in vitro, so to speak, by all these lonely women was not, evidently, being communicated to their children and yet it was to make their views of life prevail that most of them had moved to Florida in the first place. Florida and Southern California are full of these mothers, living on alimony and support payments, who "won" in a contest of wills with their husbands and who must now watch their prizes disappear before their eyes in a cloud of pot smoke. Their subculture has a strange, static quality which I have not seen anywhere else, except perhaps among the Indians of the Southwest. I don't suppose there are any historical precedents for it. Where else have so many women had the power to live by themselves, and bring up their young children, free of male protection and control, except in modern America? What has it produced? A certain kind of nightmare, I would say, just as societies in which there is too much undiluted masculinity produce another kind of nightmare. Almost always, it is the law, and coercive power in general, which conjure up such monstrosities. Left to themselves, men and women will make a deal which will be satisfactory to both sides. Armies run by men and households run by women, however, serve well the purposes of the coercive state, which needs the first for aggrandizement and the second for support of things as they are. The first rule of fascism, perhaps, is to separate men from women.

When I got back to Millbrook, it looked good, even if it was cold and falling into ruins. At least it meant something. What, I wasn't always sure, but something.

The balance of the winter passed like a bad dream. Before the eviction notice came all we did was talk about how we would put the place on a self-supporting basis in the spring, and after the eviction notice came, all we talked about was the case and how

much we could hold up the Hitchcocks for and where we would go and what we would do after we left. I made a couple speaking trips, one to a small college in West Virginia where I debated Sidney Cohen, and another to Cincinnati, where I debated my old adversary, Meat Hook Baird, on T.V. On both occasions I was drunk, tired, and ineffectual. The wind had gone out of my sails. There was nothing about the situation in which I found myself that made me feel either heroic or wise or a particularly good example for others. I wasn't even getting stoned regularly, since it was too dangerous to keep anything in the house, and one couldn't very well go outdoors in the snow for more than a brief stroll. The Meditation House, of course, was deserted. Everything we were doing was defensive and selfish and completely contrary to the emotions which had brought me to Millbrook in the first place. Have another drink, Kleps. Let's go over to the Ashram and watch television.

Evenings at the Ashram that winter, with everyone seated in the gloom of the press room (heated by a big potbellied stove) watching the tube, were grim and uninspiring occasions. Appropriately, we would occasionally relieve the tedium by playing monopoly and penny ante poker. Haines, naturally, had developed several standard routines which he would trot out whenever things threatened to get too morose, and, I must admit, they worked, at least to the extent of preventing "double binds" among his followers adding to the objective difficulties in which we were mired. Self criticism was not permitted. Everything was Tim's and Billy's and Tommy's fault (not to speak of the sheriff's) and, by dint of constant repetition and explosive outbursts of seemingly genuine anger at anyone imprudent enough to offer a deviant analysis, he had managed to produce a kind of official doctrine on the subject, as rigid and unforgiving as Stalinist ideology of the Thirties, complete with a mangled history of events which allowed the bad guys only bad moves and bad motives and good guys only good moves and good motives. When someone would ask, ritualistically, "How are we going to get out of this?" or some variant of that basic question, he would roar "Blackmail! That's how we're going to get out of this. Do you know of any great religion that was founded on anything else?" and, before anyone could object, launch into one or more stories from his inexhaustible stock demonstrating the venality and deviousness of all the great founders of religions from the past.

After the eviction notices came in the mail the tension level on the property actually went down instead of up. At least the battle lines were clearly drawn for a change. Billy called shortly after the notices arrived (Tim, in Berkeley, had gotten one too, Haines determined by phone as soon as he got his) and assured us that none of this was his doing even though his name was on the notice along with Tommy's, and that he would "help" us relocate. Bill and I had learned through bitter experience not to interpret promises of "help" coming from Billy, as anything more than expressions of sympathy—if not condolence. Haines and I solemnly agreed not to be taken this time. Cash on the barrelhead—that was the ticket. We wouldn't budge an inch without it.

Wendy had her baby, a girl, whom we named Kristen, much to Wendy's parents' disgust. Now that they had their million, they were starting to act Jewish again, Wendy told me. The kid's name reminded them that their daughter had fallen into the clutches of a German tyrant who was using weird drugs instead of poison gas to destroy Jewish youth, but they doted on the baby, who turned out to be a super-lively good-natured little number, as soon as they saw her. As for Wendy, all her former vague dissatisfactions and resentments disappeared like smoke. To her, the problems which absorbed Haines and me and the rest of us on the estate ceased to have much emotional weight. She and her baby would survive quite well, no matter what happened. (They have, I am happy to say.)

Tim didn't lose much time getting back after the eviction notices came, and, because I had a typewriter and a telephone, our councils of war were held at the Gatehouse.

When Tim and Rosemary came over one evening so Tim could do his accumulated legal and business chores, the rest of us watched T.V. The movie, "Freud" was on, much to Rosemary's, Wendy's and my amusement, but Tim's irritation with this evidence of his least favorite psychological theorist's mass media success was undisguised.

"Tim hates Freud," Rosemary said.

"That's right," Tim sharply confirmed from his corner, and then abruptly returned to rattling my electric prayer wheel.

"What do you think, Arthur?" Wendy asked.

"I'm ambivalent," I said, feeling like a Peter DeVries character.

Freud had a wedge of the human pie down pat, I would say, and anyone who thinks otherwise is a wishful thinker. Jung, on the

other hand, had nothing down pat, but he certainly stuck his fingers in a lot of pies, and *identified* a lot of stuff, including synchronicity, which he didn't understand in the slightest. The T.V. reception that evening, by the way, was terrible. End of Peter DeVries imitations.

In retrospect, I think Haines' easy agreement with Tim's plan to hold out and set a good example of passive resistance for the rest of the movement was given because he expected such a posture might raise the ante. It would convince Billy and Tommy we meant business. Again in retrospect, I think Tim probably recognized that such was Haines' motive, and that he didn't like it, since it made Tim the "bad guy" as far as the Hitchcocks were concerned and cast Bill and me in the role of just two more dummies operating under his hypnotic spell who would reap all the benefits and quite possibly claim afterwards that we hadn't meant a word we had said and reap more benefits as Billy's friends rather than his enemies, while Tim was left out in the cold. What Tim probably expected to happen was that Bill and I would refuse and insist instead on selling out, at which point Tim could have told his followers (and the press) that resistance was impossible because of lack of unity, putting all the blame on Haines and me, taken his cut, and split. This would have secured his position with the egalitarian primitivists (he was involved with Hoffman and Rubin at the time, and making plans for a nudist parade at the Democratic convention in Chicago), not hurt his relationship with Billy much, avoided any further legal problems and filled his pockets all at the same time. At that point, however, I wasn't quite as cynical about Tim's political manipulations as I am today, nor was I following the convoluted ramifications of it all the way Haines, who freely admitted that he lay awake nights plotting out every possible alternative and hatching one intricate scheme after another, undoubtedly did. I was amazed at Bill's agreement, and I sincerely believed that Tim meant business. As the opening scene in this book demonstrates, I was wrong. When Tim saw that things weren't going his way because they were going his way, so to speak, he solved the problem in characteristically Learian fashion: suddenly, everything he had said or done earlier became "inoperative." If he didn't get his furniture back, he would go over to Tommy's side. If Tim found he was holding a low hand, he could always pull out of his sleeve a blank card with a crayon attached.

Tim's and Rosemary's abrupt departure from Millbrook didn't seem to surprise Haines in the slightest, but I was pissed. The credibility of any threats from Haines and me to offer passive resistance or put anyone "in the cells right next to us," had been considerably reduced by Tim's defection. In order to correct any assumption that a vicious vendetta was no longer a possibility, I started making extremist statements to the press. In one interview with *The Millbrook Round Table*, I accused Tim of "turning tail" and compared my guru's attitude towards the Hitchcocks as being in the same category with the "Irish peasants' veneration for the rich Englishman on the hill." "That should show the furniture lover," I thought to myself on delivering that insult, which I knew would irritate Tim beyond measure, since it was completely contradictory to the image he wanted to produce with the egalitarians, and would probably also alarm the Hitchcocks, as an example of the kind of brutal "realism" which I might be expected to express in court as well as to the press, if pushed too far.

Haines was delighted. I could almost sense a desire on his part to pat me on the head. I was acting like a good bullheaded German boy for a change. When, in another interview with the *Poughkeepsie Journal*, I suggested that a "deal" had been made between the Hitchcocks and the Dutchess County authorities, Haines' admiration knew no bounds. I was his fair-haired protector once again. He immediately put in a call to the West Coast and convinced Billy to send him a ticket and arrange a tour of Arizona to look at property for the Ashram. That didn't bother me a bit. I had finally decided that if we were going to play dirty rat games, I would be the filthiest rodent in town.

"When you see Billy," I told Haines as he prepared to leave, "tell him I have completely flipped my cork and that you fear for the safety of one and all unless I am well taken care of."

When Billy called me from Arizona, he was most agreeable and came right to the point. He was giving Haines \$25,000, but since that sum had to provide for the entire Ashram, and I only had Wendy and the baby to worry about, how about \$10,000 for the Neo-American Church? If not, I could come out to Arizona and he and I could look for a "little home on the range" which would suit my tastes.

Screw Arizona. I wanted to go to Vermont. I took the \$10,000 and Wendy and I drove up to North Hero Island on Lake Champlain where I immediately located a nice little house on the shore

facing east over the smallmouth bass fishing grounds where I had spent many happy summers as a child. I would put the house in the name of the church and start writing. It was not to be. Somehow, we ended up in a house I couldn't afford which we bought with Wendy's father's help on South Hero Island (where Ethan Allen, one of my heroes, had his last drunk) facing west towards the missile sites south of Plattsburgh, and I didn't write a word all summer. It was a good example of how hard it is to escape the patterns of the *I Ching*. Everyone at Millbrook, ever since the raids started, had been getting Chings directing them to the South West, which (besides the actual geographic orientation) represents, according to established Chingian doctrine, retreat, while the North East represents advance.

When Wendy and I returned to Millbrook to arrange for our furniture to be trucked up, we arrived one day after the eviction notice took effect. We came in from the East gate, and stopped at Jimmy's house, a little white job next to the abandoned kennels on the road between the Bungalow and the Big House. Jimmy had just moved out and Ed, Marshall, Pat, Jean and the kids were staying there, having been given a small extension on the eviction order, since they had nowhere to go and no money to get there with. I think they were too proud to ask Haines for sanctuary with the Ashram. The Ashram buildings were bare. We rumbled on down to the Gatehouse over all the old potholes and that spring's new additions. A stained-glass window I had installed was broken and swinging open. Inside, all was disorder. Our stereo was gone. Someone had used our two fire extinguishers to spray everything in sight with foam. Later I learned, on good authority, that this deed had been done by "some kids from Woodstock," as long haired and freaky looking as ourselves. We hired a truck and driver, loaded up, and left. It was a fitting end.

## Chapter 44 A Postscript by Clarence

*We were in a trap, you see—a trap of our own making.*

I have had further adventures at Millbrook since, but they belong in another volume. *That* Millbrook never returned. It ended, as it had begun, in confusion and paradox, a seething

distillation of seemingly incompatible elements representing all the great motions of human nature from the top to about half-way down, from as many angles as one could tolerate. When I find, while stoned, that I have some generalization to offer about the patterns of conduct and fate which generally prevail in this life and world, I will almost always illustrate whatever I have to say with some example drawn from those days and people. My highest ambition is to create, some day, a super-Millbrook which will be just as diverse and crazy, and just as beautiful and satisfying—the “Mandalit” I have already described.

I am just as stoned as anyone I know, if not more so, and I do not wish for a “simple” life. Millbrook was just fine. I enjoyed every minute of it, even when I was miserable. It was the only place where I have ever lived in which I found it possible to love my enemies. The generation of hatred only began when one was forcibly removed. No matter how desperate things got internally, the place somehow almost never produced true anxiety in anyone, perhaps because everything that happened was either obvious or incomprehensible, just like the people. Also, nothing lasted long enough to permit anyone to work up a real case of nerves over it, and, with the exception of Otto, who was perhaps too pure for Millbrook, you could always find someone else willing to join you on whatever trip you wanted to take. It’s the only way to live.

In 1969 I distributed peyote to a small band of the faithful on the Washington Mall, not far from the famous art collection of Billy’s famous ancestor. When the forewarned police refused to arrest me, I plunked a bagful down on the desk of the Chief Counsel of the Justice Department, secure in the knowledge that “Bungalow Bill” had promised to see the thing through by getting the money necessary to appeal to me through a most cooperative National Students’ Association. Very reluctantly, the government charged me with possession of peyote. Tim, at that time intent on running for Governor of California, refused to help by word or deed. Billy’s associates in the “Orange Sunshine” manufacturing deal, Owsley, Scully and Sands, went to work on Billy—and he welched again, taking a little trip to Europe at the crucial moment. The Fates handed me my consolation prize: a 17-year-old blonde and brilliant beauty from the National Cathedral School knocked on my door in Washington to do an interview for a term paper. I went to live with her in Northampton, Mass. because she was enrolled in Smith for the fall term. We were arrested for lewd and

lascivious cohabitation. Things became not only Kafkaesque but pathetic. After being arrested thirteen separate times (I did only four months of actual servitude), I took refuge first at Millbrook with Billy, who had become a mere tenant himself, living in Clum's old house, after selling out his half-interest to Tommy to cover a million dollar loss he suffered in an attempted takeover of Armour meatpacking by General Host Corporation, and then, after Billy welched on a couple more things, at the Ashram's ranch at the termination of Mescal Road, just a few miles northwest of Benson, Arizona, where the scorpions and the tarantulas roam.

Ideologically, everything went to hell in 1969. On the issues important to us, the mass media could not be expected to do better than the supposed counter-culture media, and that was securely in the hands of the "infantile communists" who were willing to tolerate Tim's by then deliberately vague effusions about higher consciousness as the life style side (the "women's page" side) of what they firmly believed to be a *moral* revolution or revulsion of the young against the old, a sociological event, thus putting the cart before the horse. Indignation against social injustice was universally pictured as the ruling passion of legions of kiddies, who, of course, began to believe it, and the word "Enlightenment" ceased to be heard, except in private, where I heard it just as often as I ever had—as soon as the joint was passed and people began to talk about what really mattered to them, instead of the things they were told ought to matter to them. Consistent with this P.R. triumph of the tribal vision, the Neo-American Church receded into obscurity and Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin ruled the roost. 69 is not a good number. Perfect balance, perfect equality, is a perversion which produces nothing.

Billy still lives, when he is in town, in Clum's old house, the walls of which are covered with enormous Tibetan *tankas* (the Dalai Lama, I noticed on the bill, got a \$1,000 tip as part of this deal) and Otto's black buddha sits placidly next to the pool in the sauna rooms in the basement. Tommy leased the Big House to a rich couple who live there alone, except for their servants. The Gatehouse is also rented out and the Hurdles have moved back into the "grey buildings."

The above paragraphs sound like fiction because everything is so neat and "right" in the sense that one would use the word to describe a story or a script. I couldn't write it any differently if I

wanted to, because the facts are available to anyone who wants to look them up. The Ashram did end up in the desert at the termination of *Mescal Road*. It was *General Host* against a slaughterhouse company. Billy did lose his interest in the estate and moved into Clum's house. I went to jail exactly 13 times. Furthermore, I was found innocent of lewd and lascivious cohabitation, of which I was guilty, but guilty of everything else, of which I was innocent. And while all that was happening to me, Tim was being tried, convicted and imprisoned in California because Jackie left a joint in an ash tray—right after he dumped on my test case as an example of "bad timing." When he escaped, I left the Ashram in Arizona and made a deal with Mike Duncan that restored me and the church to a functioning public life.

As these examples demonstrate, the end of Millbrook by no means meant that my life ceased to have outstandingly dramatic and archetypal features, in fact, it may be that I learned more during the *Inferno* period in the jails and the alcoholic wards than I had at the Gatehouse, although I hope this admission will not encourage the Fates (that other "I") to try it again. "All cattle are driven to the pasture with blows," is one great lesson I have fully absorbed, I hope. I now get moving when I smell clover.

In terms of the profound categories of Skinnerian metaphysics, Millbrook, it seems to me, was a carrot rather than a stick and if I had given the carrot the attention it deserved nothing evil would have befallen the place. I believe this is true of everyone who lived there, *as individuals*, and, although I have wasted a lot of breath on the subject, I don't think the factional disputes determined anything at all; all of that is ephemera of the second order. "Those who are rich and great seem to know everything and own everything," Lao-tze said to Confucius as he was checking out a book, "but they only serve to illustrate human folly." Those wise words did not prevent Confucius from persisting in his futile search for votes, because, without Enlightenment, they sound like sour grapes. Only when you know that life is your dream do you see clearly that what seem causes to other men are often effects, and effects causes—the Snazzm teleology of any dream.

I take all the blame (which does not mean that you should not take all of it also). I didn't play my role well enough to justify the scenery.

But, what the hell, I never claimed to be perfect. It was still a good show and one can only resolve to do better next time.

When I look back on it, of course, I usually don't see these profound lessons inscribed on the landscape in letters of fire, but rather a host of little unconnected interludes, vignettes, heads poked out of windows to offer a cheery greeting. People and places and deeds from '64 are mixed up with people and places and deeds from '68. The threads of lives are so intermixed that an enormous tangle is formed which no book could possibly unravel. The dance goes on, as Tim was fond of saying. Writing as I am now, in 1976, I think I can say without much fear of contradiction that we are well advanced out of the ooze of the booze age and into the warmth and light of the marijuana age. The acid age hasn't even started yet. This is the "politics of the centuries," kids, not the hula hoop business. When Christopher Columbus was sent back to Spain in chains that didn't mean the colonization and exploitation of the "New World" was over. When America was discovered, the consciousness of Europe was altered, liberated, beyond all possibility of cancellation. To believe in the other world as in the case of the famous pie in the sky is one thing. It is another thing entirely when you know you can get there by buying a ticket.

The extraordinary general harmlessness of the revolution in consciousness which began on the day that Timothy Leary decided to play this one for keeps will someday be recognized and wondered at by everyone. The bloodiest wars in history have not accomplished one hundredth as much change in the general scheme of things as we have with our little pills.

I do not presume to speak for those who live on the other side of the tracks or world, but, in these parts, the groundwork has been done. Unlimited cheap power through fusion reactors and solar converters, fully automated factories, houses grown from seeds, and chimp domestic servants who will love their work and behave like true Christians are all on the way. The technological and chemical solutions to most diseases already exist and are only being suppressed by rationalizations so specious and denials so hysterical that only the most primitive manifestations of the repetition compulsion can account for them. The social systems which presently bar the gates of Farmer Brown's garden to Peter Rabbit, although fueled by greed, are only supported by the crumbling foundations of secular and religious philosophies (Judeo-"Christianity," Freudeo-Marxism) which never made much sense in the first place or had much joy to offer, and have only survived so long because, with a unanimity which ought to arouse

the suspicions of any rational investigator, they have everywhere and always suppressed the knowledge of the psychedelic agents, and, through terrible proscriptions, the fury of which ought to arouse the suspicions of any rational investigator, savagely punished their use when the devices of slander and obfuscation failed.

These decrepit spook shows, and the senile social order supported by them, are now in the throes of their final agony, asphyxiated, as it were, by billows of a smoke to which they are fatally allergic which filter up to the sick-room from the nursery below. Only a totalitarianism such as Mao's, violently and suddenly instituted, could now stop the advance of the psychedelic religion, and I do not see that card in the deck, although I don't doubt for a moment that the average Baptist Republican would rather convert to "Atheistic Communism" than liberate his frozen imagination, if forced to choose.

Before it comes to that, the psychedelic religion, represented, I hope, by the Neo-American Church, will achieve victory over horseshit in these parts. As empiricists and rationalists, as was Our Father Hume, we will create a social order which will conform to fact instead of fancy, and a style of life, a culture and an art, which will be the fanciful wonder of the world, and an irresistible seduction to millions of minions elsewhere. We do not need force. The pill is mightier than the bomb.

Why?

Because psychedelic experience can and does eliminate the fear of death.

I maintain that every time one takes a trip, that fundamental, crippling fear is shaken, weakened, intimidated. A kind of war goes on between the alternative personalities within the Psyche, between those that live by virtue of the repression of this fear and those who advocate a more belligerent policy to the general electorate, as it were. Every trip strengthens the war party and shows up the other side for the snivelin' cowards they are at heart.

Death cannot be viewed the same way by a person who denies the externality of relations and a person who thinks the other way. The analogy of ordinary nighttime dreams hold good. Death, a frequent occurrence in dreams, usually leads to an abrupt change from one dream to another, or, and the distinction is merely one of nomenclature, to an "awakening." It is, therefore, simply *no problem*, a fact attested to by everyone who has died. It is an

illusion like everything else. As for good old George now laid out with the lilies, there may be reason to feel sad, but there is no reason to be shaken or horrified. If the story is to move, people have to come and go. George was just another passing compound image in the eternal dream as are we all, but the dreamer, and you are the dreamer, lives on. There are no metaphysical difficulties involved, from a Snazzm point of view. No reason for "double binds." There are little trips and big trips. Sometimes acts change and sometimes plays, but the show goes on, as long as you want it to.

Nothing holds. All is transformation. I can't supply a soothing chaser of cosmic minds and oversouls and such, or we will have "metaphysical difficulties." It is your mind. It is not plural. If the truth is strange, it will sound strange also.

"The gods of the hills are not the gods of the valleys" said Ethan Allen. Neither are the idioms. Interesting that six movies have been made about Billy the Kid and not one about Ethan.

True, I sometimes say it is my mind and I sometimes say it is your mind (I never say it is our mind) but there is no contradiction in this because I believe I am talking to myself, and there would be no difficulty in it for you if you believed you were talking to yourself. You can only argue against my logic if you assume that I assume what I deny.

"Let the dead bury the dead," said the founder of a great religion, which has become very fucked-up for various reasons and is no longer competitive in my opinion. The words of the founder, nevertheless, are easily understood as metaphors for psychedelic truths, and the above is but one example.

It is all an illusion—but it is an illusion maintained with all the power of the universe and the mind, which are one. To live in this truth is an all but unbearable ecstasy which cannot yet be endured for more than a few hours every now and then, but one may live close by in peace and happiness.

The instrument for demonstrating the truth of these assertions is readily available and may be purchased for about \$5 or 5% of your fear of death from Spanish Eddy around the block.

All the hysteria is due, not to the failure of LSD to provide answers to these basic questions, but to the fact that the answers are getting too close for the comfort of the party which wants peace at any price.

It is an outrageous insult to their sense of the fitness of things that certain persons should be permitted to purchase from Spanish Eddy for \$5 a hit that which our glorious ancestors could not obtain for all the tea in China. Tut, tut.

Vast libraries are revealed to be full of shit. Tish, tosh.

Centuries of struggle for control of the educational process come to naught, as the contending factions are *both* overwhelmed by a greater force.

Heaven forbid!

Terrible sacrifices to uphold various doctrines are shown to have been based on a fundamental misunderstanding made by all parties doing the sacrificing. It is an insult to English Lit.

Nagarjuna, in the *Mulamadhyama-karika*, says, "Nothing exists anywhere, whether we conceive of it as born of itself or of others or of both or of no cause whatever."

If this world is an illusion, then this book is an illusion. I wrote it, but you made it up. You have to assume that if you want to follow me.

The external world *is* your "unconscious" mind. This book is not a reflection, or a symbol, or an abstraction. Repression and manifestation are exactly the same thing, only held apart by an abstract system of categorization you keep trying to hang on to. There is nothing hydraulic about it. Nothing is pushed down or brought out. It's all right in front of your nose, all of it, always.

It is in this that the relation between humility and Enlightenment consists. The occultist cannot accept the fact that the world is already his, because it is filled with "imperfections"—the very imperfections which, in his personality, he denies, in order to pretend to a moral superiority over others. Only when this pretense is dropped is it possible to glimpse the truth.

There are no "others," baby.

If you can live with that, just don't bother coming down from your next acid trip, because that is what coming down is—not believing that.

There is only one good argument, and that is to say, "O.K.—so death is no problem. What about suffering? What good does your philosophy or your practice do someone *wishing* for death, because he is suffering?"

Is the problem of suffering answered because you have demonstrated that life is a dream?

So what if all relations are “mental?” You still have to go to the dentist when you have a toothache, don’t you? What *difference* does it make?

Yes, there is a perfectly clear and obvious answer to the problem of suffering, but very little is heard from those who accomplish this little trick. On those occasions when I have accomplished it, I have had nothing to say, for the simple reason that there was nobody around to say it to, and nobody to say it. Suffering?

*What suffering?*

Such answers, quite rightly, are not given respectful attention by serious scholars and metaphysicians, because they kill the game. Nevertheless, the way to end a nightmare, if you think that is what you are having, is to awaken from it, and forget it.

You think that is a good idea? O.K.—you first.

## Final P.S. by M.T.

*Hello - Central!*

And if you don’t want to end it all, what then? Have we gained anything through all this? Let’s say the reader has not heard genuine solipsistic philosophy propounded before (entirely possible, even in polite company, in a culture in which such leading lights as Edmund Wilson and John Leonard have consistently confused solipsism with introversion) and he has reviewed his own psychedelic experience and thought things over and come to the conclusion that there may be something to this after all.

If you are willing to give it a whirl, are you any better off than you were before?

Yes, you are.

Suffer yet you may, but you have been liberated from the twin spectres of naive realism, and all the depression and neuroticism that goes with it, and supernaturalism-occultism, and all the paranoia and dread that goes along with that.

On the positive side, you have been handed the gift of synchronicity interpretation in the cheapest form ever delivered, thanks to the marvels of mass production. Another dimension of meaning has been added to your capacity for experience, and all the events of everyday life, what you see, hear, feel and think, should begin to fit together into new and surprising patterns and

combinations, as you recall, when your next “coincidence” comes along, that it is all your dream, and look for the connection which, in the light of that hypothesis, must always exist between simultaneous or associated events in any dream.

Take everything personally. Avoid syntactic rigidity. Remember that the relations you find are relations of meaning—not relations of physical cause and effect, power, or spatiality. It’s psychological, and therefore everything is “over-determined”—loaded to the bullwarks with golden meaning and riding low in the water. Yes, you can read it two ways—you can read it in a hundred different ways. This isn’t the pseudo-science of the occultists—it’s art. You’re free to see it any way you like and then you are also free to witness the necessary consequences, the corollaries, of your decision to see it that way. Every little event, no matter how accidental it may seem in terms of the assumption of externality, will become a commentary on the condition of your consciousness.

There is only one little catch—you have to be honest with yourself. You can’t very well relate your thoughts to events if you won’t admit to yourself that what’s on your mind is on your mind.

But synchronicity will show you the way out of that one, also. If dishonesty is your present problem, you will automatically be surrounded by a thousand little lessons on the subject of dishonesty—origins of, problems of, varieties of, history of, consequences of, humorous sidelights on (for relief). Get into it! Make yourself an expert on the subject of dishonesty. In the process, you will learn how to be honest.

And then you will face the next problem—just because it’s on your mind doesn’t mean it’s any good. You have conflicting wishes and fears. Just as in an ordinary dream, your experience in general will be seen to be full of things which both gratify and deny, at the same time, any given impulse. Synchronicity will show you the way out of that one also, by demonstrating that genuine progress does not result from the triumph of one side or the other in any given conflict, but consists in the transcendence of the conflict itself, a change of scene. *Redefinition.*

In a way, I envy the young reader who has just begun to take the journey I have described. I hope you recognize your tutor in these arts when you find him—or her. I hope you don’t make all the mistakes I made—or at least not repeat them as long as I did. It’s only a matter of making the right decisions, after all.

I hope you find your Millbrook.

O saisons, ô châteaux,  
Quelle âme est sans défauts?

O saisons, ô châteaux,  
J'ai fait la magique étude  
Du bonheur, que nul n'élude.

O vive lui, chaque fois  
Que chante le coq gaulois.

Mais je n'aurai plus d'envie,  
Il s'est chargé de ma vie.

Ce charme! il prit âme et corps,  
Et dispersa tous efforts.

Que comprendre à ma parole?  
Il fait qu'elle fuie et vole!

O saisons, ô châteaux!

Rimbaud







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